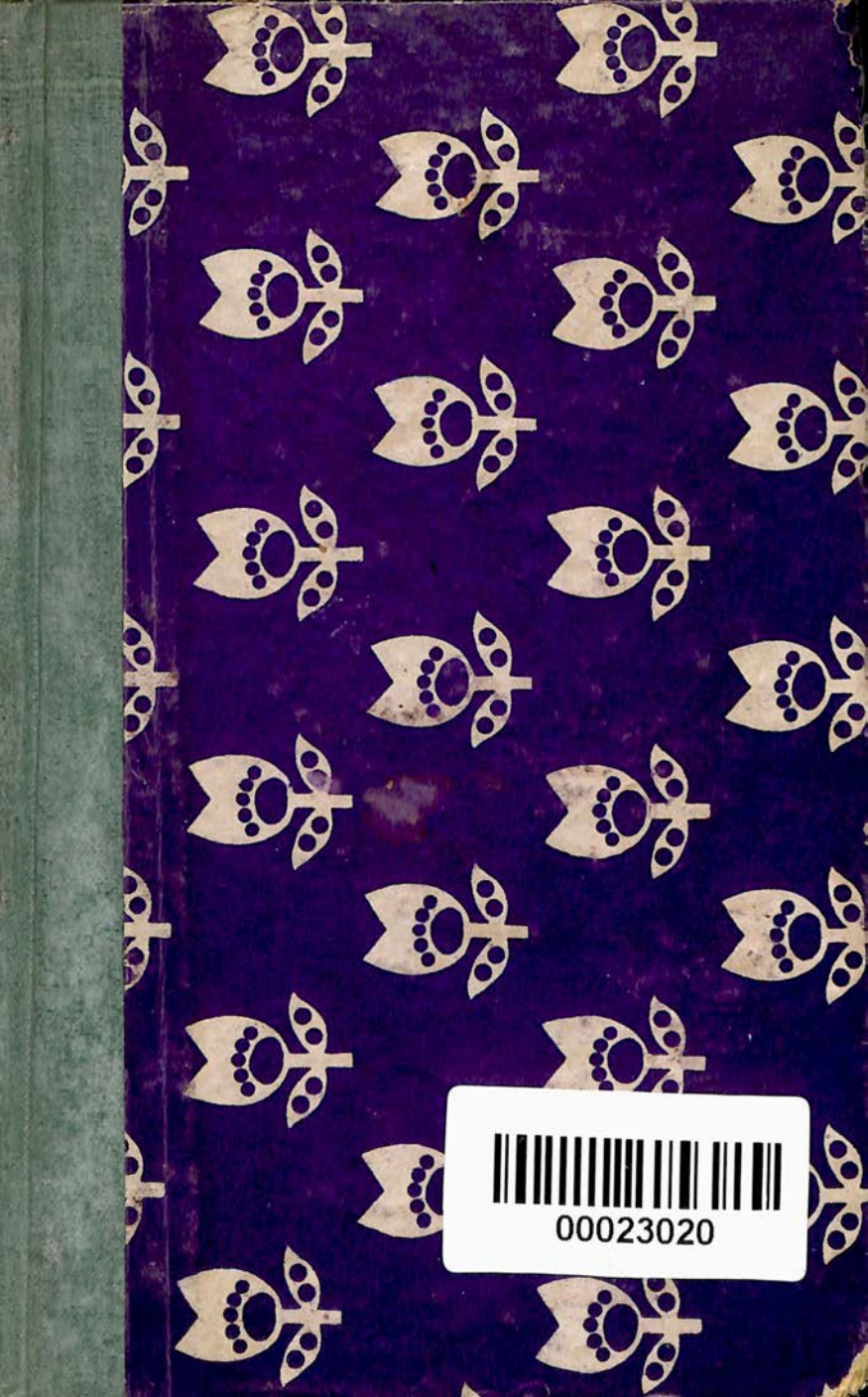
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PLAN OF
THE CITY OF DELHI.

SHOWING A PORTION OF ITS ENVIRONS

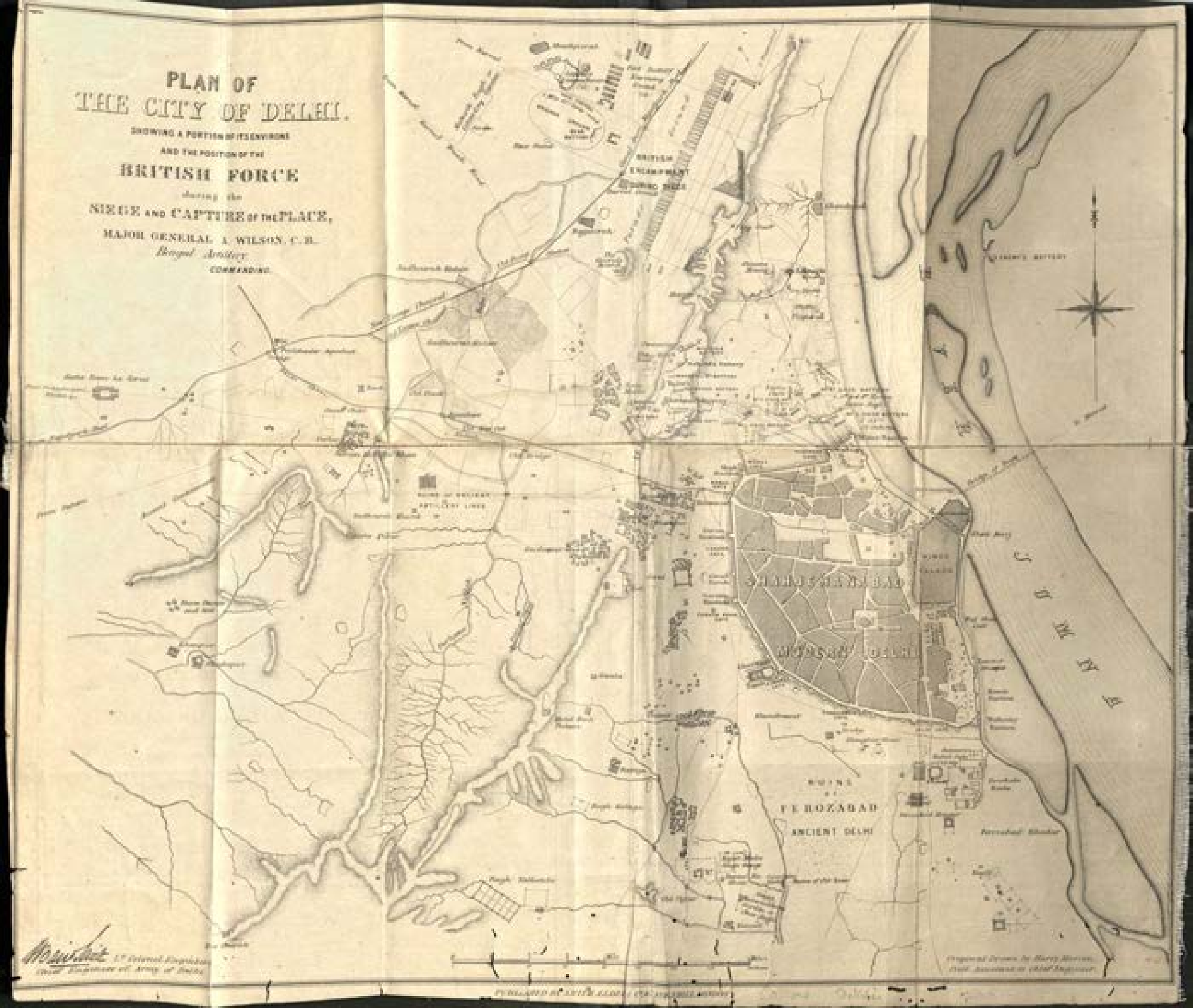
AND THE POSITION OF THE

BRITISH FORCE

during the

SIEGE AND CAPTURE OF THE PLACE,

MAJOR GENERAL A. WILSON, C. B.
Bengal Artillery
COMMANDING.



Lt Colonel Engineers
Chief Engineer of Army of India

Engraved Drawn by Harry Hanson,
Civil Assistant to Chief Engineer.

THE

CHAPLAIN'S NARRATIVE

OF THE

SIEGE OF DELHI.

FROM THE

OUTBREAK AT MEERUT TO THE CAPTURE OF DELHI.

23020

BY

JOHN EDWARD WHARTON ROTTON, M.A.

OF EMMANUEL COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE; ONE OF THE CHAPLAINS OF MEERUT; AND CHAPLAIN TO THE DELHI FIELD FORCE.

* WITH A PLAN OF THE CITY.

LONDON:

SMITH, ELDER AND CO., 65, CORNHILL.

1858.

[*The right of translation is reserved.*]

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Dedication.

TO

THE REV. CHARLES BUSBRIDGE SNEPP, B.C.L.,

OF CAIUS COLLEGE, IN THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE,

AND

INCUMBENT OF PERRY BAR, NEAR BIRMINGHAM,

THE ASSOCIATE OF MY BOYHOOD AND ACADEMICAL DAYS,

THE UNFAILING FRIEND OF MY MANHOOD AND RIPER YEARS,

THE MAN WHOM I LOVE BEST ON EARTH,

AND WITH WHOM, THROUGH REDEEMING MERCY,

I HOPE TO SPEND AN UNBROKEN ETERNITY IN HEAVEN,

THESE PAGES,

ORIGINALLY WRITTEN FOR THE PERUSAL OF NONE BUT HIMSELF,

BUT NOW PRINTED AT THE SUGGESTION,

AND IN DEFERENCE TO THE JUDGMENT OF SOME KIND FRIENDS

IN INDIA,

ARE MOST AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

BY HIS FAITHFUL FRIEND AND SERVANT,

JOHN EDWARD WHARTON ROTTON, M.A.,

CHAPLAIN TO THE DELHI FIELD FORCE.

PREFACE.

I CANNOT permit this little volume to go forth to the public, without a few words in the form of a preface. The work was undertaken at the earnest suggestion of some kind and, I trust, not altogether injudicious friends. Originally I had no intention but to interest and please the best friend I have in the world. With this single and unpretending purpose I made notes at the time, which have expanded into a volume.

The work necessarily labours under many disadvantages; among which the rapidity with which it has been written, the comparatively little time, consistently with my other duties, which I have had to devote to it, and my want of experience as an author, are among the most prominent; I have, therefore, to claim the patience and indulgence of the reader.

I have to acknowledge my obligations respectively to Colonel John Jones, of the Royal Rifles; to Colonel Herbert, of H. M.'s 75th Foot; and also to Dr. Duff, of the Bengal Medical Establishment, for placing their notes of the siege at my disposal. In consequence of the help received from these notes, the details of matter have been extended very considerably beyond my most sanguine expectations, and the interest of the work, I trust, proportionably increased thereby.

JOHN EDWARD WHARTON ROTTON.

Palace of Delhi, 27th Feb., 1857.

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NARRATIVE

OF

THE SIEGE OF DELHI.

CHAPTER I.

OUTBREAK AT MEERUT.

On the 10th of May, 1857, the first symptoms of the Revolt in India manifested themselves at Meerut. The 3rd Regiment of Bengal Light Cavalry was quartered at that station, and the earliest intimation that was received of the seeds of mutiny having been sown, was gathered from the fact of the men of that corps refusing to receive the cartridge which they had previously been in the habit of using, on the ground that it was a new cartridge, containing grease of some kind, which would break their caste if they consented to receive it. This, however, was a mere pretext, used to serve an occasion. This refusal, on the part of the men, was met with

promptness by the authorities. Eighty-five troopers were placed under arrest, brought to trial, and sentenced by a court-martial composed of native officers, to various terms of imprisonment; in no case, however, exceeding ten years. At sunrise on Saturday, May the 9th, the whole of the troops stationed at Meerut, both European and native, were paraded to hear the sentence passed, and to witness its being carried into effect. The prisoners were marched on to the parade ground, and then made over to the civil authorities, after the convict irons had been fastened on them. They were then incarcerated by the magistrate in the common jail, as a preliminary step to their being transferred to some of the Government central prisons, such as Agra or Bareilly. Unfortunately, however, the precaution of placing a European guard over the prisoners, was overlooked, and the prison was left to the protection of native soldiers.

No immediate signs of disaffection followed the committal of the prisoners. The whole of Saturday passed off quietly, and no disturbance was reported until late in the afternoon of Sunday, the 10th of May. The first intimation that I received of the outbreak was from a female servant, who came to my wife, and said to her with very anxious and

troubled looks, "O, madam, don't go to church this afternoon." The carriage was then at the door, ready to take us to church, and the service was appointed to commence in a quarter of an hour from the time this speech was made. Hearing this singular request addressed to my wife, I naturally enough inquired, "Why should not madam go to church, this evening?" The servant replied, "Because there will be a fight." I asked, "Who will fight?" The woman answered, "The sepoys."

Of course, I could not give any credence to such a statement. I had to preach in the evening, and had been in my study all day long in course of preparation. There was nothing for me now to do but to hasten to church: and, to quiet my wife's fears, I consented to both the children accompanying us in the carriage, together with this faithful servant, who was to take charge of them in the church compound, while divine service was being solemnized. This was the only precaution I felt it necessary to take, in connection with our servant's statement; as to weapons, fire-arms, or sword, or anything more effective than a walking-cane, the same I used at Cambridge, I had none; nor did I much fear that during my whole service in India, I should ever want more, either for the

protection of myself or my family. I was soon convinced, however, that there was some credit due to the servant's statement. The sounds of musketry, and the pillars of smoke ascending into the air, and proceeding from the burning bungalows, or houses, in the native lines of cantonment, forced upon me the conviction that mischief had already commenced. By-and-by, I heard the Rifle bugles sound the alarm and assembly. The cantonment was now evidently in motion—troops were assembling, and people congregating, the church parade dispersed, and was converted into a general assembly of troops of the three arms. Amid all this energy, there was one thing which apparently impressed every one—the delay in leading the troops from the grand parade ground to the scene of mutiny and bloodshed. The native soldiery, and the fellows of baser sort in the bazaars, had ample time to commit the greatest outrages, in consequence of this simple fact.

Some people affirm that the mutineers' original plan was to have marched up in a large body, and to have first seized the arms of the Rifles, who would have been in church, having their side-arms only with them; they were then to have surrounded the church, and put every soul within its walls

to death. But, according to my informants, the church bells misled the rebels, and thus frustrated their plan; and if there be the least ground for this part of the account, we have another instance of the wonder-working Providence of God, who brings about and accomplishes His great works of mercy through the simplest accidents of human life. But, however much truth there may be attaching to this story, one thing is very certain, the outbreak at Meerut was premature. There was a deep-laid scheme; and a simultaneous and universal outburst of popular vengeance was intended. A day was fixed upon, in the counsels of the mutineers, for the massacre of every European and Christian person in India; some say, from Calcutta to Peshawur. That day was drawing near at hand. The mutineers of Meerut simply anticipated it. It was this act of anticipation which brought to light the hidden works of darkness, and made manifest that which would not otherwise have been revealed.

It was utterly impossible to pass any portion of the night of Sunday the 10th of May in sleep. My wife with the children returned at a very late hour to our bungalow from the quarter-guard of H. M.'s 60th Rifles, where I had consigned them, shortly after leaving our home for church; but while the

unsuspecting little ones reposed in profound security beneath the paternal roof, we continued wakeful, and watching their peaceful slumbers with painful interest. The moon was up and shining, and we sat all night beneath its pale and uncertain light, thinking of the probable fate of friends in the native lines, quite at the other extreme of the station, and anticipating what would befall our Christian brethren in Delhi on the coming morn, who, less happy than ourselves, had no faithful and friendly European battalions to shield them from the bloodthirsty rage of the sepoys.

It was not until sunrise on Monday that any one knew, with anything like certainty, the extent of the atrocities committed by the savages within the cantonment of Meerut. What spectacles of terror met the eye almost simultaneously with the return of the day! The lifeless and mutilated corpses of men, women, and children, were here and there to be seen, some of them so frightfully disfigured and so shamefully dishonoured in death, that the very recollection of such sights chills the blood, and makes one rue the day that ever dawned upon such scenes of merciless carnage. We can even now hardly realise the past (so dreadful was the reality) as within the province of stubborn and substantial fact. It seems a dream—a thing visionary and

unreal, and anything but the actual experience of Englishmen in India.

But while we were thus passing the night in painful thought, and beginning to awake to the realities of the coming day, the troopers of the 3rd Light Cavalry were pressing on as fast as possible towards Delhi; in fact, all the mutineers of Meerut, after first releasing the prisoners, who received sentence on Saturday, made off direct for that city, and that without sustaining the least mark of retributive justice from the injured British. Not a single effort was made to arrest their progress, though a noble offer to pursue the fugitives with a comparatively small force was made by Captain Rosser, of the Carabineers, but declined by the General commanding the Meerut Division. In truth, our military authorities were paralysed. No one knew what was best to do, and nothing was accordingly done. The rebels had it all their own way; the result of which was the fearful atrocities that were afterwards committed in the capital of the Mogul Empire, and which will make Delhi in all times to come a by-word among all people. Report says a very great deal of what these atrocities were. Much of what is said may be true, and much likewise untrue; and where so much uncertainty prevails, it is better

to throw a veil over the sins which have so indelibly disgraced human nature, and leave the revelation of them to that day which will reveal all things.

Although, however, I cannot satisfy the natural curiosity, to which every one more or less must freely confess, to know something in detail of the actual fate of most of the Christian inhabitants, and of some of the Government *employés*, civil and military, who chanced to be in Delhi at the time of the mutiny, I may, nevertheless, supply accounts, more or less full, of a few of the events which took place within the walls of the city during some part of the day of Monday, the 11th of May.

Intelligence reached the Brigadier in command at Delhi that certain sowars or troopers of native cavalry had arrived from Meerut, and commenced murdering every European and Christian man, woman, and child, who chanced to fall in their way. Without the least provocation, they rode up to unoffending Europeans, who were pursuing their way along the streets, and either cut or shot them down, without notice or warning. Nor did this even content them. They rushed into the houses of English residents, and, without respect to age, position, or sex, put every inmate to the sword. They seem to have steadily progressed from street to street,

joined by the "Budmashes," or evil workers in the city, each vying with the other in seeking out those who were connected in any degree of blood, or even those natives that possessed any sympathies in common with the English.

When the report of these atrocities reached Brigadier Graves, he immediately ordered two guns of Captain de Teissier's Native Battery, and the 54th Regiment of Native Infantry (which was considered the best of the three native corps then stationed at Delhi), to advance from their lines in cantonments to the city and attack the rebels. These instructions were at once carried into effect; the infantry reaching the city a little in advance of the artillery. The regiment had scarcely marched in through the Cashmere gate, and proceeded as far as the station church of St. James, when they were met by the sowars of the mutinous light cavalry, who singled out as their victims the European officers of the 54th Regiment of Native Infantry, and shot them all down, one after another; with the exception of the commanding officer, Colonel Ripley, who, I am told, was bayonetted and shot by one of his own men. While these murders were being perpetrated, the sepoys of the infantry regiment stood by as unconcerned spectators, without

making the least effort to save the lives of their officers. The officer in command of the main guard at the Cashmere gate, witnessing these massacres, closed the gate, in order to cut off the communication between the city and cantonments, which are at a considerable distance from each other. Almost immediately after the gates were closed, the two guns of Captain de Teissier's battery arrived, and were admitted, and no sooner were they seen by the rebel sowars, than the latter retreated precipitately. The 54th Regiment of Native Infantry now joined the mutineers, and, it is reported, took a very active part in the general plunder, which was everywhere prevailing in Delhi.

At about eleven o'clock the brigadier received a report of these occurrences, and 150 men of the 74th Regiment of Native Infantry, under Major Abbott, supported by two more guns, were ordered to proceed to the city. This little force reached the Cashmere gate about midday, but apparently effected nothing, beyond holding the position. The bodies of the murdered officers, including among them those of Captains Smith and Burrowes, and Lieutenants Waterfield and Edwards, were now collected, and sent up in a cart to cantonments. They were principally, if not entirely, killed at or near

the Cashmere gate, and all of them belonged to the 54th Regiment.

There were now only two guns of Captain de Teissier's battery remaining behind in cantonments, with which he proceeded to the occupation of a central position, taking in flank a part of the metalled road of cantonment, and also sweeping a short road leading up the hill. The sepoys who remained in cantonments, showed, I believe, an inclination to mob the guns in charge of Captain de Teissier himself, and, it is said, were with great difficulty restrained from doing so. The Flag Staff Tower, as it is commonly called, was crowded by this time with the officers' wives and children, and merchants and their families; and a sergeant belonging to Captain de Teissier's battery, reported to him that the sepoys had been overheard saying, that if a shot were fired from his guns, that shot would be the signal for them to engage in a general massacre of all present. The conflagrations in the city were now very apparent.

But in my desire to give an account of the several efforts made in cantonments by the military authorities to quell the mutiny going on in the city, and to stay the murderous proceedings of the rebels, who up to this time were chiefly confined to the neigh-

bourhood of the Cashmere Gate, I must not forget the noble defence which was made by a handful of resolute Englishmen against the attempts of the mutineers on the magazine. No historian can record any greater act of daring and gallantry than was displayed upon this occasion by Lieutenant Willoughby and the Europeans under his immediate command. That indomitable young officer, with a mind capable of conceiving, and a heart and hand resolute and steady to perform, has passed away. Providence has denied his country the privilege of decking his youthful brow with the chaplets which belong, as of right undisputed, to the sons of victory and of fame; but his deeds can never die. The pages of history will record and rehearse them far and wide, and every Englishman, be he where he may, whether in his island home, or a wanderer on some foreign shore, will relate with admiration what George Dobson Willoughby did at Delhi on the 11th of May, in the year of Grace 1857.

The officers of the Magazine were the first to see the mutineers from Meerut crossing the bridge of boats on the River Jumna. It was 7 o'clock in the morning when they crossed, and they were marching in open columns of sub-divisions. They proceeded to the Palace, where they seem to have gained

welcome admission, as they entered it with a shout. The gallant Willoughby at once closed and barricaded the gate of his magazine, and made every preparation to meet the insurgents in case of an attack. Two six-pounder guns double charged with grape were placed inside the gate leading to the park. The non-commissioned officers in charge were directed to stand by with lighted port-fires, and, should any attempt be made to force the gate, they were ordered to fire the guns on the assailants. The principal gate of the Magazine was similarly defended, and other guns and howitzers were placed in commanding positions. The native establishments were provided with arms, but they were traitors to a man, and manifested the most insubordinate spirit, taking the arms with reluctance, and even openly disobeying orders. A train also was laid to the compartment of the Magazine containing the small arms and ammunition, with a view to explosion in case of extremity.

Very shortly after the completion of these preparations the King's soldiers made a formal demand of the Magazine in the name of his Imperial Majesty; a demand which was treated with the scorn it so richly deserved, not even so much as an answer being given to it. The King now threatened the

Magazine with assault, and accordingly sent scaling ladders from the Palace; and upon their being placed against the walls, the entire native establishment began to desert, and the mutineers thereupon ascending the walls, they were received with a very smart fire of grape, which was continued as long as a single shot remained. Before the flight of the native subordinates, they gave the best possible evidence of being the King's friends, by successfully hiding, during the bustle and excitement, the priming pouches. This was a serious hindrance to the defence. Even the door-keeper, Kurreem Buksh, a Mahomedan, as his name fully proves, was said to be communicating with the rebels outside; hence the defence of the Magazine fell entirely on Europeans. No part of the honour belongs to any Mussulman or Hindoo, and the strength of the establishment shows that their numbers were very far in excess of the English agents engaged in the work of supervision.

After exposure to a galling fire of musketry, and when every hope failed the gallant defenders, the signal was given and obeyed. The train was fired, and in an instant the explosion followed, taking with it several hundreds of the rebel assailants. Lieutenants Willoughby and Forrest, and the heroic

Conductor Buckley who fired the train, escaped. Lieutenant Forrest was badly wounded, having been struck on the hand by two musket shots, besides being hurt by the recoil of a howitzer, and Conductor Buckley was shot in the arm above the elbow. The subsequent fate of the illustrious commandant of the Magazine, on this memorable day, is somewhat hidden in doubt and obscurity; but it is very generally feared and believed that he fell by the hands of lawless villagers, probably belonging to the Goojur caste, somewhere on the Meerut road, while endeavouring to effect his escape.

The Government have marked their sense of the services of the defenders supposed by them to be surviving, by promoting Lieutenants W. Raynor and G. Forrest to the rank of Captains, and raising Conductors G. W. Shaw, J. Buckley, and J. Scully, to the rank of Assistant Commissaries of Ordnance, and Officiating Sub-Conductor W. Crew to the rank of Conductor; and Sergeants Edwards and Stewart to that of Sub-Conductors.

It is said that the sepoys on seeing the explosion, exclaimed, "What a bad man the General is to kill our people in this way." Captain De Teissier, who had been more or less anxious for the safety of his guns, ever since the two last had been sent into

the city, under Lieutenant Aislabie, and knowing the value they would be in the defence of cantonments, and in covering the retreat of our own people, urged their recall a second time on the Brigadier, and an order was accordingly sent for them to return. Shortly after the guns were seen from the Flag-staff Tower returning at a trot up the main road. Of course their return was now calculated upon, though they were proceeding up the road to cantonments, instead of the road leading to the Flag-staff Tower, where all our officers and ladies were assembled. A bugle was sounded to intimate to the officers that the guns were required not in cantonments, but at the Flag-staff Tower; the signal was, however, unheeded. Captain De Teissier, supposing that the sounds of the bugle had not reached the ears of his men, and hearing some musketry shots as the guns neared a detachment of the 38th N. I., mounted his charger and rode in the direction the guns were taking, to give them his orders by word of mouth. He gave the order to wheel to the right, and come up towards him at a trot, as soon as he was within a short distance of the guns.

The mutineers now gave him an inkling of their designs on the guns, for the detachment of the 38th N. I. shook their muskets at him, and some six of

them fell on one knee, levelled their pieces, and deliberately directed their fire at the gallant officer. Fortunately the shots escaped his own person, but took effect on his horse; the poor animal was mortally wounded, but lived to carry his rider to the Flag-staff Tower, and then fell and expired. The direction the guns took after this may be easily imagined. They made for the Cashmere Gate, guarded by the detachment of the 38th N. I.

Almost simultaneously with the order for the two guns to return to the Flag Staff Tower, a similar order was issued and received by the commanding officer, Major Abbott, for the return of the detachment of his regiment, the 74th N. I., which went in support of the guns. As soon as the Deputy Collector was made cognisant of this order, he remonstrated, and begged for time to be given him in order to communicate personally with the Brigadier on the subject. The request was granted; the Deputy Collector started accordingly, but never returned. The evidence of the plot thickening became momentarily more and more apparent, and he did not venture on return. The two guns had ere this passed within the archway of the Cashmere Gate, and as soon as the gunners were seen by Major Abbott, he interrogated them as to the cause of

their return. They only met his questions with unsatisfactory and evasive replies. Major Abbott seeing but one way open to him, viz., to obey his original instructions, determined upon taking that course. He assembled his men to the number of 120, directed the officers to fall in, and proceeded to march towards cantonments, bidding the guns to follow. The 74th had hardly advanced 100 yards from the gate when the 38th N. I., with a rush, closed it, thus preventing the egress of the guns. This done, they commenced deliberately shooting down the officers of the 74th N. I., who had not succeeded in getting out. Captain Gordon was the first to suffer. Lieutenant Revely was the next in succession; but a moment before he expired, he emptied the contents of both barrels of a gun in his possession into a knot of assembled sepoys. Ensign Elton jumped into the ditch surrounding the city wall, scrambled up the counterscarp, and made across country to cantonments. Major Paterson, of the 54th N. I., likewise managed to effect an escape.

Major Abbott, on hearing the sounds of musketry, determined to return to the Cashmere Gate to the rescue, but his men strongly objected, and the reasons they gave were so forcible that he abandoned the intention. And the merciless rebels continued firing

indiscriminately at the officers and ladies who had congregated at the Cashmere Gate, and been left behind. Lieutenant Osborn was thus struck in the thigh; and Mrs. Forrest, the wife of one of the gallant defenders of the Magazine, was wounded in the right shoulder. This lady and her daughters, and some others beside, eventually escaped. A desire for plunder now seized the sepoys at the main guard at the Cashmere Gate. Opening the guns upon the retreating officers and ladies, as a last mark of vengeance, which guns were only distant from the fugitives about forty yards, they rushed to the Treasury. This enabled several parties to escape, who might otherwise have been sacrificed.

The company at the Flag Staff Tower now determined upon falling back, if possible, some on Kurnaul and Umballa, and others on Meerut. Carriages were seen wending their way in the direction of the Kurnaul Road. There was a general flight. To remain longer was simply to court certain death. Among those who thus fled, numbers, after the endurance of long exposure, severe hardships, and many an imminent danger, eventually found a city of refuge in Kurnaul, or Meerut, or Umballa; others, again, cruelly perished on the road.

In dwelling on these painful occurrences, one

thought constantly occupied my attention, until I obtained some satisfactory information on the subject. I could never account for the dilatory manner in which the sepoys went about the work of massacre and rebellion. The magazine explosion did not occur until the hour of three in the afternoon. Many of the murders of officers belonging to native regiments did not take place till the day had well advanced, though I know the officers of the 54th Regiment N. I. were slain at an early hour. The general flight of the British from the Flag Staff Tower was only a little before sunset. This delay on the part of the sepoys belonging to the native regiments cantoned in Delhi always puzzled me. It was very recently I chanced to meet with the Deputy Collector, and mentioned to him my difficulty. Of course, without his assistance, I could conjecture many things both possible and probable; such as, for instance, the desire of plunder, which always seizes a demoralized and disorganised army. But the intelligence I received from him, and which he states was furnished to him on the day of the 11th of May on very credible authority, is more satisfactory and more certain. He says the King sent a sowaree camel down to the Meerut road to report how near the British troops were to his city. When the

messenger returned, saying there were certainly no European soldiers within twenty miles of Delhi, the spirit of mutiny could restrain itself no longer. It manifested itself in unmistakable ferocity, and a scene of bloodshed and horror was inaugurated, over the contemplation of which the heart grows sick.

Great was the excitement which prevailed in Meerut between the 10th and 27th of May, the day of my departure for camp. The causes of this excitement were various. Small parties of refugees from Delhi had to be welcomed and congratulated on their escape from so apparently certain death. And how any were ever permitted to escape is a complete marvel. Then occurred the mutiny in the ranks of the sappers and miners, in which Captain Fraser, the commandant, lost his life, and Colonel Hogge was wounded. The mutineers in this case, however, were followed in their flight towards Delhi by the Carabineers, who charged them very gallantly, and cut up some sixty or seventy of their number. Last of all, I remember the fatal accident which befel the Acting Magistrate.*

* A Johnston, Esq., C. S., one of the worthiest and best of men. His death was occasioned by a fall from his horse; and in his death Government sustained a very severe loss.

The school of instruction and institution of the station belonging to the Bengal Artillery Regiment had, by this time, become the resort of men, women, and children. This is the self-same place, where, as one of the *Times* fair correspondents tells you, "Ladies who were mere formal acquaintances now wring each other's hands with intense sympathy." Thither every one flocked for security, because it was anything but certain that the mutineers from Delhi might not come out from thence and attack us. Every bungalow or dwelling-house was deserted, for the night, at any rate, and no one dreamt of sleeping beneath his own roof.

The reports and rumours circulated at our place of refuge were most bewildering: one day we were all to be poisoned by the native servants; the next we were all to be murdered on the anniversary of some Mahomedan feast; indeed every sort of unfortunate prediction was promulgated. But I should hope very few really entertained such fears, and that those few who might have done so were ladies; among whom the prevalence of fear was natural enough, and pardonable also, considering the horrors all of them had heard of, and some few of them had seen.

At length the 27th of May arrived, when the small detachment of troops from this station marched out of quarters to take the field. The night was dark; the moon was late in rising. It was the commencement of camp life to me, and I had many and strange thoughts filling my mind; while I dwelt with pleasure on happy anticipations of the future, I could not altogether divest myself of some feelings of misgiving and pain. We marched all night and halted by day. The halts were soon after sunrise. After three nights' marching we reached Ghazeeooddeennuggur, a small but very strongly-fortified position on the river Hindun, near which we took up our encampment.

It was now the 30th of May. The hot winds were prevailing, and both man and beast in camp were feeling their power and intensity. The presence of an enemy nearer to us than Delhi, which was a distance of some nine or ten miles, never occurred to any one. Indeed why should such a thought occur, when our vedettes were on the look out and *reported* nothing? Numbers of our officers, likewise, led by curiosity, had either strolled on foot or ridden on horseback, soon after our arrival, in the immediate vicinity of the camp ground, and *saw* nothing? No wonder, then, we should imagine ourselves out

of harm's reach; at any rate for the present. The day was passed as weary men, I presume, generally pass a hot day in camp, in the plains of India—in conversation and in sleep. It was nearing four o'clock when the vedette rode in, and announced the fact that we were about to be attacked. The news took us by surprise, and the bugles of the British camp had barely time to call to arms, when the enemy's artillery opened upon us. The Rifles had scarcely formed, when an eighteen-pounder shot came bounding into camp. This shot took off one leg of each of two native palkee-bearers, who were sitting at the tent door of the Carabineers hospital.

Immediately upon this, two companies of the Rifles moved towards the Suspension Bridge erected over the Hindun, followed by a troop of Carabineers. The Horse Artillery went to the right of our encampment, and Scott's Battery took a position somewhat under the bridge. The two heavy guns in camp opened on the enemy's guns, which were posted at the toll-bar at the end of a causeway about 600 yards long. The remainder of the Rifles moved up in support of the two companies which first left camp; and as soon as these two companies crossed the bridge, they opened on the enemy's guns, keeping close to either wall of the causeway, and

steadily advancing, supported by the Carabineers. The other companies coming up, threw out skirmishers on the right and on the left, advancing on a village which was keeping up a heavy fire upon them. The remainder of the Carabineers, with Tombs' troop of Horse Artillery, followed down the causeway in support.

The gallant Colonel of the Royal Rifles had been all this while advancing with the two companies of his distinguished regiment, which were first to move out of camp; and when these two companies were within eighty yards of the guns, he gave the order to charge. The charge was made in a most gallant manner; the enemy were now seen deserting their guns. This result was partly attributable to an admirable flank movement of our artillery, under the able direction of that excellent officer (now, alas! no more), Lieutenant-Colonel Murray Mackenzie, and partly to the very effective fire of the Enfield Rifle. Presently an explosion was heard. One of the enemy's tumbrils had blown up. It was an act of one of themselves, in the moment of their despair, and just as victory was smiling upon our arms. The guns were now taken. The honour of their capture belonged exclusively to the 1st Battalion of 60th Royal

Rifles, and more particularly to D Company of that regiment. Only a moment before it had been bravely led by Captain F. Andrews, who was in the act of cheering his men to the charge, when, as he was calling to his men "Come on D, come on D," he was suddenly removed, together with several of his brave and faithful followers, from the scene of conflict: not being permitted to reap the honour which was their unquestionable due. The officers that night drank in solemn silence to the memory of the brave departed; and from the manner in which the toast was proposed by Dr. Innes, the surgeon of the regiment, and received by every officer and member of the mess, I am sure, from his gallantry and other estimable qualities, that the memory of poor Andrews will be long and fondly cherished by them.

The battle was not of long duration, and the operations of that day reflect the greatest credit upon Brigadier Wilson, who commanded, and upon every arm of the service under his command. Every officer and man did his duty both nobly and well; and to this fact (never, of course, forgetting the Divine blessing), the victory of that day may be attributed. Seven hundred Englishmen put to flight a disciplined army of more than seven

times their number, and entrenched within so strong a native village, that if you would only garrison it with two companies of the Rifles, no British regiment in the service would be able to drive the occupants from their hold, or scarcely a man of the attacking regiment leave the place with his life.

The guns taken were five in number, and out of the five two were of heavy calibre. The skirmishers advanced into the village, and drove the enemy out. While in the act of relinquishing the village themselves, the Rifles found about fifty of the enemy concealed in a ditch, not one of whom was permitted to escape. After the capture of the guns, Tombs' troop and four companies of the Rifles, with the Carabineers, moved round to the rear of the village in question, and opened fire upon it. One of the four companies of Rifles veered round to the enemy's position in order to set it on fire, and gradually work their way completely through it. But the intense heat of the weather, aggravated and increased considerably by the fiery flames, which were consuming the village, rendered the task utterly impracticable. Moreover, many of the villages of Hindostan are very intricate places, wherein numbers of men may be unnecessarily lost, without receiving any commensurate good in return for the loss sustained.

Hence the original intention was abandoned. Nevertheless, the majority of the attacking force, which had come out of Delhi, was driven again within its walls; after sustaining a very severe loss in killed and wounded, and leaving behind them not only their guns, but carts full of entrenching tools and sand bags: these were demonstrative proofs to us, that had we been only a day later in our arrival at the Hindun, we should have experienced more difficulty in dislodging them from their entrenched position.

The 31st of May, 1857, was a Sunday. It was moreover, Whitsunday. Its opening hours were solemnized by the burial of the dead. The looks of mourners standing around the spot which was selected to be the resting place of that which was mortal of the brave departed, betokened how genuine and universal was the sorrow felt upon the occasion. A babool tree, a little in the rear, and a mile stone, (either the eighth, ninth, or tenth from Delhi,) a little above, and situated on the main road between Meerut and Delhi, mark the spot. There we laid them to resolve into their original elements—"earth to earth, ashes to ashes, and dust to dust—in sure and certain hope of the Resurrection to Eternal life." There was no church parade that day.

Another attack was expected, and about midday it took place. At that hour appearances of the enemy on the other side of the suspension bridge, became manifest; the bugles accordingly sounded the alarm. Thereupon two guns advanced across the bridge, supported by a troop of Carabineers, and took up a position at the toll-bar. The Royal Rifles followed half way down the causeway, which has been already mentioned in yesterday's proceedings, detaching skirmishers to the left in order to attack a village in that direction. Just at this moment the gallant Captain Rosser, in charge of the troop of Carabineers at the toll-bar, rode up and said to the Colonel of the Rifles, "I am a target, sir, for the men in the village." Upon receipt of this intelligence, Colonel Jones advanced with two companies of his own men, beyond the position already noticed as taken up by the guns and the troop of Dragoon Guards; then he wheeled into line, and proceeded to make an attack on the obnoxious village. There he and his men remained for two hours, under a very heavy fire of cannon and musketry; but the intensity of the afternoon's sun, aggravated considerably by the smouldering remains of ricks and rubbish within the village, rendered it very uncomfortable to remain there any longer.

Accordingly, it was evacuated, with the intention on the part of the Colonel to take his men to the front; where, in his judgment, they might have proved more serviceable, and be less inconvenienced by the heat. He had hardly, however, proceeded to the execution of his intention, when he received orders from Brigadier Wilson to hold the village.

In obedience to this command, Captain Wilton was left in charge of the two companies of Rifles, who returned to their original quarters, and kept possession of the village, while the Colonel himself rode to the front. Our skirmishers were keeping up a brisk fire, before which the enemy were steadily retiring. Presently a tremendous shower of grape was directed against our front. This was the signal for the enemy to limber up their guns, and retire at a gallop. Now the whole force changed front to the right, and attacked the village on the right of the skirmishers; holding, at one and the same time, the road, and destroying the village by fire. Nevertheless, the enemy could not be followed up by us; our men being completely overcome by the long continued and harassing labours of the day, together with the effects of the excessive heat upon the human system.

Only those present on this occasion, can form any

idea of the power of the rays of the sun during the day. They smote like the fiery blasts of the furnace. The sufferings of the soldiers must have been something terrible, and beyond anything which they had ever experienced, in or out of India, before. Thirst, as a necessary consequence, was almost insatiable, and the intolerableness of it was greatly enhanced by the impossibility of relieving it in sufficient degree. The indefatigable exertions of Surgeon Innes, of the 60th Rifles, in which he received active co-operation from Ensign Everard A. Lisle Phillips, of the 11th Bengal N. I., orderly officer to Colonel Jones, to alleviate this portion of the soldiers' sufferings, were praiseworthy beyond measure; and the real satisfaction which both these gentlemen must have felt at the success which attended their combined efforts, is easier imagined than described.

Amid all this heat the fight was at its very fiercest. Moreover, it continued very long. Some were sunstricken, some slain, and a few, whose cruel thirst induced them to slake it with water provided by the enemy, in vessels containing strong corrosive poison, were thus deprived of life. But all circumstances duly considered—the enemy's numbers, their vast resources, the season of the year, and our own posi-

tion, which was essentially distinguished for its absence of all cover—the casualties of the day were comparatively very few, and our success was signal and complete.

Amongst our losses was Lieutenant H. G. Perkins, of the 2nd Troop of the 1st Brigade of Horse Artillery, a very excellent and efficient young officer; who fell, I believe, while in the act of laying one of his troop guns. One moment he was a living, thinking, speaking agent, and the next he had passed away from the presence of the strife of men; in the operations of which, during the greater portion of two consecutive days, he had taken, in common with his troop captain, the distinguished Major Tombs, a prominent and very honourable part. His death was noticed in orders by the Brigadier commanding the force, in terms which his conduct richly merited, and which convincingly show that he was valued not a whit less by his own arm of the service, than he was esteemed by the force generally. His mortal remains rest in peaceful slumbers, which now only the blasts of the archangel's trump shall disturb, near the grave of the gallant Andrews.

Poor young Napier of the 60th Rifles was also dangerously wounded during the same engagement, and lost his leg immediately upon being brought into

camp, and subsequently also his life, from the effects of the wound at Meerut. This brave officer, though young in years, was considered to be a most promising soldier. Gallantry was a conspicuous feature of his character, and the buoyancy of his youthful spirits led him to expose himself on many an occasion very nobly, though perhaps unnecessarily: but even that was a fault, if fault it may be called, in the right direction, and one which the increase of years and experience would have chastened. I am certain from what I saw of him in his moments of trial, and during a very severe medical operation, that had his life only been spared, and his wound admitted of his continuance in the service, he would have proved himself a very distinguished member of her Majesty's army. It was touching, indeed, to hear, as I heard, the laments of this soldier-boy, when he began to realize the heavy loss he had sustained, the severity of his wound, and the probable effect which that wound might have on his future military career. With tears, many and bitter tears, which only a real soldier like himself can shed, he repeatedly said, with great vehemence of manner, and an equal amount of transparent sincerity, "I shall never lead the Rifles again. I shall never lead the Rifles again." This was among the bitterest of his regrets. His

wound—its dangerous nature and its painfulness, were trifles, in his estimation, in comparison with the fears which he felt respecting the blighting of his prospects as a soldier, and in anticipation of severance from his regiment. But good and brave as young Napier was, he was but one, to my certain knowledge, of a small band of very young officers belonging to this incomparable regiment, who vied with each other in a spirit of the friendliest emulation, each trying to excel the other in the faithful and manly discharge of their duty.

This regiment was my home in camp: I have seen it under all circumstances. I have noticed the conduct of its officers, and I have observed the discipline prevailing in its ranks, in cantonments, in camp, and also when actually engaged in the field, and such as my opinion is worth I give it freely and honestly. I regard it as unquestionably one of the very best schools in which a young soldier can be trained; and whether as a parent or as a Christian minister, without a moment's misgiving, I would say, if a son of mine *must* be and *will* be a soldier, I hope he may have the good fortune to learn his profession, and continuously exercise it too, in no other regiment than the 60th Royal Rifles.

During the siege there was less heard of this

corps, and the noble part it took in the operations before Delhi, than perhaps of any other regiment composing the force; though its claims were universally acknowledged and appreciated by the whole besieging army. It contributed more than a lion's share towards the successful termination of the conflict in which we were engaged; and while other regiments had the pre-eminence in numbers in the mortality tables from disease, no corps, I can safely say, is able to show such an overwhelming majority of "killed in action," in the column headed "Cause of Death," in the camp burial register, as the 1st Battalion of the 60th Royal Rifles.

Nor was this the result of any careless indifference for life manifested by this regiment over every other in the field. The regiment certainly never shrank from danger, nor ever once turned in the day of battle. Wherever exposure was necessary, the rifleman exposed himself, without misgiving or fear; and yet, I am equally certain, that not a man of them forgot, after the first two days' experience at Hindun, the vital principles strongly inculcated upon the students in every rifle regimental school. Nevertheless, from the arduous posts which they occupied upon every occasion, and the unflinching fidelity with which they always held them, their losses

from real accidents of war were infinitely greater than from any other cause, and more than in any other regiment. But in saying thus much of this corps, I repudiate all intention of detracting in any measure from the well-earned reputation of every other regiment in the force, whether secured in previous engagements, or during the few last months of our encampment before Delhi, and the storming operations which concluded them.

During the remainder of our stay at the Hindun we were unmolested; and I think we tarried there some three or four days, whether more or less I cannot say. After that we had some long and harassing marching across country, and by roads that are in reality no roads at all. Upon one occasion of marching, we left the last encamping ground at half past six or seven in the evening, and never halted, or I should rather say, never encamped again until one o'clock the next afternoon. I do not think the cattle had water during all that time, while the men were very little better off; and it was then in the hottest days of June.

Nothing worthy of record occurred between the dates of the last fight and our junction with the main army, originally commanded by His Excellency General the Honourable George Anson, who died of

cholera on the 27th of May, at Kurnaul. The monotony of the march was a little broken at Baghput, where we crossed the Jumna by a bridge of boats on the 6th of June; and on Trinity Sunday, the 7th June, we reached Aleepore, and joined army headquarters, which was commanded by Major-General Sir H. W. Barnard, K.C.B.

CHAPTER II.

THE SIEGE OF DELHI.

THE camp was struck at one o'clock on Monday morning the 8th of June, preparatory to an advance on the enemy's entrenched position at Badlee Ki Serai. We had the certainty of an engagement at sunrise: in fact the march was timed for this express purpose. The army left Aleepore in array of battle, and formed as follows: — The advance column consisted of artillery and cavalry, the 3rd Troop of the 3rd Brigade of Horse Artillery, under command of Major Frank Turner, four guns of the 2nd Troop of 1st Brigade, under the command of Major Tombs, and three squadrons of H. M.'s 9th Lancers. The artillery command devolved on Lieutenant-Colonel Murray Mackenzie, and the whole column was placed under the command of Brigadier Hope Grant, C.B., commanding the Cavalry Brigade.

The second column consisted of one squadron of 6th Dragoon Guards (Carabineers), four heavy guns in position on the road, a party of sappers, chiefly

Europeans, with entrenching tools, four guns of Major Scott's Battery, H.M.'s 75th Foot, and 1st European Bengal Fusiliers. Lieutenant Chesney was the engineer officer appointed to command the party of sappers.

The third column consisted of the 1st Battalion of 60th Royal Rifles, the 2nd European Bengal Fusiliers and the Sirmoor Battalion, a party of sappers under Lieutenant Salkeld of the Engineers, 2nd Troop of the 3rd Brigade, under Captain Money, and a squadron of H. M.'s 9th Lancers.

The rear guard was commanded by Major Cobbe, of 87th Royal Irish Fusiliers, and consisted of one squadron of 6th Dragoon Guards, one Company of 2nd European Bengal Fusiliers, and two guns of Major Scott's Battery. The rear guard assembled in front of the siege train.

This was the extent of our force; but it would be a mistake to suppose that any of the European regiments named were present in their integrity: not a single corps on the 8th of June was at anything like its full strength. The advance column took a road to the right, so as to come upon the left flank of the enemy; other two columns, the first of which was commanded by Brigadier Showers and the second by Brigadier Graves, moved fully half an hour after the advance column.

At grey dawn of morning the enemy opened fire upon us. Our watches told half past four. The din of war commenced, and once commenced, did not cease until late in the afternoon. The enemy showed great skill in the selection of his position. Nothing could have been better than the sites of his batteries, and complete protection was afforded by serais and gardens surrounding. There was the most secure cover for them; and, added to this, they had the advantage of an intimate acquaintance with the locality. The practice of their artillery was excellent; they had the range to a nicety, and their fire was rapid, and scarcely unbroken for a moment. There can be no question it was telling with deadly effect on our advance column.

Presently the order was given to charge their guns. This arduous duty fell to the lot of H. M.'s 75th Foot. Nothing could possibly surpass the distinguished gallantry of this corps; they mounted the bastion under the direct fire of the rebels' guns, and carried them at the point of the bayonet: in doing so they lost in all nineteen killed and forty-three wounded, including both officers and men. It was just under the brow of the bastion, advancing with his company, that Alfred Harrison, a lieutenant in the 75th, nobly fell, after receiving two wounds

(the first of which he never heeded) in the moment of victory. He found a grave on the field of battle with numbers of others, who fell with him. The gallant 9th Lancers now charged the enemy's field pieces, which they took in brilliant style, and successfully turned them on the retreating rebels. The 2nd Infantry Brigade had by this time come up in line.

Success followed success. Progress was the order of the day. The enemy were driven back. We captured twelve guns, three of which number were heavy ones, besides all their ammunition and stores and tents. Apparently the traitors were in the act of cooking their first meal when the attack commenced. The whole force kept steadily advancing, until we reached the high open plain, on the side of the canal nearest Kurnaul, when a halt was proclaimed. It was thereupon determined to advance across the canal through cantonments, and take the heights above them. The Royal Rifles moved to the left and broke into skirmishing order, advancing onwards to the canal, which was at this season of the year fordable. Crossing the canal, and advancing up the rocky face of the hill, round shot and grape came pouring in very thickly. On crowning the heights and descending the other side,

the Rifles advanced a short way, when the colonel of the regiment caused his bugles to sound "Left shoulders forward;" this was one of the most effective movements of the day, as it completely outflanked the enemy on the heights. At the same time Captain Money's troop guns opened fire from the road crowning the heights, on the left side of the Flag Staff Tower. The guns on the heights were now captured at the charge. The other brigades moved round by the right, and did excellent service; the particulars of which I have, however, no record of, nor can I get details from any authentic source. Nevertheless, it was fully admitted on many occasions in my hearing, that the conduct of the whole of the troops on this memorable day was admirable and unexceptionable. After the general engagement of the day, the enemy made a contemptible effort to retake the guns on the heights; but our men very soon repulsed the attack.

The day was now fast declining; but before the sun sank, the parade-ground of the native regiments in the cantonments of Delhi was covered with tents, and the British flag waving in the breeze, indicated the site of the head-quarters of the British army. Our losses were considerable. They fell chiefly on H. M.'s 9th Lancers, and H. M.'s 75th Foot, who

bear on their colours (which were carried this day into action with unflinching courage by Ensign G. H. Row), the significative emblem of the Royal Tiger. The army had lost its Adjutant-General, Colonel Charles Chester, very early in the conflict, whose remains, with those of Captain Claud W. Russell, we committed to their last resting-place, in the presence of several, if not all of the officers of the head-quarters of the army, just before the setting in of night; shortly after which, worn with exposure and fatigue, some of us fell asleep. But by far the greater portion passed the night on picquet duty, though all were equally harassed with the labours of the preceding day.

There were, however, circumstances in connection with the proceedings of this day, which deserve record, and I am sure will be read with the deepest emotion and the liveliest interest. I have already observed, that early during the day, the Adjutant-General of the army was killed, and his horse under him. I remember well the painful spectacle, which his lifeless body, as it lay prostrate on the ground, under the brow of the mound beneath which he had received his mortal wound, presented to the eye of the bystander. By this time I had grown familiar with sights which one never sees except on

a campaign; but this familiarity had not, on this occasion at least, blunted the sensibilities of my nature. I felt acutely for the departed; and I fancied I realized something of the feelings with which the unexpected intelligence of his death would be received by those nearest and dearest to him.

Such feelings would have been yet more acute had I known, as I looked upon the corpse, that the Adjutant-General actually lived for a few moments after being wounded, and bade Captain Barnard, the son of the General commanding the force at the time, raise his head, that he might catch a glimpse of the wound. Colonel Herbert, of H. M.'s 75th, tells me this was a positive fact; and as soon as Chester saw the nature of the wound which had been inflicted upon him, and was convinced of its being mortal, he coolly, and yet kindly, expressed his convictions to General Barnard's son; begging the generous youth, who would stay to minister to his dying moments, to care for himself, and leave him, a dying man, to his fate: he then expired. My former reflections, without the knowledge of these touching facts, so characteristic of the good and brave soldier, the least selfish of men, cast a deep gloom over me; they disposed me, in spite of the excitement consequent on the din of war, which was raging almost

on every side, to dwell on subjects befitting so solemn an occasion, when nearly every event and sight of the day were preaching loudly and convincingly from the text: "In the midst of life we are in death."

A summons from an orderly officer of one of the brigadiers, who chanced to meet with me, had attracted me to the spot. I was requested by him to address a few words of comfort to another officer, who had been smitten down by the same shot which killed the Adjutant-General. He was mortally wounded, and his death was only a question of time. Very nearly the whole of the leg above the knee had been carried away, and the femoral artery was dreadfully shattered. A tourniquet was all that medical skill could suggest to save the patient from immediately bleeding to death; it was accordingly applied, and protracted life for some few hours. I found the patient extended on the ground. Many were ministering to him, and showing the deepest sympathy for his sufferings. Nothing could exceed the interest manifested on behalf of the sufferer by doctors, by friends, by all. But all keenly felt that every effort was unavailing to stay the fast ebbing sands of life. It was evident that he must die. Under these impressions I approached the dying

soldier. I had no previous acquaintance with him, and I felt the disadvantage of this in my ministerial position; for I had his confidence to gain, before I could hope to do him the least good, or speak so freely and fully to him as the emergency of the occasion and a faithful discharge of ministerial duty imperatively demanded. Fortunately, however, he was a man of warm feelings, and a tender heart; and a little kindness soon won him. I saw the impression which had been made, when I was about to leave him for a moment. In faint and feeble tones, consequent on the excessive loss of blood sustained by his system, he called me back, and bade me not leave him. I had no intention of doing so; but some other wounded had attracted my attention, and as several persons were near, I could hold no close communion with him at the moment: I was simply deferring matters for a short time. The exigencies of the service called even his friends away, and presently he and I were left alone.

Never shall I forget the anxiety of his look or the gentle pressure of his hand, or the power of those words, when he said to me sadly and slowly, calling me by my name, "Is there hope for a great sinner?" When I replied affirmatively, and very confidently, he objected, saying, "But you don't

know what a sinner I *have been*, and *am* at this present moment." Then he began, with tears, to reproach himself, calling up the advantages of early education, which he said he had despised, the opportunities he had lost, the sins he had committed; and what seemed to give poignancy to his sorrow, was the bitter recollection of the fact, that his transgressions had been against light and love, and mercy unbounded. As I witnessed this sight and listened to these words my heart was stirred within me, and I could not but weep; but my tears were not altogether tears of sorrow. Deep was the impression which his words made upon me, and that impression was, "Here is a brand which will be plucked from the burning."

I proceeded to open out to him fully the way of justification as revealed in the pages of Inspiration. He listened most attentively and most devoutly, as I showed him by citations from Scripture, the great truth which our self-love and self-righteousness make us loath to learn, and lean upon as our only hope; namely, that we are accounted righteous before God, only for the merits of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and not for our own works and deservings. This truth simply told, and exemplified by various references to "The Brazen Ser-

pent" in the Wilderness, and yet more fully enforced in some of the more striking incidents of the case of the penitent and dying thief upon the Cross, seemed to give him unspeakable comfort. He appeared to lay hold of these things, just as one may fancy a drowning man would grasp the rope which some friendly hand had directed towards him, and which, if he fail to seize, he would be carried away and for ever lost. So, in my humble and fallible judgment, this gallant but dying officer clung in his moments of despondency and sorrow, and when his vital power was hourly on the wane, to the promises of pardon in the Gospel. He looked towards the Cross, which proclaims forgiveness to the guiltiest of the sons of men, though, like the dying thief, they may have clung to sin to the very last, and confessed his guilt without extenuation or reserve. He admitted his own obnoxiousness to eternal death, as the wages of his own sin, and with my own ears I heard him pray the "publican's prayer." Wherefore, then, should I question that he obtained the publican's mercy?

My heart was then too full to suggest more than that *I* should pray for him. He begged I would. The sights and sounds of war were around and about us. The roar of cannon told us both that the

conflict was still raging with unmitigated fury. But amid all this din and confusion, the actual scene of which was somewhat in advance of us, I caused the dhoolie which bore him to be halted, and I knelt beside the dying man; and if I ever prayed in my life, or ever knew what it was to pray, I prayed then. The prayer was necessarily very short. It could not possibly be long. Neither the place nor the strength of the patient would admit of prolixity. When ended, I charged the dhoolie bearers to carry him forward. I was advancing all day by his side, walking with the dhoolies, stopping only now and again to give him and them water, whenever we came near a well, and to quench my own thirst, for the heat of the day was insufferably great.

My syce, with the pony which had been kindly lent me, had deserted me, from fear of the presence of round-shot and shell. A gun, which had also been lent me, and was carried by a servant, in case of necessity, had also vanished; though both pony and gun afterwards turned up in camp.

The patient whose case most interested me, and a detail of which I have been giving, appeared very unwilling for me to leave him, if only for an instant, and no sooner missed me than he sent his bearer to me, who said, "My master calls for you." I always

obeyed the summons as soon as possible after receiving it. I remember distinctly upon one occasion, when I was thus summoned by his servant, he had a most weighty question to put to me. I myself had forgotten to allude to it, and I was very glad that he had reminded me of my own negligence and forgetfulness. It was this: "You have shown me how I am to secure the pardon of my sins; my past experience of myself has taught me what confidence to place in the fidelity of my own heart. This is not the first time I have thought of religion, or resolved to be religious. My nature is gay, my temper volatile. I am essentially a creature of impulse. If the mercy of God should restore me to health, what security have I that I shall not return to my sins, as the dog to his vomit, and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire?" This was the *substance* of his remarks, not the *actual* words in which he expressed himself.

It was now my privilege to teach him the doctrine of sanctification; and I felt the responsibility attaching to my ministerial office, and the necessity of a proper execution of it at this solemn moment, more than ever I recollect to have experienced upon any former occasion, since the year 1846, when I was first called by the Bishop of Ely,

in Professor Scholefield's church, St. Michael's, Cambridge, to the holy order of deacon, and when I heard the present Master of Jesus College preach solemnly and faithfully from the text, "And no man taketh this honour unto himself, but he that is called of God as was Aaron"—Hebrews v. 5. For, considering the awfulness of my position, I must have been less than man not to have realised it. Here was a student docile, inquisitive, and earnest. I knew full well it was the very last opportunity which would probably be afforded me of speaking to him respecting so great and vital a truth, for his appearance betokened approaching dissolution; and my excessive fatigue, consequent on walking for so many hours in a broiling sun, and exposed to the prevailing hot winds, made it necessary that I should first mount a dog-cart which was near, and afterwards a gun-carriage belonging to Major Scott's battery, and so reach the spot selected for encampment.

Ere I did this I showed him that sanctification is the work of God no less than justification, and that the former is the necessary consequence of the latter; in other words, that wherever God *justifies* He always *sanctifies*, and that our sanctification is the most conclusive evidence of our justification; that the agent in the work of sanctification is the Holy Spirit, and that

His influences are promised to faith, and would be given in answer to earnest and believing prayer, which any sinner, despite the nature and extent of his sins, should be led to offer in the name of Jesus. This he told me he regarded as a complete and satisfactory answer to the doubts with which, up to this time, he had been tormented.

I now gave directions to his servant to shield him as much as possible from the rays of the sun, which he felt and complained of frequently; but there was really no help for it under our circumstances, and, considering the time of day and the season of the year, everything that could be done was done for him. His bearer appeared to be an attentive and feeling man.

Shortly after this we parted; my friend, I hope, to take refuge from the cares and miseries of this mortal life, in Abraham's bosom; and I myself to labour afresh, and with greater heart in the Lord's vineyard: and more particularly, for the present at least, in that portion of it to which I had been called in God's good Providence, and at the request of our late Commander-in-Chief, the Honourable George Anson; which portion composed the British army that had even yet to encamp before Delhi.

I never more saw Captain —— in life, but I looked

upon him in death; and to do this I had to descend into the grave after I had formally consigned him to its custody. I simply lifted the sheet from his face. It was unbound. This was all the coffin we could afford him. And though not apt to indulge in fancies, or to place much reliance in appearances after death, I thought, yea, I am confident, his features were lighted up with a smile; and I may perhaps be pardoned, if I am considered extravagant in the thought, that I looked upon that smile as expressive of the hope which he had in his death.

The enemy's policy soon peered out. It consisted in harassing and wearing out our men by daily attacks, and constant exposure to the sun. This policy was made manifest on the very day after our camp was pitched on the site where it remained from the night of the 8th of June till the end of September; without exception, the very worst period of the year for life in tents anywhere in the plains of India, but more particularly on the parade-ground of the Delhi cantonments, which all past experience of native regiments had proved to be the most unhealthy station for troops in the North-Western Provinces.

The ground on which our camp was pitched is bounded in the rear by the canal, which had the advantage of bridges on either extreme, and which

the enemy, previously to our approach, tried to destroy, but only partially succeeded in the effort. In the front it was defended by the heights or ridges overlooking cantonments, and which we had taken from the mutineers only the day before. On the extreme right of our position was Subzi Mundi, or the vegetable market; and nearer to camp, was what we designated the Mound, where we afterwards erected a battery of large guns, named the "Mound Battery;" on the extreme left of the camp flowed the river Jumna.

We had batteries at the "Mosque," at Hindoo Rao's house, and the "Observatory," and some light field-pieces at the Flag Staff Tower, almost on the spot where Captain De Teissier planted his two guns on the 11th of May, the day of the mutiny at Delhi. These several batteries commanded the approaches from the city. With the deficiency in numbers of our force generally, it was utterly impossible to advance nearer to the walls. The nearest battery must have been at a distance of 1,500 yards, or even upwards. Breaching was literally impossible under such circumstances, and with the ordnance we had. The main picquet was at Hindoo Rao's house, and was commanded from the very first by Major Reid, of the Sirmoor Battalion, who, it is

alleged, never left his post, even to come into camp, from the time he assumed command of it till the 14th of September, the day of the storming operations, when he was severely wounded at Kissen Gunge. It would perhaps be impossible to single out a more devoted or gallant officer than Major Reid, or one more cool under the heaviest fire. His picquet was literally his home.

I think it was on the 9th of June that the "Guides Corps" came into camp. This was the first instalment of the Punjaub reinforcements, which Sir John Lawrence, the "Chief Commissioner in the Punjaub" sent to us from time to time. Without such a man, at such a crisis, or in any other place but the one which he fortunately occupied, I dread to think what might have happened to the British cause. Under God, it was Sir John's controlling and master-mind which saved Upper India. Again and again he robbed the province over which he presides of its own legitimate and barely sufficient military stays and supports, to feed the scanty numbers of the Delhi Field Force, growing yet more scanty still, and that daily, from constant engagement with the enemy, and from losses by disease.

Too much cannot be said in praise of the "Guides Corps." Of native regiments they are second to

none. Their services on the Peshawur frontier, and in various parts of the Punjaub, has gained them a well-earned reputation in India. And it is reported that, upon the occasion of their march towards Delhi, they travelled the entire distance from Murdan, in Eusufzye, to the camp—not much less than 600 British miles—in twenty-two days; a march which General Sir Harry Barnard believed to have no parallel on record. Notwithstanding this fact, the Guides were pronounced, at the end of the march, by the officer commanding the "Field Force," to be in perfect order, and fitted for immediate service in the field; the correctness of which opinion was put to an impartial test, and established beyond doubt, in a *very* short time after their arrival among us. They went directly from the fatigues of a harassing march to actual engagement with the enemy below the heights, bravely led by their Commander-in-Chief, Captain Daly.

A very dashing young officer with whom I had a ministerial interview, the night before he passed away, commanded the cavalry portion of the Guides, that corps being composed of both cavalry and infantry. As I have already said, the enemy engaged us during the day. They attacked our main picquet at Hindoo Rao—the key of our position—and

attempted to take our guns. The commandant of the Guides cavalry, young and valiant, the pride of his men, of course took part in the fight, and was alas! mortally wounded. His career was brief but full of glory; indeed, it would be difficult to say which was more glorious, his rising or his setting sun. His devotion to his country shone very conspicuously and brilliantly, even in anticipation of death. He seems to have been fond of classic quotation; and, perchance, from frequent familiarity with the authors of Greece and Rome in his boyhood and school-days, he imbibed the first inspirations of that noble military spirit which afterwards so pre-eminently distinguished him. Upon this sorrowful occasion, as he lay languishing from his wound, in camp, he exclaimed—a smile playing at one and the same time upon his handsome and manly countenance,—"Dulce et decorum pro patria mori." Thus died, on the 10th of June, 1857, rejoicing in the cause of his death, Quintin Battye, one of the noblest of England's younger sons, a simple lieutenant in the 56th Regiment Bengal Native Infantry.

The first appearances of cholera in the camp showed themselves early on the morning of the 9th of June. There had been a few cases along

the line of march. Captain Howell, of the 1st European Bengal Fusiliers, died of this disease at Aleepore, on the 7th of June. Two of the doctors, the surgeon and assistant-surgeon of H. M.'s 75th Foot, were simultaneously attacked on the morning of the 9th. The two patients were striking contrasts. The one was a man of Herculean build. His whole appearance indicated great strength; he was tall of stature, of robust and apparently muscular frame; indeed, his *physique* reminded one forcibly of the giants of old, of whom we read in sacred and profane lore. He was a lion of a man. The other was the very reverse, and how different the destiny of each; for one there was life, for the other, death.

But the chief excellency of Surgeon Coghlan did not merely consist in physical greatness, he was as large in heart as in person, and to this fact the testimony of the regiment was universal. It was in every one's mouth, from the colonel commanding, downwards, "Never had regiment such a doctor." It seems he had cholera only a few days before this last attack to which I am referring, and battled successfully against it. The moment, however, he was convalescent, he threw himself heart and soul into his regimental charge. Report says of him,

that he was most careful of every one but himself. With his own system, he seemed to believe that he might take the greatest liberties. And, alas for himself, his family, and the public service, he did so once too often. His strong frame could not withstand this double attack, and about 11 o'clock on the night of the same day on which he was seized with cholera, he expired.

By religion, Dr. Coghlan was a Roman Catholic; but, as Father Bertrand, a very old campaigner, who served with the troops in the second Punjaub campaign, a very worthy man, and the Roman Catholic priest to the Delhi Field Force, had not then arrived in camp, I felt it my duty to visit the sufferer. In going to his tent, I had my Bible with me, which I took for the use of his Assistant-Surgeon, lying and languishing of the same disease in the next tent. I confess I felt a delicacy in tendering my ministrations to a Roman Catholic. After a little conversation, Dr. Coghlan said to me spontaneously, and without suggestion on my part, except probably the sight of the Bible in my hand, "I have lived a Roman Catholic, and if I die, I shall die a Roman Catholic; still, as there is as yet no priest present with the force, read me a portion of the Bible. I know and value its pages." I complied with this

request, and when I had finished reading, he repeated the Lord's Prayer with uplifted hands, and in a very earnest and devout manner.

This trifling incident I mention for obvious reasons. It was a comfort to me at the time to know that it is not every member of the Church of Rome who ignores the orders of the Anglican Church, though many do so. And while I am conscious that just as much bigotry prevails in the Church of England as in the Church of Rome, I, as one of the ministers and members of the former of the two churches, sigh for the advent of those days, when, without the compromise of one iota of principle on either side, except as the result of honest conviction, the members of both Churches may be drawn towards each other in the freedom of friendly religious intercourse and argument, and without any of that asperity which too often characterizes the communications of both parties at the present time. Let dogmatism distinguish neither, and the good effects of the absence of this evil will be sooner or later apparent to everyone, and the sacred cause of truth will be materially benefited thereby. Nevertheless, I believe there is a time *when*, and a necessity under *which*, it is lawful, yea imperative, to contend even for the faith once delivered to the saints; but this contention, while

characterized by inflexibility of principle, should be unexceptionable as to temper. Never contend on the subject of religion, except in the spirit of religion, which is love, and this is a maxim which Christians will do well to observe in the determination of their differences upon such points.

Nothing could exceed the pertinacity with which the enemy continued their attacks. The earliest days of encampment before Delhi were, unquestionably, the most trying and harassing to our troops. The poor fellows had no proper rest by night, the smallness of the force requiring so many for the ordinary picquets, and admitting scarcely of any relief for any length of time together; while those who were in camp often slept under arms, not knowing the moment when their services might be urgently required. At first, it was literally nothing but fighting by day, and watching and expecting to renew the conflict by night, and in the discharge of both duties you could not fail, from frequent visits to the picquets, to recognise the same hands everlastingly employed in the same work.

We came to besiege Delhi, but we very soon learnt that, in reality, *we* were the besieged, and the mutineers the besiegers. I have frequently heard numbers, shortly after our arrival in camp, question the

wisdom of so small a force assuming so proximate a position to a city of such dimensions, with such a population and such resources. These opinions, considering the quarters from whence they came, are entitled to great respect. To an unprofessional man, and a civilian like myself, I freely confess it did seem to savour of rashness to dream of the capture of Delhi with little more than two battalions of infantry, a small force of European cavalry, and no great strength of artillery; beside which, there were some native troops; but all, when put together, both European and native, amounted to a very insignificant number.

I think no general would have ventured on such a course if the enemy within Delhi had been European instead of Asiatic. For, while posterity might have applauded his indomitable courage and unbounded spirit of enterprise, they could have said little for the judgment and prudence of an act which would have entailed nothing less than the complete annihilation of the whole army. And even with the enemy we had to deal with, if they had not been judicially blinded, and so acted contrary to every dictate of common-sense, simultaneous attacks in the front and rear of the camp, continued for any length of time together, and made moreover

in sufficient force, and not by driblets, as was the wont of our adversaries, our troops, after making the most ample allowances for Anglo-Saxon energy and valour, must have eventually sunk beneath fatigue and exposure in combination.

On the other hand, there were those who affirmed with much earnestness and apparent sincerity, that a daring and dashing policy, even at the sacrifice of every recognised and established military principle, as advocated from long and large experience by some of the best and most successful commanders that the world has ever seen, was the *only* policy we could pursue, under existing circumstances. In fact, that it was both well and wise to do as we did, and to act as we acted. Of course, with the issues of things now before us, and success actually achieved, though with considerable difficulty, these will remain open questions to the end of time. But I cannot easily forget that with daily fights, and as many as three and four engagements in a single day, together with our decreasing numbers, and the enemy's constantly increasing reinforcements, during the first fortnight or three weeks of our existence before Delhi, people naturally enough had their serious misgivings about results, and these misgivings were not confined to persons of insignificant position, but were shared, at

least, to my certain knowledge, by one who took as conspicuous a part as most men in the military operations going on.

The operations of the 10th of June, so far as the enemy's line of attack and our defence were concerned, were a counterpart of those of the preceding day. Hindoo Rao was again attacked in force, and garden fighting in the neighbourhood of Subzi-mundi was resumed; and although we lost many a brave man in those gardens, we always succeeded in dislodging the enemy, and occupying the position for the moment. But it was not till somewhat later, and when our actual losses forced the conviction of the necessity of doing so upon us, that it was determined to permanently establish a picquet at Subzi-mundi, and so prevent the recurrence of constant fights on the same ground.

The fire of the enemy was very sharp on the 10th of June. The British, however, quietly stood it, awaiting their opportunity to repay the debt with full interest. They allowed the enemy without the walls to exhaust their ammunition, and then, with the loud British cheer which never yet failed to make the sepoy's craven heart to quail, they charged the mutineers, and pursued them almost to the walls of their own city. Every one now thought the

labours of the day ended, and naturally enough sighed for a night of undisturbed repose; but, alas! in this they were hoping against hope.

At eleven P.M., the bugle sounded the alarm, and the troops turned out. Fortunately the alarm in the end, and after some long waiting and suspense, proved false, and the fear unnecessary. But, to show the state of anxiety which every one felt more or less at this time, though no one dared to confess it, even to himself, a certain corps, which had very greatly distinguished itself only a day or so before, and has often since given unquestionable proofs of gallantry, was, either through forgetfulness or accident, not recalled with others, and the poor fellows, from overwork, fell asleep while standing on the ground. Who could resist sleep that had been working as they had worked the previous day! and, moreover, in yielding to sleep they neglected no duty: they were simply under arms as reserves and supports, and not as picquets or guards. Presently some trifling accident roused their slumbers, and the men rushed to their arms in consternation, believing the enemy to be upon them, and so wounded, in their alarm, one of their own comrades.

The 11th of June—Barnaby day as we quaintly

call it in Cambridge, where it would doubtless have been much more pleasant to have been bodily present, taking a bachelor of divinity's degree, than grilling in camp before Delhi — passed off very quietly. There was no attack on our position, in any quarter of it; but the cannonading on both sides was very heavy, although I do not think we sustained any losses from the enemy. I know we all thought it very fortunate to escape an attack: it was more mercy than we had reason to expect from the enemy, judging of him from his antecedents.

The field force orders of this day contained one very significant order, indicative of the fact that our ammunition supplies for heavy ordnance were not very abundant: at any rate it implied that we could buy, with advantage to ourselves, some of the enemy's thrown away 24-pounder round shot, which might be brought into the artillery park by any one at two annas a piece; of course to be used up again by us. Ever after this the native camp followers might be frequently seen risking the loss of a limb, or even life itself, in order to earn a few pice, and thus enrich themselves: this little circumstance shows what dangers poverty or avarice will force men to face, and for how

little, when it suits him, the native will venture a great deal. At other times the very same man will make a virtue of nothing, and plead excuses *ad infinitum* to escape the plainest and easiest duties. Such is one phase of native character in India.

The 12th of June was nearly as important a day as any in the annals of the siege. The enemy had evidently been reserving themselves for a vigorous effort, and the calm which distinguished the 11th was only the prelude to the storm which raged on the 12th. Though apparently idle and listless for twenty-four hours previously, or at least as long as the sun illumined the heavens during the preceding day, the enemy were up and acting under cover of the succeeding night, making a sneaking advance along the whole front and both the flanks of our position. Up to this date we had no picquet further advanced on the left than the Flag Staff Tower, and at this picquet it is universally admitted there was a *partial* surprise at sunrise, or soon after. This surprise is attributed to some trifling oversight, in a somewhat premature removal of the sentries coming off picquet, before the arrangements of the ordinary reliefs of the day (which were then in course of

taking place) had been completed. In consequence of this, the enemy advanced a little too near the guns without being observed; or, perhaps, which is equally likely, the policy of the officer in command was to let them advance within close range of our musketry and then receive them with a tremendous volley. But whichever way it was, the guns were as nearly as possible captured. The rebels evinced more than ordinary daring, coming up in spite of the steady resistance made against them by the picquet: and but for the timely succour of two companies of the Rifles, who had to ascend with all practicable speed the hill leading up from cantonments and camp to the Flag Staff Tower, the extent of the mischief that might have been committed by the enemy on the camp is easier imagined than described. But the Enfield rifle in the hands of such men as those of H. M.'s 1st Battalion of the 60th Rifles, cooled the courage of the assailants, and caused them to retreat somewhat faster than they had advanced; but not before they had inflicted some severe losses on our side.

Upon this occasion, Captain Knox of H. M.'s 75th Foot, and several men of the same regiment, were killed. That officer had only a moment before

shot with his own hand one of the enemy, when his eye caught sight of a sepoy levelling his musket at him; "See," said he, to one of his men, "that man pointing at me; take him down." The words had hardly escaped his lips when the fatal shot took effect upon his person. He was on one knee when singled out as a mark by the mutineer, and, I am told, as soon as he received the shot, he rose regularly to "attention," and then fell and expired without word or groan.

This day we established the "Metcalfe Picquet," so called, because it occupied some part of the site—near or within the stables—on which stood the family seat of Sir Theophilus Metcalfe, Baronet; a princely mansion, which, with all its costly furniture and expensive fittings-up, was destroyed by fire on the night of the 11th of May by the mutineers. The loss sustained by this one family alone is very considerable. The ruins show plainly enough the grandeur and magnificence which must have characterised the house in its palmy days. But Ichabod is now inscribed on every wall; and the destruction being so overwhelming and complete, it is a question if attempts at restoration would not result in a larger expenditure of money than the erection of an entirely new building. The present

owner, however, escaped with his life, though himself in the city at the time of the outbreak; and proved himself, from his local knowledge, and by the energy of his character, one of the best political officers with the force: he was present in the camp, from the very commencement of operations against Delhi; and his services as such deserve the consideration of Government.

On the night of this day, I was sleeping outside my tent, because it was more pleasant and refreshing to do so—indeed it was a custom with everyone in camp, and at this season of the year could be done without risk—when my slumbers were disturbed about midnight; why, I cannot say; it was not certainly because I was in the secrets of the "council of war," or anticipated that the enemy would attack us, or, still less, that there was any intention on our part to assault them: though if I had anticipated the latter of these two things, I should for once at least have proved a prophet.

The moon was shining, and, as I lay thinking, my thoughts were interrupted by a comparative stranger, a young engineer officer, with some reputation in his profession, and still greater influence with the Government of the North-West Provinces, and who was not wanting either in influence within

camp. He was seeking the tent of the colonel of the Rifles, to communicate the General's instructions. It was this young officer, who, if report spoke truly, drafted a plan of attack upon the city, and urged the General very strongly to adopt it. Arrangements had been accordingly made, and the attack determined upon; although this determination was kept profoundly secret, except from a privileged few. The plan consisted of all the troops turning out of camp under cover of night, advancing on the city, blowing up one of the gates, and taking the enemy by surprise; even the picquets on the heights were to be withdrawn. The camp was to protect itself the best way it could, with what little remained in it, consisting chiefly of cavalry; and as to reserves and supports in case of a repulse, there were none whatever: the whole affair was manifestly intended to be a *coup de main*. The proposed assault did not, however, take place; although the Rifles advanced gallantly to within 300 yards of the wall, in execution of their instructions, and were then recalled. The other troops had not, I believe, left camp, but were awaiting definite orders.

Several causes were cited for the failure of this scheme; the most probable being that which alleged

that the brigadier who was on duty for that day and night refused to withdraw the picquets guarding the guns on the heights, on any authority less than a written command from the General; a course of proceeding which I think was fully warranted by military usage.

The position in which General Sir Harry Barnard was at this time placed, was a most trying and critical one—a position, perhaps, without parallel—and his actions were necessarily regulated by circumstances, and influenced more or less, in common with the actions of all other men, by public opinion; and not improbably also, by expressions of will on the part of superior, if not supreme, authority. Certainly the outcry in India at this time was universal for the fall of Delhi. Those only could be endured who favoured immediate and active measures for the capture of the city. The question whether we were really strong enough, either never entered men's minds at all, or was hastily assumed to be unquestionable. Moreover, this being the first year of the General's life in India, his system was not fairly acclimated, and his health was manifestly suffering from excessive exposure—for he was a man of very great self-sacrifice—and also from the heavy load of responsibility, cares, and anxieties which he

had to bear: and which so entirely absorbed the last days of his life, that his appetite almost completely forsook him, and even sleep denied him that cessation from mental toil which is absolutely necessary to recruit an enervated frame.

The rains now were near at hand; every one possessing experience of India was exclaiming (and some of these exclamations, doubtless, reached the General's ears as well as those of others), "If the army remain on this spot—and where else could it remove to, except within the city, without detriment to the British cause?—men will die off like sheep affected with rot." Then, again, the line of our defences along the front, rear, and both flanks, could not have been much less than seven miles in circumference. These had to be provided for; and if cholera ravaged our martial host—a contingency not very improbable, and which was afterwards realised, but not to so terrible an extent as might have been expected—from whence was this provision to come? Under such a combination of circumstances, who can seriously blame a General, knowing his want of experience in India, for questioning his own judgment, and deferring largely to the judgment and positive assertions of those in whom he had every reason, professionally and otherwise, to confide.

A general impression prevailed in camp during Friday, June the 13th, that the enemy contemplated an attack in force. Intelligence had been received to that effect; and an encounter actually took place, but did not prove to be of a very serious nature. The picquets were again the points of attack, and the usual results followed the exertions of our brave soldiery. The enemy, certainly beaten, and perchance ashamed also, retired within walls again; giving us the rest of the Sabbath almost entirely unbroken, excepting only the disturbance occasioned by the play of batteries on both sides.

Divine service was solemnized, and a sermon preached by me in the neighbourhood of the Headquarters Camp as early as half-past five in the morning, in the large mess-tent of the 2nd European Bengal Fusiliers. This was our first Sunday before Delhi, and the close of the first week's existence in a camp which was destined to be our comfortless home for so many months. Even within seven days, the churchyard showed unquestionable evidence of the havoc of war. It was consecrated ground, formerly used for European officers of native regiments which were quartered here, and situated close to the canal, a common hard pathway separating the one from the other; and the manifest tokens of fresh closed graves scattered here and there, pro-

claimed the melancholy reality that many a warrior had laid down his arms never to resume them again in revenging the cause of his countrymen and countrywomen, who had suffered cruel and shameful injuries, the thought of which makes the heart shudder.

The day of the 15th of June had been hardly ushered in when the enemy commenced an attack on the picquets in force. The fight was very protracted. It commenced soon after half-past five, and the firing did not entirely cease until nearly 2 P.M. This was a very hardly contested business on both sides, and, if I remember rightly, between half-past five in the morning and two in the afternoon, the force, or, at least, some part of it, was called out on two distinct occasions. Report said the mutineers sustained very heavy losses; but their casualties were often magnified beyond all due bounds: the imaginations of men raised them to something perfectly marvellous; whereas, I verily believe that at this time, from their superior knowledge of the locality, the odds, as far as losses were concerned, after making due allowance for the numbers composing the besieging army and those of the besieged, were relatively in their favour, and against ourselves. And I am very far from singular in this

opinion: there are many who agree with me on the subject. Unquestionably, however, the fallen and wounded of the enemy during the day were admitted on all sides, and by every kind of authority, to be exceedingly heavy.

I remember very well what contradictory accounts prevailed in camp, and what anxious thoughts likewise arose on the subject of reinforcements. Some ventured to say they were at hand, and others very wisely asked "Where are they to come from?" In answer to the latter of these two questions, many pointed to the South, and reckoned on Wheeler hastening from Cawnpore to our succour. The communications were now *very nearly*, if not *quite*, closed up, between the camp and the stations in the North-Western Provinces which were below Meerut. Our information therefore was very uncertain; and we were in utter ignorance of the atrocities being practised daily by the mutineers, here, there, and everywhere. Now we hoped, and now we feared. Some confidently predicted that Wheeler's star would prove in the ascendant; that he was equal to any emergency, and able to conflict with almost any combination of circumstances, with honour to himself, and benefit to his country. Others, again, had accustomed themselves to look deeper into

things, and to judge rather more deliberately concerning them. They were not the men to question Wheeler's ability and tact, but they wished to see the General's calculations of resources opened out a little more widely, and marked a little more definitely. They only required to be certain of succours and supports being rendered to him in time to be of use. From his well-sustained reputation, they naturally enough expected great things of Wheeler, but not impossibilities. Such were some of the conflicts of opinions, and the vacillations between hopes and fears which were characteristic of the British camp at this time, and even later. It can be easily imagined how highly we were exalted one moment by one class of prophets, and how gloomy we were apt to grow in company and conversation with another. Between these alternations of hopes and fears, we spent that portion of camp life not actually required for hard fighting and hard work; and those who had the wisdom to strike the balance between extremes, neither believing too much nor disbelieving everything, found themselves happier under suspense, and least disappointed in the end.

Nothing of any great moment occurred on the 16th of June, but on the following day two or three events of importance have to be chronicled. Our

hospitals in nine days were full to repletion; casualties multiplying apace with every fresh fight. There was an imperative necessity, therefore, to send all cases that admitted of removal to Meerut; as the comforts of a "cantonment" over a "field hospital" will readily be admitted. The doctors were all busy as bees in making arrangements for the transport of sick and wounded, *viâ* Baghput, to Meerut; and foremost in all these kind offices was Surgeon Innes, of H. M.'s 60th Rifles, whose hospital was a pattern hospital for cleanliness and comfort. The interest which this officer always took in promoting the welfare of his patients; getting them punkahs and charpoys—a sort of native bedstead—and a thousand other little things which were then very difficult to be obtained, and, above all, giving their cases, many of which were exceedingly critical, the benefit of his services in a spirit of the greatest cordiality and deepest sympathy, gave one an exalted idea of his character, both as a practitioner and a man.

While upon the subject of "hospitals," I cannot deny myself the great satisfaction of bearing my testimony to the untiring exertions, throughout the entire campaign, made by the medical department of the army generally in the fulfilment of duties inevitably painful and unpleasant. My object in alluding

to the subject of hospitals, and the services of those who superintend and control them, is twofold: first as an act of justice to a class of men of whose doings very little notice is taken and still less said, while their manifest importance no words can possibly overstate; and secondly, because I had frequent opportunities of seeing and appreciating these services. Friends at a distance, especially in the humbler (but, nevertheless, honourable) ranks of life from whence the private soldier is drawn, may be glad to learn that a brave son or brother, wounded or sick, was not without considerable sympathy and care when a patient in any of the regimental hospitals before Delhi. Their wants were often most tenderly anticipated, their comforts always attended to, and every possible effort was made to assuage their pains and restore them to health.

The popular impression of field hospitals is unaccountably erroneous. These places are not such centres of selfish indifference and cold-hearted perfunctoriness on the part of the whole towards the sick, or of the practitioner towards his patient, as some have imagined. We should indeed have benefited at Delhi by the presence of some one of kindred spirit with the gentle and self-sacrificing Florence Nightin-

gale, one of the greatest and best of women in the 19th century, and whose philanthropic deeds have made such a permanent impression on the age in which she lives. Nevertheless, I hope something of her spirit animated in the camp many who were not of her own sex: and who shall say that her devotion during the campaign in the Crimea did not induce some at least of those manifestations of kindness in word and deed which I witnessed within the camp before Delhi,—manifestations of which none were more liberal than the regimental surgeons and assistant-surgeons of the corps composing the field force.

Besides the sick which left for Meerut, a number of refugees who had fled from various places in the North-Western Provinces—many of them officers of Customs, deputy collectors, and others, with their wives and families—and whose steps Divine Providence had directed towards the camp, were despatched on the 17th of June, with the patients of the several hospitals, to the cantonment aforesaid. The privations and miseries suffered by them, during their concealment in the villages which harboured them in disobedience to the orders of the Mogul Court, and afterwards, when they became residents in camp, are painful to think of. Among this large

medley of all sorts and complexions, some purely European, others nearly native, and almost every possible degree between the two, were children of various ages, from the infant of a few months or weeks to a boy or girl in their teens. Their hardships, past and present, made these people easy victims to cholera. I saw them in tents (some of which had been supplied at considerable inconvenience to the department by the Quartermaster-General of the Army) with as many as seven or eight grown people, married and unmarried, huddled together in the greatest state of confusion and discomfort, and enduring at that very moment privations of no ordinary character, though most of them, by their own industry and talents, had been hitherto able to supply themselves with almost every comfort.

During the few days these refugees remained with the army, they did not know from whence to obtain their daily bread. The British soldier, however, with that generous and open-hearted kindness which distinguishes him at home and abroad, assisted the poor people; and I hope this Samaritan act of our men will secure for many a hero among them the noble reward which Christ has promised to bestow upon any that give the simplest gift, even a

cup of cold water, in the name of a disciple. Such as these brave fellows had, they gave, nothing grudging; dividing all they had, even to a crust and a rag, with those whose wants were real and not assumed for the sake of deception.

Some of these refugees died while in camp. One infant, with its young mother sitting and watching beside it with sad countenance and tearful eyes, I fancy I can now see before me; its attenuated limbs, its sunken and glazed eyes, its drawn and pinched features, its convulsive frame: that pitiful sight I shall never forget. The results which I saw before me were attributed to two causes, viz., the heartless desertion by its native wet nurse, and the inability of the child's system to assimilate other than that natural nourishment which its mother could not give it. The company crowded within this tent, men, women, and children, all seemed paralysed. The men were unmanned, and the women broken-hearted; even the very children themselves had apparently forgotten the gambols and the mischief which characterize their years: there was an unnatural depression here that told its own tale. Those who had the power to think sat brooding over their sorrows, reviewing the past and anticipating the future with a settled gloom, which no cheering word or promise from a

stranger's lips seemed sufficient to break. I confess freely, I was glad for them and glad for myself when they left, because the same thought which assured me that, their journey ended, they would reach a happier home, assured my fears likewise that, with their departure, I should most probably for the future be spared the repetition of such harrowing scenes.

Hitherto we had invariably acted on the defensive, but on the 17th of June a change of tactics was made, and we became the attacking party. Our point of attack was a serai at Kissen Gunge. The enemy, we heard, were erecting a battery to rake our entire position. To defeat this object, a party consisting of two companies of Rifles, besides an equal number of Gorkhas, with Tombs' troop guns—the whole force, divided into two columns, being under two leaders, Major Reid and Major Tombs, the latter commanding the first column and the former the second—attacked the serai, and either blew or burst open the door, and bayoneted all the enemy within, to the number of some forty or fifty. Unluckily the battery was not in a sufficient state of progress, and the proper complement of guns was not in position upon it. The whole operation was eminently successful, and resulted not only in the discomfiture of the enemy, but in the capture, as a

trophy of war, of one of their guns. The services of Major Reid and Major Tombs upon this occasion were honourably mentioned by the General officer commanding.

The service rendered to the British army by the Gorkhas during the past and present year has invested these natives with so much interest, that the following short description of their personal appearance and characters may not be altogether out of place. The Gorkha is a native of the hills, a man of low stature, and in this respect, as well as some other essential differences, a striking contrast to the grenadier-looking sepoy of the regular regiments of the Bengal army. By religion, I believe, he is a Hindoo, who eats meat, and drinks more potent beverages than simple water, whenever his means admit of indulgence in such luxuries. His whole *physique* betokens the appearance of great resolution. He walks with measured step and firm tread, and our experience of him warrants the assertion, that he is among the very best and the most attached of native soldiers to the British officer. He fights with a determination and courage which nearest resemble the European, with whom he exhibits a strong disposition to fraternize; and for the Gorkha in return the European soldier cherishes a

cordiality and respect which he never accords to other native ranks enlisted under our banner. Such feelings were never more clearly evinced than in the course of the siege of Delhi, as affirmed by the officers, who were witnesses of facts. The rifleman was to be seen making known his preference for the Gorkha by sundry unmistakeable acts of kindness and favour, which were cordially reciprocated by the native, who never spoke of the rifleman in other terms than as "My European."

Certainly the Gorkha deserved all the favour shown him by his fairer brethren in arms. The men of the Sirmoor Battalion called forth again and again the admiration of the whole combined force, not only for their distinguished valour in warfare, but likewise for their unfaltering fidelity to the English cause. They were often tempted by the mutineers with heavy bribes to infidelity, but upon every occasion they spurned the bribe, and derided with peals of laughter those who offered it. Once even, if my memory does not completely fail me, they resented the insult offered them in the proposal of such ignominious terms, by an appeal to their kukrees, and taught the mutinous Bengal sepoy that the Gorkha had not the remotest sympathy with his diabolical cause.

The facility with which the Gorkhas wielded the kukree—a native knife, and a most effective weapon of war in experienced hands—elicited the wonder of every beholder. Once plunged into the abdomen of an enemy, in a second he was ripped up, just as clean and cleverly as the butcher divides an ox or a sheep. No native regiment saw more actual service than this corps, and none performed their duties more fearlessly and effectually. Not a single officer of the corps escaped some token of his having been in the wars, and several were slain. Upon this very day, the 17th of June, the regiment lost, through a round shot from the enemy's batteries, Ensign Wheatley, of the 54th Regiment N. I., an officer well thought of for his gallantry and untiring energy of character. At the moment he met with his death he was off duty, and resting, as he thought, in security under the roof of Hindoo Rao. A single shot—one of the most destructive missives from the cannons of the mutineers at Delhi during the whole campaign—fell, most unexpectedly, into the apartment of the sleeping officer, and in its course onward killed no less than seven men on the spot, and ultimately two others were wounded by it, and died of their wounds.

The 18th of June, a day, in the calendar

of Englishmen, memorable as the anniversary of Waterloo—a victory, the effects of which on the peace and prospects of Europe for nearly forty unbroken years can never be over-estimated—passed off, in the year of our Lord 1857, pretty quietly before Delhi. There was certainly no attack on either side, and I really forget, having no record, whether even the batteries were active and noisy as usual. I well remember some one said in the Rifle mess, "The 18th of June is a day of success and triumph with the British. The enemy ought either to have engaged us, or we them, on this day above every day in the year. Our success could not have been otherwise than sure." "Ah!" replied a Crimean hero, "it was a day of disaster and defeat during the Russian war; though even the Emperor of all the Russias professed to wish both us and our allies well, even at the expense of his own good fortune."

Every attack of the enemy which I have hitherto chronicled, since our encampment before Delhi, was made either on our front picquets, or verging towards our right and left flanks. A change of tactics, however, took place on the 19th of June, and the thought appears to have occurred to them of taking us in the rear. They did not, however, commence operations until late in the day: indeed the mutineers

generally preferred the darkness of night, to cover, I presume, the darkness of their deeds. Perhaps they fancied that with any large measure of light our facilities for cutting off their retreat—a way to which, in case of extremities, they always liked to see well open before they fought with us—would be less remote, and, on the whole, more certain.

The Bengal sepoy is nothing of an enemy, in spite of all his English military training, except he fight under cover of mud or stone walls, and from behind rocky eminences or mounds of earth, natural or artificial. He never, by any means, courts the open ground; unless the odds, in the important question of numbers, are as thirty or fifty to one in his own favour. Then the animal may make something of a stand, and show courage, such as it is. Without these two conditions, or, at least, one of them, when brought into contact with the European, his invariable maxim is, "Discretion is the better part of valour."

On the 19th of June, the enemy came out in overwhelming numbers, with artillery, cavalry, and infantry. I cannot tell what intelligence had reached head-quarters from the spies in Delhi, concerning what was known there of the intentions of the enemy against us to-day, but, if I remember rightly,

we did not see quite as clearly as usual what the enemy were about. There was some confused idea of a simultaneous attack to be made by them in force, both in front and rear. This would have been sound wisdom on their part; at least, as far as our judgment extends. We often wondered that such attacks were never made by them, and made systematically and regularly: their effect must have told upon us in the end, if not much sooner than even we ourselves foresaw.

The alarm had no sooner sounded, than the Rifles were ordered to reinforce Hindoo Rao, on the right of our force. This reinforcement shows what was expected there. Soon, however, fears for Hindoo Rao passed away, and its defence was left in the hands of the ordinary picquet. The Rifles were recalled, and went, by order, to the right of the General's mound—the same mound I spoke of as having a battery of heavy guns, called the "Mound Battery." Here the regiment stood for half an hour, then further orders moved them, with some of the 75th, and some cavalry, in support of the guns of Tombs' troop and Scott's battery, across the canal, and in the direction of the Ochterlony Gardens. The fire of cannon now opened in earnest. The force extended and advanced, driving the enemy

from one spot to another. Presently a further advance was made, till we got in rear of a large mound, at the other side of which the enemy were said to be not less than 1,000 strong. There we remained fighting desperately, for more than an hour, under a very severe and unpleasant fire; the darkness of the night coming on apace, and hampering our operations very materially.

It was near this spot that Captain Williams, second in command of the Rifles at this time, and Lieutenant Humphrys, 20th N. I., doing duty with the same corps, were wounded; the former very severely, endangering for a considerable time the loss of his leg, which loss was, however, eventually averted. Lieutenant Humphrys was struck in the neck, and the wound impeded very considerably the organs of speech: the ball seemed to have travelled, and, in its course, wounded the lung. The wound ultimately proved fatal: the poor young fellow lingered through the greater portion of the night, and his sufferings were very great. I was a witness to them, and to the exemplary patience with which he bore them. I knew little of this young officer in cantonments, but I saw much of him in camp, both before and after his receiving the wound. My recollections of him, especially those which have

reference to his last moments, are very pleasant. His conduct had always inspired me with respect, but now I felt a deeper sympathy.

Shortly after these sad accidents, a hint was given that the cavalry were upon us. The battery on the left advanced, taking the enemy in flank, and continued blazing away till its ammunition was exhausted; the artillery then retired down the road, where some infantry proceeded to join them. The enemy also commenced retiring about the same time, and the force returned to camp at nine, or even later. The losses, especially in the Royal Rifles, were very severe. Among the killed, Lieutenant-Colonel Yule, commanding H. M.'s 9th Lancers, must be mentioned. He was unfortunately left on the field all night, and brought into camp some time next day, shamelessly mutilated. Lieutenant Alexander, 3rd Regiment Native Infantry, who accompanied the force in the capacity of a volunteer, not being posted to any corps at the time, lost his life likewise. Scarcely any of the dead were collected till daylight. Not only the darkness of the night, but the presence of some of the enemy on the field during the whole of the night, rendered the collection of them very dangerous, if not absolutely impossible. One very serious accident arose upon the occasion of this fight:

owing to the increasing darkness, our own guns fired into our own men.

The results of this engagement made a very melancholy impression on most men's minds in camp; not because our success was questionable, though very dearly bought, but rather because it was at first naturally enough regarded as the enemy's significant mode of intimating to us the plan he intended to pursue in future: that his eyes were open to the advantage he might gain over us, if he only harassed us in the rear. The fact is, knowing our own weakness better than our opponent did, we were not without fears, which luckily, however, proved groundless. I think, too, our modesty induced us to give the enemy too much credit in this engagement, and ourselves too little. It was said, I don't know how truly, that the General conceived misgivings as to the wisdom of the force continuing before Delhi: he thought we should have to retire, unless large reinforcements could be forthwith sent to us. Some go so far as to say that a document was found, after his death, which contained his apology to Government for raising the siege until he should be reinforced in sufficient strength: this, I believe, was entirely mythical, and I only mention the matter to show how intricate, per-

plexing, and highly dangerous was our position at this time.

I stated that some of the enemy continued in the rear all night. On the morning of the 20th June, they seem to have been reinforced in large numbers, and about half-past nine or ten A.M., as I was sitting in the mess-tent of the 2nd European Bengal Fusiliers, which was quite close to the General's tent, I heard the report of a gun, and immediately after the clangous noise of broken or bruised metal pots and earthenware plates and dishes. It was the effect of a round shot from the enemy in the rear, which had made a nest for itself in the General's kitchen-tent, causing sundry breakages in that department of his establishment, but doing no greater harm. Others, though not very many in number, followed in rapid succession, and the camp presented for the moment a somewhat lively appearance, from the active helter-skelter movements of the camp-followers—I mean the camel-drivers and officers' servants, and such like, than whom none are fleeter of foôt when they please, or when pressed by the presence of danger, or affrighted by the loud unmusical roar of cannon evidently nearer than is safe or agreeable. I remember well the impression made on me by these

sights of scampering natives, with faces never before looking so earnest, though perhaps often equally demure, and have laughed over them again and again: I have even gone so far as to ask myself whether, in the subordinate design of Providence, playful, not destructive round shot, rolling into camp, might not be sent, among other purposes, to stir up the dying energy of human character in the East. It does do it most effectually, whether with or without design, and so does good for the time. I only wish the good were more permanent.

But the enemy having thrown down the gauntlet, there was no choice but to take it up. A detachment of H. M.'s 75th Foot, and the whole of the 1st or 2nd Europeans, with cavalry and guns, marched out of camp for this very purpose. Unhappily our force effected very little; not because of any fault, but simply in consequence of the enemy retiring immediately on being attacked. Nevertheless we captured two guns and three ammunition waggons; on one of which latter were said to be eight native wounded gunners, ready packed to be carried off into Delhi, but whom we left dead in the field, as these were no times either for giving or expecting quarter. As to "prisoners of war," those we ever made, being comparatively few, we subsequently

tried and destroyed; so that immediate death on the battle-field must have been an infinitely better alternative.

I never visited the Ochterlony Gardens, the scene of the conflict, but those who did gave me an ample description of all they saw there on the morning after the battle of the 19th. From all accounts it was a sad sight. Here was to be seen a rampart of slain camels, which the enemy had stolen from us, and made this use of; and there were horses and bodies of natives innumerable, left unburied by their surviving brethren. This havoc of war was the first intimation to us, and likewise most conclusive proof, of the success which had attended our operations in the rear,—a success which we were so slow to believe only the night before, and which nothing, I verily think, but ocular demonstration would have induced us to realise at all.

Shortly after this engagement I renewed my acquaintance with one of my old "Hindun" friends, Assistant-Surgeon Alexander Groves Duff, who, with Assistant-Surgeon T. J. Biddle, of H. M.'s service, shared a common tent with me on the 30th and 31st May last. It was Mr. Biddle who killed, with his own hand, the native that caused the explosion which cost Captain F. Andrews his life.

Dr. Duff had been sent to Meerut from the "Hindun" in charge of sick and wounded, among whom were Ensign Napier and poor Assistant-Surgeon Moore, of the Carabineers. A finer-hearted and more generous Irishman than the last-mentioned officer I never met. I have a distinct and pleasing recollection of his exertions on the night of the 30th May, on behalf of the wounded of his own regiment, and several of the camp followers besides. I never think of Moore without a deep sigh of regret. Little did I imagine, when I saw him so full of life on the night of the first battle of the Hindun, and so kind and considerate with his patients, that the next day I should look upon him as a severely wounded man, who would only be sent from camp to die at Meerut.

Shortly after I had welcomed Doctor Duff, he gave me an account of his last adventures. It appears that early on the morning of the 20th June, the doctor and his party, consisting of only two Europeans besides himself, viz., Mr. George Campbell, C. S., and Lieutenant Mew, of the 74th N. I., and 150 sowars, were encamped on the left bank of the Jumna; a site which had been selected to enable them to defend the bridge of boats across the river. Between four and five o'clock, the slumbers of the party were disturbed by the announcement of the

startling fact that the Goojurs were upon them. In an instant the small force turned out to receive the enemy and watch his movements. There was, however, little time for reconnoitring, for within a few hundred yards they beheld between four and five thousand Goojurs, headed by sepoys, and marching in perfect order. After the enemy had fired a few shots, the Europeans, and their 150 sowars, retired upon the bridge, and crossed it, intending to cut away two of the boats, to prevent the rebels from following. Unfortunately, however, no axe could be found, and thus the plan was defeated. The small company then drew up in line on the right bank of the river, close to the bridge, while the enemy followed their example on the opposite side. A tolerably smart fire was kept up for a short time, but, after about a dozen rounds, the sowars attached to the European party declared that their ammunition was exhausted. Considering the superior strength of the enemy, to beat a retreat was, under the circumstances, the only course to pursue; and after some consultation, the camp before Delhi was fixed upon as the point for which the party were to make. In furtherance of this plan, the small force retired a short distance from the bridge, and the enemy crossed it; whereupon the sowars were ordered

to charge, but positively declined to do so. This act of insubordination necessitated an immediate retreat, and the three European gentlemen setting off at a gallop, never but once rested the legs of their steeds until they reached camp. What became of the "brave" Irregulars, I cannot say, but in all probability they found a welcome within the walls of the city of Delhi.

The 21st of June was our second Sunday before the stone walls of Delhi. Divine service was solemnized at half-past five A.M., and a sermon preached by me in the ordinary place. I had, beside the head-quarters' service, one for the Rifles, at eleven A.M., and another for the cavalry brigade, at six P.M. Sunday was always a very hard day with me, though it would be very difficult to say on what day in the week my labours were lightened; for, if I had regular services for the camp on Sundays, there were the daily services for the hospital, which required an expenditure of mental and bodily strength equally great. Then, again, not a morning or evening passed without burials, one of the most painful portions of the duties of a chaplain in camp, and by no means an insignificant one either. I have reason, however, to remember this Sunday, above many others which I passed before Delhi.

Prospects were looking very dark about this time: the army was rapidly decreasing, and no fresh reinforcements had reached us yet. The rains were a week nearer: how we dreaded their approach! Sitting and brooding in my tent after breakfast, and feeling very unhappy—an unhappiness which I, however, kept to myself, afraid to breathe it to another soul in the force—in order to relieve myself, I took up my Prayer Book, and the first words my eyes fell upon, was the passage selected for the Epistle of the third Sunday after Trinity. It is a part of St. Peter's first Epistle. I had often read those words, but never before had I realized their simplicity, beauty, and power, as I realized them on that day. "Casting all your care upon Him, for he careth for you," seemed as if they had been words expressly intended to meet my circumstances, and those in the camp generally. I believed the testimony of St. Peter, and drew comfort from it.

A pious field officer came shortly after to my tent, and tarried there a very long while. I spoke to him of the comfort that had been graciously vouchsafed to me, and we joined in earnest prayer, beseeching God to direct the councils of war, to strengthen and reinforce our army, and to remember His chosen people, that were called by His name, in spite of

their sins wherewith they had transgressed, and were daily transgressing against him. The bugle of alarm sounded during prayer, and the force got under arms; but there was no attack after all. In fact, during Sunday the 21st, and Monday the 22nd June, nothing worthy of record occurred. The play of the batteries on either side was the only warlike manifestation on those days.

A few days previously to the 23rd of June, the first centenary anniversary of our rule in the country, the camp before Delhi learnt, through their spies within the city, that a determined, and if necessary, a protracted effort was to be made on that day for the recovery of the empire in Hindostan by the descendants of the Great Mogul. It was said that both Hindoo and Mussulman would combine for the purpose of securing to the country a native instead of a foreign rule. Their prophets and religious teachers had promised them certainty of success. "It is written," said they, "and therefore must be literally fulfilled—not a word shall fall to the ground." The only conditions which they imposed on their credulous adherents, in order to ensure success, were the absolute necessity of immediate and strenuous effort on this selfsame day. "Now or never", was the word which proceeded out

of the lips that kept knowledge. The believer in the false prophet, and the infatuated devotee of paganism, listened to these words, and looked around and about them, and in that look found satisfaction, when they saw the defences of Delhi, and all her numerous appliances of war, and could call them absolutely their own. They thought with pleasure of the legions which once rallied around the British standard, but had now and for ever abjured their fidelity to their foolishly indulgent masters, and promised assistance to the mutinous cause. Already they were marching on Delhi—some were within a few days of the place—to join in the proclamation of the King, and to help to hold him on his imperial throne. In striking contrast with these indications of their own strength, and the apparent confirmation of the words of prophecy, was the manifest weakness of the English: one of their largest magazines wrested from them; the Bengal native army virtually gone to a man; the English themselves, in point of numbers, nearer resembling a band of guerillas than a large martial host adequate to the exigencies of the occasion.

As early as five o'clock on Tuesday morning, the 23rd of June, the enemy turned out, to the number of 6,000 and upwards, to give effect to

the resolutions passed at their councils of war, and to place the seal of confirmation on the words of their prophets. Surely they could never have thought of the issues of that day when Ahab and Jehoshaphat went up to Ramoth Gilead, at the instigation of the lying prophets of Baal, who said, "Go up, for the Lord shall deliver it into the hand of the King." Perhaps it was a fact in history, with all its striking analogy to their own circumstances, of which the most astute among them knew nothing; or even had they known, like Ahab, whose destruction Heaven had previously intended, they would yet have gone up, to be scattered and destroyed by that handful of men, whose numbers, leaving everything else out of the question, appeared to them to be a fair occasion to point the finger of scorn. They kept Hindoo Rao steadily before them: this being the point of concentration of attack.

Very early in the day, and almost immediately after the bugle of alarm had sounded, a reinforcement of field pieces was sent up from camp. As soon as these appeared, a heavy cannonading fire from Delhi ensued. The enemy came round in the direction of Subzi Mundi and to the rear of Hindoo Rao, and were distinctly seen spreading themselves behind the low banks and walls extending towards the right of the

camp. The Rifles, Guides, and Gorkhas were thrown out in skirmishing order for several hours; during all which time the contest raged with unmitigated fury. At about eleven in the forenoon some fresh reinforcements reached us from parts north of Delhi, consisting of 100 men of H. M.'s 75th Foot, under Captain Brookes, four companies of the 2nd European Bengal Fusiliers, besides some six guns and Sikh troops; and so fierce was the struggle, that the newly arrived force, without waiting for refreshments or even a moment's rest, had at once to join the fight.

At four in the afternoon the battle was still proceeding with unabated vigour, when another course was taken: an order was issued to the Rifles, Gorkhas, and Guides, to carry the Subzi Mundi, which they did in right gallant style, despite their eleven hours of previous labour and exposure to the sun, and want of refreshment. The enemy were driven by them from wall to bank, and from bank to wall. Now, the sepoys ascended the tops of houses, of which there were many in the immediate neighbourhood, but their tenure of these only lasted for the few moments which it took our brave troops to reach them; numbers of the enemy began to fall, and several of our brave fellows beside them. A

touching incident of the day was told me by a young doctor. A rifleman had been mortally wounded; the surgeon ran to his assistance, and gave him his arm to help him along. "Ah! sir," said the wounded man, "I fancy this is my last walk." It was indeed. He died: noble, good man as he was. But through his brave exertions, in co-operation with the rest of our troops, the day was first carried by the British against very frightful odds. The mutineers retired within the walls about six in the evening, finding to their chagrin, that their prophets were a living lie, and had wofully deceived them; for in the place of success, fully one fourth of their army, which had come out in the morning full of pride and of hope, were left either dead or wounded on the field.

The victory of the 23rd of June was a cause of great rejoicing within camp. But our joy was not without alloy: our losses were very great; perhaps, relatively, equal to those of the enemy. The Rifles lost twenty-seven men, and the 1st Europeans thirty-one, the Gorkhas twenty-five, the 75th Foot one sergeant and one private; besides the losses in the Artillery, Sikhs, Guides, and men of the 2nd European Bengal Fusiliers; the statistics of whose

casualties during this day I failed to secure. The only officer killed in action was Lieutenant Steuart Hare Jackson, of the 2nd European Bengal Fusiliers; though several were wounded, amongst whom I remember Colonel Welchman, of the 1st European Bengal Fusiliers, and others of the same regiment, and Captain Conyngham Jones, of the 60th Rifles. But as some compensation for this, we had gained an important point; the Subzi Mundi was not only taken, but held henceforward by us, and constituted our extreme right picquet.

On the 24th of June, there was a slight attack on the right, but not of much consequence, and resulting in little or no loss to either party. An important arrival, however, occurred on this day: Brigadier-General Chamberlain, the newly appointed Adjutant-General of the army, who was selected to succeed the late Colonel Chester, reached camp. I had but little intercourse with this officer; he, however, struck me as being a man of purpose, one who thinks before he acts, and acts resolutely when once his plans are formed. I should say, moreover, his actions are guided by that sound and high principle which draws the wide distinction between right and wrong, and detects at once the difference between truth and error.

From the 25th to the 27th of June, but little occurred worthy of remark, and the only extra excitement in camp arose from a report which was circulated, and very generally believed, that the enemy had four field-pieces out, and meditated an attack on the night of the 25th. The report, however, proved false, and we were left unmolested.

On the 27th of June, the enemy made a determined attack on both flanks. It commenced about six A.M., and lasted till nearly two in the afternoon. There was evidently some fear that from the right flank the rebels might work round to the rear. Accordingly, two companies of the Rifles were marched to the "rear battery," consisting of heavy guns, 18-pounders, which had been erected as a protection to the camp, in case of future attacks in that direction. This was a prudential measure, suggested by the sad results of the action of the evening of the 19th June. The periodical rains set in on this day. The fall was heavy, and the floods evidently co-operated with us, in driving the advancing and treacherous foe within his lair. The camp was literally turned into a pool, and became very offensive to the sense of smell, and obliged quartermasters of regiments to busy themselves in the work of drainage. Simultaneously with the rains, the ra-

vages of cholera commenced, and several fatal cases occurred on the 27th of June.

On Sunday the 28th of June, I performed the ordinary solemn services, and the roar of cannon was all that disturbed the quiet of the day. A wing of H. M.'s 8th Foot marched into camp on that morning: a small but very acceptable addition to our military strength; yet far from sufficient to enable us to adopt an offensive policy, instead of acting on the defensive, which had been characteristic of nearly every movement of ours, since we encamped before Delhi. We heard that the enemy had blocked up our nearest and most direct route of communication with Meerut *viâ* Bhagput. Many of us felt this to be a very sad denial; especially those who, like myself, had a sick wife and young children, of whose welfare I was naturally very anxious to hear as often as possible in times like these.

Another very formidable attack was made by the enemy on the last day of June. It was directed against our right picquet at Hindoo Rao, and lasted, with hardly a moment's cessation, from nine in the forenoon till two in the afternoon. A victory was ours and a repulse theirs. Nevertheless the advantage of such victories was questionable. I verily believe that an accurate return would show

that we really lost more than we gained by such successes. Nothing but the sternest necessity—so stern that there was no help for it—would have justified us in permitting the enemy to perpetuate these attacks; which were harassing and destructive to our own troops, without the infliction of adequate and exemplary punishment on our foes. Take for instance the casualties of a part, and but a part, of a single regiment, during one month, from the 30th of May to the 30th of June, both days inclusive, in corroboration of the foregoing remarks. The casualties of the 1st Battalion 60th Royal Rifles are thus returned.

	KILLED.	WOUNDED.	DIED FROM DISEASE.
Officers . .	3	12	0
Men . .	40	108	2
Total .	43	120	2

These are frightful figures, when the strength of that regiment is considered, and also the small force of the British army before Delhi. With such losses in the first month of the campaign, who could venture to anticipate what might not have been our state, after another thirty days had passed over us? How was it possible to regard the future without some misgiving, or to look back upon the past without considerable pain? Perhaps none more

aptly than St. Paul described our case at this time, when, writing to the Corinthians, he says, "We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed, we are perplexed but not in despair, persecuted but not forsaken, cast down but not destroyed."

The Christian warrior, taking a retrospective glance, can feelingly say, "Verily the enemy thrust sore at us that we might fall, but the Lord helped us." Not only the disciples of Christ, but everyone realised the fact that the divine favour prevented and followed us. It was a subject of remark both among the serious and the frivolous in camp. Not a man but professed to see the hand of God in the arrangements of the season, and the strength wherewith himself and others were endued to stand up against fatigue and exposure, and a thousand harms besides. And as each saw these things for himself, he exclaimed, "It is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes."

CHAPTER III.

THE SIEGE CONTINUED.

EARLY on the morning of the 1st of July, the Delhi Field Force was strengthened by the arrival of a wing of H. M.'s 61st Foot, consisting of some 450 men. Simultaneously with our receiving this small reinforcement, the Bareilly Brigade reached Delhi, in support of the cause of mutiny. The latter encamped during the day on the Meerut side of the river Jumna, and numbered about 3,000 men, besides six guns of Captain Gravenor Kirby's battery, and ammunition and treasure to the amount of six lakhs of Company's rupees. The brigade consisted of the 29th Bengal N. I., from Moradabad, and the 18th and 68th Regiments of N. I., which, previously to the outbreak, were cantoned, with some Irregular Cavalry corps, at the favourite station of Bareilly.

The day in camp was passed in more than ordinary quietude. The firing from the city was anything but heavy. Our battery at Hindoo Rao had

been increased during the previous night, and kept up so destructive a fire on the enemy's Moree Bastion, that it was apparently reduced to a ruin. The service magazine of the enemy was blown up, and a gun quaintly nicknamed "Whistling Dick" (another I remember, in like fashion, was called "Tambourine Sal,"—both of them enemies of ours and friends of the mutineers) was rolled into the trenches, under our heavy fire. Moreover, to keep up our spirits, and as a set-off to the substantial reinforcements known to have reached the enemy, report confidently stated that General Wheeler, with four European regiments under his command, was marching on Delhi. Alas! for the credit to be attached to the voice of rumour! At the very moment when with wistful eyes and longing hearts, the Delhi Field Force—in ignorance of the tragedy that had been enacted at Cawnpore—was reckoning with confidence on the General's skill and succour, and looking forward to his advent as the harbinger of salvation, the poor General, with his small garrison, were inhabitants of another and I hope a better world.

The active duties of the day, if I mistake not, were closed by the despatch from camp of the second detachment of sick and wounded, who were sent in

charge of a medical officer to Umballa, preparatory to their proceeding to Kussowlee, a sanatarium depôt for troops in the hills. Among the sick and wounded were Captain Dawson and Assistant-Surgeon Whylock, both of the 75th Foot, and some other officers; Captain Conyngham Jones being, I think, one of the number. On the 1st July the force had to lament the loss of an officer of the 3rd Bengal N. I., who was attached to the 4th Sikh, or Captain Rothney's, Infantry—I allude to Lieutenant James Yorke: he died of wounds received in action on the previous day, and in the full assurance of Christian hope.

The day after their arrival on the banks of the river, the Bareilly Brigade was seen crossing and marching into the city. An additional reinforcement, soon after early dawn, reached our own camp, consisting of Coke's Rifles; a regiment of Punjaub Infantry bearing a high character, and possessing the advantage of a very able commander, Major Coke. This regiment was a real accession to the Force, and did good and distinguished service during the operations before Delhi. Thus strengthened within the last few days, the General again seriously contemplated a second attempt at assault on the city. The intention was kept profoundly secret, as on the previous occasion, but a meeting of regimental field

officers was summoned for nine in the evening, to meet the Staff, study the plans, and receive instructions. The force was held in readiness to march out of camp and proceed to the attack the moment warning should be given; but some intelligence reached head-quarters which defeated the purposes of the General, and the intention, so far as I could learn, was then deferred *sine die*.

We had long suspected treachery within the camp: not a movement of ours, perhaps not a word or even a look, but was immediately reported in Delhi. For a long while we had no one in particular upon whom we could fix our suspicion; however, on the 2nd of July, a revelation was made, through the fidelity of certain Sikhs, whose regiment had recently come into camp. Unhappily an entire company of this regiment was composed of Poorbeas, while the main strength was Sikh. The Poorbeas within the British camp had strong leanings and earnest longings for Delhi. "Down with the British rule!", was the secret wish of their treason-working hearts; but before they could openly avow their treachery, they had to perform, by deception, an important mission, which the King of Delhi had entrusted to their execution. This mission was to destroy the loyalty of the Sikhs, if possible, by offers of large bribes, and

by a train of subtle reasoning, in which an appeal to the Divine Will formed a very prominent part. Accordingly some leading men of the Poorbea Company of the Sikh Regiment approached one of the leading men of the other companies, and declared that "the will of Heaven was to take away the Raj from the English and to give it over to the descendant of the Great Mogul; and that it could be no benefit to them to continue any longer in the British service, as by so doing they would only incur the displeasure of 'Shah Bahadoor Shah,' which would rest upon the Sikhs, and follow them from place to place, till destruction completely overtook and overwhelmed them. If, however, on the other hand they made choice of the winning side, the King would gladly enrol those of the Sikhs who were officers among his Colonels and Generals, and would give large pay to one and all."

The Sikh having listened to the arguments of the mutinous Poorbeas, gave, according to Eastern custom, some evasive reply. He then made direct for the tent of his commanding officer, to whom he disclosed the conspiracy; in consequence, the ringleaders, who were native officers, and I think three in number, were arrested forthwith, brought to trial, and hung shortly before nightfall. The

remainder of the attainted company were paid up and sent out of camp, to the great satisfaction alike of Englishmen and of Sikhs.

On the following day the movements of the enemy occasioned no small anxiety. A force, supported by guns, left Delhi, and proceeded in the direction of our rear; whereupon, a large force was detached from camp for the purpose of counteracting any designs which the rebels might have against us. But it seems that, upon this occasion, our native allies, the inhabitants of the village of Aleepore, were the object of their attack. The enemy knew that from this village we drew largely for supplies; and that from the first the villagers had displayed a very friendly feeling towards us, and manifested the warmest sympathy for our cause; hence they were the object of implacable hate with the mutineers, and a decision was now formed and put into execution to inflict summary punishment on these natives for their want of loyalty to the Great Mogul. We, however, were wholly ignorant of these designs, and our force accordingly returned to camp without interfering with the mutineers. The inhabitants of Aleepore were of course unable to defend themselves against the attack of the rebels, and the village was burnt during the night. A Sikh guard, consisting of some fifty or sixty men, was

slain, and the enemy having satisfied their vengeance decamped with a large share of plunder.

As soon, however, as we had learnt something of the terrible doings of the mutineers, another force was despatched from camp to intercept their retreat in its return to Delhi. This occurred on the 4th of July. Our party fell in twice with the Bareilly Brigade during that day, and two successive attacks were made upon them; which resulted in the slaughter of about one hundred rebels, and the capture of two ammunition waggons, filled, I believe, with ammunition.

Thus closed the fourth week of our eventful encampment before Delhi; and little did we suspect what the coming Sabbath was about to bring forth. I remember well the solemn services of that day. I had performed the duties devolving upon me for the Head-Quarters Camp at the usual hour, and my text seemed in a measure prophetical. It was taken from the Psalms of David, and the words are familiar to every Christian mind, "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." I noticed the absence of General Sir Harry Barnard, but was ignorant of the cause. The fatigue of harassing camp duties had been pressing heavily upon him and sapping his vital

power; and though the decline had not altogether escaped the notice of his friends and staff, no serious apprehensions were entertained: certainly, no fatal result was anticipated. We fully hoped and believed, and as earnestly desired, that a gracious Providence would spare him to reap all the honours which a grateful country might award for a successful termination of the siege of Delhi. But it was otherwise ordained; and we were constrained to exclaim, "Even so, Father: for so it seemed good in thy sight."

About nine o'clock in the forenoon of Sunday, July the 5th, malignant cholera seized General Sir Harry Barnard. Immediately the medical skill of the camp was put in requisition. Every effort was made, and every appliance resorted to, which humanity could prompt or science suggest, and the results were watched with anxious interest. The General's nurse was his own excellent son Captain Barnard, an officer of the Guards. Nothing that filial affection could dictate was wanting to relieve the sufferings of the gallant officer, and to soften his dying hour; but in spite of all that mortals could do, the General languished during a short illness of six hours, and then expired about three in the afternoon, to the inexpressible grief of every soldier and man in the camp. He did not, however, sink to rest until after he had

given a solemn and parting charge to Captain Barnard: "Tell them," he said, alluding to his own family in England, "I die happy." And, indeed, what was to hinder his dying happy? He had a Saviour to lean upon, and a good conscience told him that he had manfully discharged his duty. To this every one was ready to set the seal of his own testimony. The prevailing feeling in camp was that the melancholy event had been brought about by the extraordinary devotion of our leader to his country's cause. In him we saw another victim to the mutiny prematurely taken to the grave, and the country deprived of the services of one of her most gallant commanders. His own family had indeed lost a father and a friend, and one of whom a son could speak in no fitter or more expressive terms than when, in a voice broken by tears, he exclaimed, as he stood a mourner at the side of the grave which had just received all that was mortal of his parent, "My loss is great indeed. I have lost the very best of parents, and the most intimate and endearing of friends."

The funeral was originally appointed for six o'clock on Monday morning, but the arrangements could not be completed by that time, and it was accordingly deferred till ten in the forenoon. A gun carriage

served as a hearse. No minute guns told the camp the age of the departed. Truly a great man had fallen in Israel; but he was borne to the grave without pomp or show. The only difference made between the General and a private soldier consisted in the length of the mournful train which followed in solemn sadness the mortal remains of the brave warrior: in every other respect, the General and the man in the ranks were one in death. Distinctions were most properly laid aside, as impertinent to so solemn an occasion; and all alike found their last resting-place in a simple grave of earth, without embellishment of either wood or stone.

The other events of this day consisted in the departure from camp, at about two o'clock in the early morning, of Captain Brookes, of H.M.'s 75th Regiment, with 300 men, for the purpose of escorting and bringing in treasure and ammunition from Aleepore. The party returned in safety, accompanied by Colonel Garbett, and Lieutenant Angelo, with a small reinforcement of Artillery. It was announced in General Orders, that the provisional Commander-in-Chief, General Reed, had personally assumed the immediate command of the "Delhi Field Force."

The quiet which prevailed during the 7th of July

was, indeed, a relief to our harassed soldiers, and a source of great satisfaction to every one. Every now and then the effects of deceased officers were disposed of by public auction; but on that day commenced a series of auctions on a very grand scale, consisting of the property of two generals—the Honourable George Anson, our late excellent Commander-in-Chief, and Sir Harry Barnard. The sales lasted over several days, and the property was disposed of, generally speaking—partly from associations connected with these great men, and partly because of the pressing wants of several people in camp—with considerable pecuniary advantages to the respective estates.

Having no saddle-horse or saddlery of any kind, and owing to the short notice upon which I had quitted Meerut, I had brought nothing with me save a large, lumbering palki-gharri, which was too heavy for one horse to draw over camp roads; consequently, up to this date, I had been forced to travel to my hospital duties on foot, in all weathers and at all times of the day and night. As there were fourteen hospitals, widely scattered over every direction of camp, it may be supposed, that my duties were anything but light; the more especially when I state that the labour was confided to a single Protestant chaplain

and one Roman Catholic priest; and this without any additional ministerial help, until August 18th in my case, and only a very few days earlier in that of the Roman Catholic priest. Fortunately, there was a buggy for sale at one of the auctions I have mentioned, which I purchased, and which enabled me to discharge my arduous duties with greater comfort to myself; and without it, I verily believe, a short time would have seen me out of camp, a disabled instead of a working man.

Father Bertrand, a pattern Roman Catholic priest, whose services have been justly recognised—not by the Government, perhaps; for judging by its acts, the clergy, and particularly that more self-denying portion of it belonging to the Roman Catholic Church, seem to have been regarded as a necessary inconvenience; but by his own Vicar Apostolic, Dr. Persico, in terms not by any means too flattering, considering his labours in camp—was in this respect in a much worse predicament than myself. He had infinitely smaller allowances, and infinitely fewer comforts than I enjoyed, but an equal amount of labour. This excellent man—and surely I may venture thus to designate him, without risk of offence to any, except the most bigoted—lived as sparingly as a hermit, while he worked as hard as an

English dray-horse. If Government should overlook this good man and his extraordinary services, his own flock never can and never will: those services and that self-denial will live in the recollections of the army as long as a single man survives to tell the tale. And for myself, despite some vital errors in creed, I cannot but hope, and I as earnestly pray, that zeal so distinguished, and labour so abundant, may, through the divine mercy of Christ our common Saviour, find honourable mention in the audience of assembled angels and men, when warriors with their tinselled glories, and war with its terrible desolations, shall not so much as once be named.

Eight days had passed, and, strange to say, no attack from the enemy had taken place. Such policy on their part was very puzzling, and, as usual, it set rumour to work, and sent a hundred reports flying through the camp. For my own part, I have no doubt but that many an anxious thought crossed the minds of the King and his followers. After a month's experience of the war in which they had been engaged, and from which they had expected such victorious results, probably they were unable to comprehend why fatigue, exposure, and their own fire combined, had not destroyed the hated "Kaffir crew." They little thought that the

struggle was a battle of principles—a conflict between truth and error; and that because they had elected in favour of darkness, and eschewed the light, therefore they could not possibly succeed. Moreover, they had imbrued their hands in the innocent blood of helpless women and children, and of honest and confiding men, who spurned to harbour the thought of suspicion, despite differences of race and religion. That very blood was appealing to heaven for vengeance. The appeal was unquestionably heard, and its justice fully admitted. Many an Englishman's conscience, in the darkest moments of our recent Indian history, gave him the blessed assurance, that, although he might not live to see it, nevertheless, in due time, the Lord could not otherwise than be avenged on such a nation as this.

Indeed, the surety of this conviction now began to force itself on our serious attention. I remember distinctly the great and unspeakable comfort which it imparted to my own soul at or about this very time. It was the subject of my letters to those nearest and dearest to me. It gave me matter for earnest entreaty at the Throne of Grace. It was not that I had learnt to lean on the hope of reinforcements already received, or even yet to come; neither was it simple confidence in the indomitable

energy and resolution of the English character, and of English soldiers: it was simply because I believed with my whole heart that victory was the Lord's, and that he would give it into our hands. This was the mainstay of my soul's fondest expectations, and I was sure that eventually we should not be confounded.

The eighth of July was one of almost unbroken quietude. Nothing but occasional cannonading disturbed the prevailing calm. Our artillery practice was, however, successful, and we managed during the course of the day to disable a large gun in the enemy's battery at the Lahore gate. This, and the march of a party from camp at two o'clock in the morning, for the purpose of destroying a bridge over the canal, which afforded the enemy a communication with our rear, and allowed the possibility of their bringing ordnance with them, were the only events of the day deserving a place in this record.

After a nine days' rest, the enemy once more thought that the renewal of the conflict was absolutely necessary. The day set in determinately with rain; but in spite of that we were obliged to fight. Between nine and ten in the forenoon, I was sitting writing, in company with a field officer who was sharing my tent, when the alarm sounded;

but that was so ordinary an occurrence, that our ears had grown familiar and tired with the constant repetition of the notes. As I was a non-combatant, and my friend had been for some considerable time on the sick list, we both hastened on with our work, fearful of losing the post. Presently we heard the sounds of flying musketry shot, which seemed to be taking the direction of our own tent, and once or twice startled us both by their close proximity. We thought it now high time to turn out and inquire the meaning of all this; the more so, as we could already distinguish that the shot came from the neighbourhood of the churchyard, which was not more than 200 yards from our home. Our surprise may be imagined when we found that the enemy's cavalry were actually in the camp, having been treacherously brought in by a picquet of our own, consisting of a portion of the 9th Irregulars.

This act of treachery gave the enemy great advantages, because on their approaching camp, our guards and their officers recognised our own men, and feared to fire lest they might destroy them. The sudden and unaccountable increase in numbers to the British Native Cavalry picquet suggested the first thought of suspicion. The Field

Artillery on the spot were ordered to unlimber, and open upon the enemy; but ere this could be done the fellows were within the camp, and had ridden over the guns: they were just on the point of killing an artillery officer named Hills, a very gallant and distinguished second lieutenant belonging to that corps, when Major Tombs, his troop captain, came to the rescue, and shot the man who would have otherwise cut down the young subaltern. The rebel's arm was uplifted, ready to strike the blow, which would have cleft the skull of our hero, when he met his own righteous doom from the hand of one of the most gallant, most distinguished, and most popular officers in camp.

So worthy were these actions of the English name and character, that I cannot refrain from giving a detailed account of this episode in our camp life. Second Lieutenant Hills, in obedience to the orders which he had received, was straining every effort to get his guns into action, but only succeeded in having one unlimbered, when the enemy were upon him. The thought now occurred to him that by charging the insurgents single-handed he might occasion a commotion, and so give his men time to load the gun. Simultaneously with

the thought he made a rush, with all the impetuosity of desperation, at the enemy's front rank, cut down the first man he met with, and had given a second a severe wound in the face, when two sowars or native troopers charged him. At one and the same moment their horses came in contact with young Hills' charger, and the latter with its rider was sent flying. Such was the force of the fall, that Hills escaped two cuts which were made at him; one of which laid open his jacket just below the left arm, without injury however to his person. He lay for a moment, and the enemy passed on; supposing, I presume, that he was slain. Presently he rose and looked about for his sword, which he discovered lying about ten yards from the place where he had fallen.

Scarcely was the lost sword found and secured, than three of the enemy again returned to the attack; two on horseback, and the third on foot. The youthful soldier had again to struggle for life: the first man who approached him, he succeeded in wounding and dropping from his horse; the second charged him with a lance, which was cleverly turned aside, and an awful gash in return inflicted on the face and head of the assailant. Lieutenant Hills thought he had despatched this opponent, but

wounded as he was, the man came up for a second time, but only to have his head completely broken. The third and most formidable foe was yet to come: he was young and active, and unwearied by previous effort; whereas, Lieutenant Hills was weak with exertion and panting for breath, and moreover, his cloak by some means, in these successive frays had fastened tightly round his throat, almost to suffocation. Nothing daunted, he entered afresh upon the conflict, and made a blow with his sword at the enemy—a blow which was unfortunately turned. The rebel now seized the hilt of the Artilleryman's sword, and succeeded in twisting it out of the owner's grasp. At this juncture it came to a hand to hand fight; the Englishman with his fists, punching the head of the native, and the native trying to wound his gallant foe with the sword, but without success. Somehow, young Hills fell; and Major Tombs came up just in time to succour his junior, by despatching, as he thought, the mutineer with a pistol-shot.

Major Tombs and Lieutenant Hills then went in company to the Mound, but after some time, they returned to secure the unlimbered gun, which had been left behind. To their surprise they found the very man whom they both supposed to be

"non est," walking off with Mr. Hills' pistol, which in extremity had been driven by that officer at an opponent's head. After some fencing on both sides, young Hills rushed at him with a thrust, which he avoided by an adroit jump, cutting Hills at the same time on the head, but without stunning him. Major Tombs now followed him up, and Lieutenant Hills, taking the opportunity of rising from the ground, succeeded in dealing the fellow another blow, which almost severed the wrist from the arm; the whole business was concluded by Major Tombs, the next moment, running the man through with his sword. Thus ended a conflict which resulted in a recommendation of the officers engaged in it, as worthy of the highest honour for distinguished bravery—an honour which I trust they may both live to receive, and long live to enjoy.

The trespass in our camp committed by the enemy was soon avenged, and they were quickly dislodged without much damage. Nevertheless, they managed to do some mischief ere they departed. They wounded some of the artillery, and a few of the camp followers; besides which, one or two of the rebels, who were roguishly disposed, deliberately walked off, in one case with an officer's charger,

all equipped and ready for mounting; and, in another instance, they carried away an apothecary's horse which was picquetted beside the stud of Surgeon Mackinnon, of the 1st Brigade of Horse Artillery.

The guns of the native troop of the 1st Brigade of Artillery seem to have been the object which induced this visit to camp. Immediately on arrival, the mutineers made straight to that quarter of the encampment in which those guns were standing. But the troop, to their credit, manfully refused to obey a single order which was given, although every order was coupled with the name, and (apparently to the men) under the authority of Colonel Murray Mackenzie, commanding the brigade. But, because there was no absolute certainty, in spite of this refusal on the part of the gunners of the troop, their guns were taken from them, by order of the General, and placed in the park; the men protesting in their innocence, and weeping like children, and their European officers, whose confidence remained unshaken in them, notwithstanding the General's orders, deeply sympathizing with their sorrow, and complaining as bitterly of the act as the Golundauzes themselves.

The fighting, however, on this day did not

terminate with the camp scrimmage, but the whole force was engaged until half-past four, or even later. The Rifles reinforced Hindoo Rao's house with two companies, and lost in all fifteen men, of which number two were actually killed, and one mortally wounded. Two other companies of the same regiment moved under command of the gallant Colonel Jones, to the "General's Mound," and from thence proceeded to the protection of the guns in the rear battery; subsequently they again joined the force, consisting of the 8th and 61st Regiments of Foot and some Sikhs, together with Scott's Light Field Battery, all of whom were placed under the direction of Brigadier-General Chamberlain.

This force marched for the Subzi-Mundi. The 8th and 61st were employed in skirmishing to the right, while the Rifles accompanied the guns, detaching one of the two companies to turn some men out of a serai in the neighbourhood; a work they were unable to effect, simply on account of the construction of the serai, which only admitted of one man ascending the building at a time. Two guns were then sent to aid in the accomplishment of the task, and their excellent fire speedily disturbed the enemy, and caused him to beat a precipitate retreat. At this unexpected movement of the foe, a panic

seized the Sikhs, who formed part of our force, and they turned, leaving our guns to the protection of the Riflemen, who gallantly held them; and as soon as another company of the Rifles could be brought up in support, the business of the day concluded with the complete dislodgment of the enemy from the position which he had selected, and the destruction of every one of the rebels composing the force.

In this affair the Rifles had two wounded, in addition to the number already given. Her Majesty's 8th Foot had the sad misfortune to lose a gallant young officer, Ensign Mounsteven, who was mortally wounded in the affray, and died during the day. The artillery fire from the city batteries was both heavy and continuous, and the entire loss on our side was estimated at fifty, and that of the enemy at not less than one thousand: I must, however, confess that I am rather sceptical concerning the latter statement.

On the 10th of July, the rain descended in copious streams, and continued to fall for twenty-four hours. The miseries of camp life, temporarily free as it was from the excitements of actual warfare, except in the occasional booming of cannon, were in most cases almost intolerable. Some of

us had work to do which could not be neglected, and I was one of that number. I had to sally forth to my hospitals, two of which, H. M.'s 8th and 61st, were then hotbeds of cholera. My attire, on rainy days, would have been denounced as essentially unclerical: it consisted of jack-boots and small clothes, and a dusty coloured choga, as a substitute for a more decent coat of the true canonical cut and colour. A copious beard and moustache, of coal-black hue, did not improve my appearance. But appearances could not be consulted; convenience and comfort were the first consideration in camp, and, much against my own will, I found I could be no exception to the general rule. It is probable that such a doctrine will shock the clergy in England, surrounded as they are with all the comforts of an English home, and located in an English parish, the beau ideal of ministerial happiness. In peaceful times in India, and in the performance of garrison and station duties, such innovations would be very properly discountenanced; but allowance must be made for circumstances. The ministry of the Word and of the sacrament is not affected by such trifles; and experience warrants me in stating that a word in season to many a man is not a whit less acceptable, because the chaplain is adorned or disfigured,

whichever it may be called, with a beard and moustache, and clad in vesture of irregular colour and pattern. This was an admission freely made in the actions of the Roman Catholic priest, though I never remember to have heard him allow it in so many words.

The 11th of July was a quiet day, during which nothing remarkable occurred. The cause of the deaths of the camp-followers who lost their lives on the 9th July, when the enemy's cavalry made a dash into our camp, was made the subject of inquiry. There was some little stir about the matter, as it would appear that several of the deceased met their fate at the hands of our own European soldiery. I remember the authorities were very sensitive on this point, and I think very properly so; as life is not to be taken from any man without sufficient cause. But the disorder necessarily occasioned by the sudden appearance of an enemy in camp, and the ignorance of the fact in our men, that they were slaying friends and not foes, are all sufficient excuses. It was one of the accidents of war, to be deplored, but not to be helped. And such an accident might have happened at any time, during the siege, to any man, English or otherwise, even with the observance of the greatest care.

On Sunday, the 12th of July, the usual services were attended at the usual hours and the usual places. The alarm sounded about noon, and some of the men, to my knowledge, were turned out and kept in readiness during five successive hours. This was the lot of the Rifles, and very probably that of every other regiment composing the force. My duty in hospital on that day was both heavy and sad. Cholera was committing sad devastation in the two European regiments in the 3rd Infantry Brigade; I allude to the 8th and 61st Foot. The hospitals of these two corps were under one roof, the men of the 8th occupying the long centre room of the building, while the two side verandahs were devoted to the patients of the 61st.

The building was situated on the extreme left flank. It was melancholy to see nearly every man in either of the three wards languishing from that terrible disease cholera; hardly an inmate was suffering from any other cause. It required strong nerves to withstand the sickening sights of these two infirmaries. The patients constantly retching made the place very offensive. The flies, almost as innumerable as the sand on the sea-shore, alighted on your face and head, and crawled down your back, through the opening

given by the shirt-collar, and occasionally also flew even into your throat, when you were engaged in reading or praying with a dying man,—these and a thousand other evils which I cannot mention here, but of which I have yet a very vivid and unpleasing recollection, severely tested a man's power of endurance. My Bible, sadly marked in consequence of this plague of flies, recals, every time I open its soiled pages, many an incident which occurred, and many a painful expression of countenance which I witnessed within those very walls, with a deep sigh of unfeigned regret.

So general was this mortal sickness in these hospitals, that at last I could only hope to discharge my duty by taking up a central position, with a chair for a hassock to kneel on in prayer, and making a general supplication for all the patients; while afterwards, with Bible in hand, I read and expounded extemporaneously some appropriate passage of Scripture. Happily cholera was not general throughout camp. It was principally confined to these two regiments; and the cause of its prevalence among them some medical authorities connected with the fatigues of a long march in the height of the rains.

Early on the morning of the 13th of July there was some heavy firing heard on the right of the camp, and apparently at a very great distance from it, the cause of which was never discovered. A detachment of three arms was sent by us to Aleepore to escort hackeries laden with ordnance ammunition, which arrived during the day in perfect safety. A letter also reached General Reed, the provisional Commander-in-Chief, from Agra. It was said to have come from the Hon. J. R. Colvin, the Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces, and stated that the Neemuch Brigade and part of the Gwalior forces had combined, and attacked Agra, and burned the military cantonments.

Several days elapsed without our being engaged by the enemy. Rumour said that intelligence had reached head-quarters, direct from Delhi, which declared that the mutineers had sworn a solemn oath to capture our guns on the heights, and to smoke their hookahs at Hindoo Rao's house, some time during the 12th of July. But the day and the night of the 12th passed away, and the 13th of July arrived without the oath of the rebels being fulfilled. A wholesome fear apparently restrained them, and the execution of this purpose,

as all subsequent experience taught us, was deferred *sine die.*

But if the enemy did not molest us, the ravages of cholera were growing daily more and more serious. The 8th and 61st were still suffering severely. Their losses were multiplying apace, and almost as surely as a man was attacked, his case defied medical skill, and he died. Among the victims to this disease was my shipmate and friend Lieutenant Edmund Walker, of the Engineers, than whom that corps could not boast of a more distinguished and promising officer. Though young in years, he had already held many important posts under Government, and amongst others that of Assistant to the Principal of the College of Civil Engineers at Roorkee. His knowledge of mathematics, and his love for that branch of science, were singularly great. He had not much sympathy with the pursuits of young men of his own years. Study was his whole delight, and he gave himself up to books with the same devotion as the miser yields himself to the acquisition of wealth. His career of usefulness was, however, cut short in the very beginning of his manhood, after only a few hours' illness; before even I knew of his having been attacked, he passed away, and the only satisfaction

—a very melancholy one indeed—which was permitted me, was the performance of the last sad ministerial office over his grave.

Shortly after my return from the burial ground, in the forenoon of July 14th, the enemy attacked our right flank in large force. Coke's Rifles and the 75th were sent to reinforce the picquets in the immediate neighbourhood of the attack, but our troops did not advance till late in the day. The battle was both long and furious; the enemy were driven in and followed up by our men almost to the Lahore gate. We committed, however, a sad oversight upon this occasion. It appears that the enemy, retreating before our gallant soldiers, left six guns on the field; which guns were at one time so situated that we were between them and the mutineers, who had originally brought them out. This fact seems to have been forgotten, and the rebels recovered their guns, to our great mortification. How it was we committed such an error I cannot possibly say; but we did, and the enemy must have laughed at us heartily for our negligence.

Nevertheless we had the sincere gratification of having inflicted on our opponents a very severe loss; though alas! our score of casualties was anything but trifling. We acknowledged to 16 killed

and 150 wounded; among the latter was Brigadier Chamberlain, the Adjutant-General of the army, whose conduct was conspicuous during the day for the most distinguished valour and recklessness of consequences resulting from personal exposure. Lieutenants Faithfull and Rivers of the 75th Foot, Lieutenant Penton Thompson, of the 3rd Troop 3rd Brigade Horse Artillery, and Lieutenant Tulloch, of the 20th N. I., doing duty with the Rifles, were also wounded. The results of this action were by no means as favourable as they might have been. But accidents of this kind must be expected, and an equal measure of success, under equally favourable circumstances, cannot always be commanded.

The 15th of July was enjoyable not only as a day of rest and peace, after the fierce struggles of the previous day, but also because all nature put on a gay and cheerful appearance. It was one of those days of sunshine which we are always ready to welcome, after the monotony and gloom of a long succession of wet weather during the periodical rains of India. I do not know whether others in camp felt as I felt when clouds gathered and lowered, and showers fell in copious and unbroken streams for hours together, and often during two or three consecutive days,

with scarcely any intermission; but at such times I always suffered more or less from depression of spirits. I knew the rains were good in their season, but I knew also, from personal experience, that the camp was a very wretched, cheerless, damp home, as long as they prevailed, and I freely confess I was selfish enough to rejoice much more in their absence than in their presence. Nevertheless these feelings of mine were demonstrative proof in themselves how unfitted we are to choose for ourselves, and what grievous mistakes we should indeed make if left to the unrestrained indulgence of our own whims and capricious wills.

But if a young and hale man like myself could reasonably complain of the discomfort of camp life in the middle of the rains, it is no great wonder that the aged and infirm suffered from similar exposure and hardship. This was the actual experience of General Reed, the Provisional Commander-in-Chief. He joined the army, I remember, at the fag-end of the battle of Badull-ke-Serai, on the 8th of June. And from that time he never seemed to enjoy a single hour's health. For a long time he had been confined to his tent, and was hardly ever seen, except by those more intimately known to him. But on the death of General Sir

Harry Barnard, as I have already intimated, he assumed the immediate command of the force. However, the responsibilities of office, added to the infirmities of years, were much more than his enfeebled constitution could possibly stand. He began rapidly to grow worse, and it was evident to his medical advisers that a longer continuance in the camp would be most probably at the risk of his life; he was accordingly counselled to repair to the hills on medical certificate, with as little delay as possible.

About this time, too, news had reached the camp from the Presidency that General Sir Patrick Grant had arrived in Calcutta and assumed the command of the Bengal army; to which he had been recently appointed, in consequence of the demise of General the Hon. George Anson, the ex-Commander-in-Chief. This was an additional reason with General Reed to resign the inferior command of the Delhi Field Force. A very grave question of course, both with the retiring General and the army at large, was, who should be General Reed's successor. It could not be settled by simply refering to the Army List, and looking for the next senior, and if General Reed had contented himself with a successor in the command, whose merits depended only or

principally upon the date of his commission, the army could not, in such critical times as these, have concealed their thorough dissatisfaction.

There were two men between whom a choice remained to be made, the appointment of either of whom would prove generally acceptable. One of these, Brigadier-General Chamberlain, the Adjutant-General of the army, was a man in whom great reliance centred; but unfortunately he had been very recently wounded, and pronounced incapable of discharging the active duties of his own office, which had been formally made over to Captain Norman, 31st N. I., the second in the department, and an officer of accredited ability. I heard distinctly that this was the *only* reason why preference was not given to him; had it been, and had circumstances admitted of his taking office, his command would have been extremely popular with the whole army.

But the officer upon whom the choice eventually fell had already inspired confidence and respect. He had fought and won two battles at Ghazeeoodeen-nuggur, when numbers and circumstances largely favoured the enemy; and the battles of the Hindun showed considerable military skill on the part of Brigadier Wilson. Hence it was natural enough to

suppose that the officer who had directed with success the movements of an army of 700 against as many thousands of the enemy, and as recently too as the 30th and 31st May, 1857, would not be wanting in strategy before the walls of Delhi, on and after the 16th July, in the same year. Moreover, Brigadier Wilson at the moment held the command of a corps which stands very high among the scientific branches of the military service. This fact alone gave increased weight to his claims for the higher command of the besieging army. Accordingly the orders of July the 16th declared him elect, with assigned rank of Brigadier-General from that date. These orders gave great satisfaction, and none rejoiced more in the appointment than his own little army, who had gained for him and themselves imperishable honour on the banks of the River Hindun.

The reinforcement of the enemy in small numbers by the arrival of the Jhansi mutineers, and our receiving proofs that the mutineers could throw shells very closely into camp, were the only other noticeable events of that day.

No sooner had Brigadier-General Wilson assumed command of the force, than it seems he had to institute inquiries into the correctness, or otherwise,

of certain reports which had reached the camp, implicating the Bunneahs, or small tradespeople, who make a living by vending various articles in the regimental bazars. It was said these men bought up percussion caps, which the troops, in ignorance of the use which was intended to be made of them, sold to them in small quantities and for small sums, in order to increase the scant amount of their own personal comforts. But it would appear that the caps thus purchased were re-sold in the city of Delhi, where they were said to be growing daily more and more scarce. Upon receipt of this information, quartermasters of regiments were required, through the brigadiers commanding the brigades to which their respective corps belonged, to make diligent search in their own bazars, and discover, if possible, whether or no Bunneahs under their control were guilty of this treasonable act, and in case of detection to confine those whom they chanced to detect. I believe no results followed upon this examination, and in the absence of proof, I suppose we should give the Bunneahs the benefit of the doubt, according to the established principles of English law.

On the 17th of July, the day on which warning and instruction were given to the force respecting this suspicion, we despatched another party of

sick and wounded to Umballa and Kussowlie. General Reed seized this opportunity of complying with the advice of his medical advisers, and Colonel Congreve, officiating Adjutant General of Queen's Troops, Colonel the Hon. R. N. Curzon, Military Secretary to the late Commander-in-Chief, and Captain Barnard, of the Guards, accompanied him; the two latter afterwards to rejoin their respective regiments in England.

Before leaving, the General published his reasons for relinquishing the command, which he said were his having ceased from the 17th of June—the day on which Sir Patrick Grant arrived in Calcutta, and was sworn in by the Supreme Council of India—to exercise the office of Provisional Commander-in-Chief; and, moreover, failing health and strength, to which allusion has already been made. After speaking in complimentary terms of Brigadier-General Wilson, his successor, he took leave of the force with the usual expression of thanks for the services rendered to him by the most prominent of the staff, including also commanding officers of regiments, and left the camp with an escort, consisting of one squadron of Dragoons, 100 of the 5th Punjaub Irregular Cavalry, and 200 Guide Infantry, besides two guns. The escort was

to halt at Aleepore, and return with a convoy of stores to camp.

The alarm sounded about nine A.M. on Saturday, July 18th. Immediately thereupon the main picquet of Hindoo Rao was reinforced, as usual, with 100 men of H.M.'s 1st Battalion of 60th Royal Rifles. Some time later in the day, General Wilson sent for Lieutenant-Colonel J. Jones, of this regiment, and directed him to proceed to the "General's Mound," and assume command of a brigade consisting of parts of the following regiments, viz., H.M.'s 8th, 61st, and 75th Foot, and the Hon. Company's 2nd European Bengal Fusiliers, besides two companies of Sikh Rifles, Coke's Regiment, Hodson's Irregular Cavalry, and four guns.

This force repaired to the Subzi-mundi, gradually clearing the whole way, and driving the enemy before them. On arriving at Subzi-mundi, some slight difficulty occurred in forcing the enemy from one or more of the serais in the neighbourhood; but this difficulty soon yielded before the perseverance and valour of the troops, and the military skill displayed by the acting brigadier. The enemy were not only driven out, but likewise slain: thus the world was ridden, by their deaths, of so many more incarnate fiends.

The force, or at any rate a part of it, after this success, crossed the canal, and remained in position for some time, until the colonel received orders to retire; but the village, which Colonel Jones' force was occupying at the time he received his orders, was effectually cleared of the enemy, and thus every purpose of the expedition was fully answered. The main body of the troops now commenced retiring, alternately with their own particular guns, each gun being covered by cavalry and infantry. These arrangements were admirable in the extreme, and the General was a witness to the whole of Colonel Jones' proceedings during the day. He stood on the mound, and looked on the fight with admiration; and as soon as an interview between himself and Colonel Jones could well take place, he congratulated that officer on the success of his operations, with all of which he was pleased to express himself thoroughly satisfied: he added, moreover, that a smaller number of men had been lost in this affair than was usual, and that this was attributable solely to Colonel Jones' prudence and forethought, in keeping the troops constantly advancing, and never allowing them to be at a loss as to the plan of his operations.

In fact, Colonel Jones is, without question, both

an able regimental and likewise brigade officer. His powers of perception in military matters are singularly acute, and his knowledge of strategy has been strikingly displayed upon every occasion in which he has had the opportunity of exercising an independent command.

One of the greatest proofs of his capacity as a soldier is the high state of efficiency and discipline which distinguished his regiment; another is afforded by the universal confidence reposed in him alike by his own officers and men, without a single exception. If he does but lead, they are ready to follow wherever he shall direct; not doubting, even for a moment, but that in following him implicitly they will assuredly be led to glory and victory. This is a confidence which very few commanding officers enjoy, and wherever they do, it may be assumed as a certain fact, that no body of men can be inspired with such feelings in favour of any one man, unless he richly deserves their confidence.

But ere I pass on to the events of another day, let me briefly state the estimate of the results of the 18th of July. Our losses, though not nearly so many as might have been expected from the fierceness and length of the engagement, were not after all trifling. Lieutenant Crozier, of H. M.'s

75th Foot, was killed in action, and Lieutenant Walter of the 45th N. I., attached to the 2nd European Bengal Fusiliers, was smitten by a stroke of the sun, to which he had been necessarily exposed for some time, and from the effects of which he died almost immediately. In addition to these casualties among the officers, the returns were said to declare that the force had lost in the engagement at least some sixty rank and file; which, considering that cholera was yet in camp, and daily sacrificing many at its melancholy shrine, was enough to occasion us a large measure of anxious thought: and the more so, as no one could foresee with any certainty, at this period of time, when these sorties of the enemy would end, or when our strength would prove sufficient to carry the city by storm, and so terminate the siege. But if we had losses to mourn over, the enemy had very many more. Perhaps their casualties were rather under than over four hundred.

Letters received from Meerut on the 19th of July showed that considerable anxiety was felt by the ladies of that station at the prospect of their being ordered to the hills. Their removal from the place was said to be only preparatory to the abandonment of the cantonment; or, at any rate,

withdrawing from it all the European troops, and leaving it, with all its property public and private, in charge of some native force. This was a measure strongly recommended by General Wilson among others, and if he had had absolute authority, the plan would have been vigorously carried out at almost any risk, because of the great want of Europeans, which was beginning to be most keenly felt by the army before Delhi. Still he would have had to make many provisions ere he could have carried out this step. He could not have sent women and children to starve, accordingly he must have secured to them a commissariat; and house accommodation was very limited. The hills were full to repletion of visitors driven there by the troubles of the times. It would then have been no easy matter to find shelter for one thousand persons, whose helpless and defenceless condition demanded that they should not be left to shift for themselves. Moreover, the abandonment of Meerut would have been essentially a false military move. It would have completely checkmated the British in the Dooab. And this is another of those mistakes which apparently wise men and brave were on the very eve of committing, and from which they were happily held back by an unseen hand.

Almost simultaneously with this intelligence from Meerut, the first news of the Cawnpore disasters reached camp. It was confidently reported that the General had received a letter, or a copy of a letter, professing to bear date June 25th, which declared that General Wheeler's garrison, feeling itself unable to longer hold out against the rebels, had treated with them. The largest and perhaps fairest promises, under the circumstances, were deliberately made on the one side, and as confidently relied on by the other. Boats were provided by the enemy, professedly to carry our unfortunate people down the river to Calcutta. But no sooner were they freighted with living men, women, and children, and had put off from the land, than masked guns from the shore were treacherously opened upon them with a destructive fire. These were among the principal heads of information said to be contained in that letter of woe. For details we had to defer expectation to some distant day, the dawn of which few could hope to see. This intelligence cast a heavy gloom over camp. We proclaimed our sorrows one to another rather by looks than by words. Even our looks we tried to conceal in the presence of a native; every man feeling that it was necessary to hold his peace and assume cheerfulness,

and thus hide facts as much as possible from the camp-followers, who were always ready to catch and carry to Delhi any scrap of news, more particularly if it had reference to the disasters of the British.

We were not either without *causes* of sorrow in our own camp; so true is it that one sorrow never comes single-handed, but is apt to bring others in its train. Cholera was particularly busy in thinning the ranks of the army on the 19th July. During the night and day three officers fell victims to it. Lieut. Rivers, of H. M.'s 75th Foot, and Lieut. Ross, of the Sirmoor Battalion, died of this disease on the 19th, in the General Hospital; and Lieut. Ellis, of the 6th Dragoon Guards (Carabineers), expired in his own tent, before sunrise, on the 20th.

To add to the anxiety engendered by the great losses sustained by the force from cholera alone, the general health of the camp was very far from robust. Most men were complaining, and acknowledged to a constantly distressing feeling of sickness, especially before and after breakfast. I was a martyr to it myself, and attributed much of this nausea not only to the quality of the food which we ate, and which was at times very coarse and inferior, during the rains, but to the presence also of an overwhelming number of flies, who soiled

everything which they came in contact with. As I have before observed, the misery arising from these creatures only, was something almost intolerable; they sought you out in your tent, at your meals, when occupied in the discharge of duty; and the only time you could secure rest from this annoyance was during the hours of sleep at night, when they themselves felt the necessity of repose. Whatever might be the dish you selected to feed upon, as soon as it was uncovered, a legion of flies would settle upon it; and even so simple a thing as a cup of tea would be filled in a few minutes, unless you were very watchful, the surface of the liquid presenting a most revolting dark appearance from flies floating thereon, some dead and others dying.

We all expected a harassing day during the 20th July. The alarm sounded as early as eight in the morning; of course there was the usual flight to arms, and the usual reinforcement sent to the key of our position—Hindoo Rao. Nothing however occurred; but our batteries kept up a heavy and deafening camonading, which was said to have done excellent service. The day passed off quietly enough, until about 6 P.M., when, ten full hours after the first alarm, a second was heard.

There was a very general impression abroad that the force was turning out to meet an attack of the enemy's cavalry on the right; but subsequent events proved that the rebel horsemen were only making an effort to prevent some of our bullock hackeries, laden with saltpetre, returning to camp from Subzi-mundi. The Guides corps gave them a volley from their carbines, and the enemy commenced retreating. *Our* casualties over this trifling affair were next to nothing, but the enemy were declared to have suffered much from the fire of the heavy artillery of the British. The whole force returned to camp about 7 P.M.; excepting the reinforcement of the Royal Rifles, which had been sent early in the day to Hindoo Rao, and was detained there by Major Reid, the permanent commander of that picquet.

Besides the engagement with the enemy, the orders published to the force on the evening of the 20th of July deserve notice, as showing the gradual re-introduction of military system into the plans of the camp. A desultoriness had characterized much of the fighting which had taken place before the walls, and in the immediate neighbourhood of Delhi. Men who had been trained to order, and who had a love for discipline, complained very much of the increasing absence of it in the force: it was

to be seen in trifles; but trifles exercise a widely extended influence on the business of life, and perhaps nowhere can trifles be dispensed with to so little advantage as in the army. If you give an inch it will speedily become an ell, and as the least encroachment on strict discipline may lead to disaster of some kind, the sooner it is checked so surely will disorder, which invariably leads to inefficiency, be prevented. Many of the men of "The Delhi Force" had grown slovenly in dress when they turned out to engage the enemy: numbers were to be seen fighting in shirt sleeves; which was a very great eye-sore, not to martinets only, but to many kind and considerate commanding officers. With this practice, Brigadier-General Wilson declared war as early as the second day after assuming command; he required the men, on turning out, to always wear some kind of uniform.

Not later than the fourth day after his accession to office, the General directed his attention to the picquets of the force, which a little painstaking would greatly improve. In the preamble of the order on this subject, he contented himself with saying that he had reason to believe that the duties of officers on picquet were not always properly

conducted. With this introduction he desired that it might be distinctly understood that sentries and videttes should be frequently, and at regular times, visited by an officer, to see that they had not grown remiss; that patrols would be regularly sent round, accompanied either by an officer or a sergeant; and that officers commanding an out-lying picquet would be held responsible for a written report of all occurrences of the day which had come under their observation and knowledge. This report was to be made in the morning to the Field Officer of the day, and by him to the Brigadier, through whom it was eventually to come into the hands of the General himself.

A bugler was directed to be detached for each picquet, to sound the alarm in case of an attack upon the picquet, either during the day or night. In case of a night attack on any post, it was ordered that the alarm should be sounded, and the post defended to the last extremity. Immediately upon the alarm, the supports were to move out quickly to the rescue. Parties warned for support were invariably to sleep *accoutred.* The remainder of the troops in camp were to rendezvous at various positions: the 1st infantry brigade on the right flank of the camp, in front of H. M.'s 75th Foot;

the 2nd and 3rd infantry brigades on the road leading to the camp cemetery; the Guides corps, which was not attached to any particular brigade, on the road leading to the mosque; and the cavalry brigade on the road to the left of No. 14 Light Field Battery, commanded by Major E. W. L. Scott. Such arrangements had been long wanted, and were thankfully recognised by almost every regiment in the force.

There is yet another event of melancholy interest which belongs, as of right, to the 20th July, 1857. Captain Greensill, of H. M.'s 24th Foot, whose acquaintance I made early in June, had been attached to the Engineer department. We often met in the cemetery, where he was employed in making arrangements for the deposit of ammunition under ground, in one corner of the churchyard. In consequence of the multitude of funerals, many a time, at sunrise and sunset, I had the privilege of half an hour's chit-chat with this very attractive and pleasing officer. It did one really good to witness the sunshine of his face, when lighted up with a smile; to experience the cordiality of his manner, and the warmth of the feeling of his heart.

I know no one in camp towards whom I was

more closely and quickly drawn than to Captain Greensill; unhappily our intercourse was but of short duration. He had some duty to discharge in connection with the Engineer's department, and while in the act of discharging it, or probably after he had done so, and was returning to the picquet, the sentry, who could not see from the darkness of the night whether friend or foe was approaching, gave the usual challenge; not receiving, or at least not hearing any answer, he discharged his piece at the person before him, who proved to be Captain Greensill. The shot took effect, and the gallant officer fell, mortally wounded in the stomach; he was borne away to the 75th hospital in camp, where he expired, in great pain, on the morning of the 21st July, about 4 o'clock.

There were circumstances previous to his death which came to my knowledge afterwards, and gave me acute pain. It seems he wished to see me in my ministerial capacity, and his most intimate friend in the Engineers despatched a note, written on a quarter-sheet of foolscap, which is the size of the ordinary death reports sent for the information of the chaplain. These used to be sent to my tent at all hours of the night, and some of the messengers who brought them were unreasonable enough to

wish me to be aroused, to sign *receipts* of these death reports; and oftentimes, when once aroused so unnecessarily, I could not sleep again for the remainder of the night. Having been once or twice served so, I desired my servant not to listen to these messengers or arouse me, but if the messenger came from hospital, saying a sick man wanted me, that he was to awaken me immediately. This was the only *note* I ever received at night to summon me to a dying patient; they were invariably verbal messages, which the native servant understood, and I never had a single accidental omission to mourn over except in the case of Captain Greensill.

My bearer, on his own responsibility, interpreted this quarter-sheet of foolscap to be a death report only, and not an "urgent" call to the bedside of death; I was consequently not aroused, but slept on until fully an hour after Captain Greensill's demise. On waking, I hurried off, in hopes of being yet of service to him in his moments of pain and sorrow; but on reaching the hospital, I found, to my unspeakable regret, that Captain Greensill was beyond the reach of human ministration. I retired to my tent to lament over this untoward event; which I would not have had happened through mistake of mine, or of my servant, to any man

similarly circumstanced as Captain Greensill, and still less to him, who had won so quickly my fervent regard and unfeigned respect.

No stirring event marked the day of the 21st July. Until one in the afternoon no alarm was given, but about that hour the alarm sounded, and aroused the camp to life and activity. Troops were moving here and there, and reinforcements hurrying off to their destined posts. But this activity quickly subsided into the usual monotony of camp life; as the alarm proved false, and the reserves and supports speedily returned. I remember the rain in the afternoon made us all prisoners within our tents; and we retired to rest made wiser by the knowledge of the fact, which was published in General Orders of the Commander-in-Chief, that Major-General Gowan, C.B., commanding in the Punjaub, as senior officer, had assumed command of all the troops in the Upper Provinces from the 20th July, and until further orders.

As early as three in the morning, and long before the sun had risen, on the 22nd of July, buglers sounded the alarm, causing the ordinary commotion in camp. Reports of brisk musketry fire and the cannonading of heavy guns was heard from the right. These proceeded from the enemy, in consequence

of our having blown up a serai at Subzi-Mundi, which gave shelter to their troops in the various sorties in that neighbourhood, and was considered necessary to be destroyed. The noise of the explosion excited the fears of the enemy, who probably believed that the English were approaching the city. This made them open fire in order to assure us of their cognizance of our movements. But nothing more was heard of them by us during the day; except that an occasional round shot came rolling into camp, and one of their shells struck a tent of the Light Company of the 75th Foot, lodging in the side of Colonel Herbert's tent and breaking a box.

The 23rd of July was one of our stormy days. The enemy renewed the conflict in a very earnest and determined manner. Their attack began about seven in the morning, and was mainly directed against the picquet in the neighbourhood of Sir Theophilus Metcalfe's house, which inclined to our left flank. I remember this day very well. I had my hospitals as usual to visit; but work had become a positive burden: I could not set about it with any alacrity or good will; so after making one or two ineffectual attempts to subdue my disinclination and put my shoulder fairly to the wheel, I gave up the task in despair, and promised myself, as far as I really

could do so, a whole holiday. The fact was, I had been overburdened with duty during the past week, and while my physical health was far from good, I was also anxious in mind, on account of letters received from Meerut.

Instead of working, I freely confess I went up that I might see the battle. The point which I selected for observation was the top of the Flag Staff Tower. From this elevation I could see everything with complete satisfaction to myself, and yet without personal danger. There I stood a very long while, now depending upon one friend for a telescope to lengthen my sight, and now under obligations to another for the loan of a binocular to make out the more distant operations of the engagement.

Upon one occasion only, during my stay here, did the enemy seem disposed to interfere with our sight-seeing. We were all intent on what was passing before us, when the outlook exclaimed "Look out." His eye had detected the enemy's intended mischief. They fired a shell from a piece of ordnance which commanded the Flag Staff Tower. No sooner was the exclamation heard, than every looker on, the instructed and uninstructed alike, instinctively crouched beneath the parapet upon which we had been a moment before leaning. The shell fell far

short of our position, and in bursting killed a camel near the spot where it fell: this was all the mischief that shell did. The enemy at that period rarely condescended to expend ammunition on the picquet at the Flag Staff Tower, so that you might generally watch from thence without fear of harm.

Upon that day the enemy had brought out with them six guns. A column, under Brigadier Showers, was despatched to attack them, and his attack was completely successful. The enemy were driven back; but unhappily Brigadier Showers' men advanced too far, and so got under fire of grape from the walls, and that without succeeding in capturing the guns. In consequence of this, and the heavy musketry fire in addition, the casualties of the day were very great. Brevet-Captain W. G. Law, of the 10th Bengal N. I., and attached to the 1st Punjaub Infantry, was killed in the course of the action, and I buried him the same evening.

Among the wounded was Brevet-Lieut.-Colonel R. Drought, of the 60th N. I., who shared my tent up to sunrise, when he went on duty as field officer. His position as such was the Flag Staff Tower, from which he ought not to have moved without orders from the Brigadier of the day, Colonel Jones, com-

manding the 3rd Infantry Brigade. Unfortunately he consented to receive instructions from Brevet-Lieutenant-Colonel Seaton, of the 35th N. I., who came to him in the name of Brigadier Showers. This act nearly cost him his life. For a very long while he was supposed to be in a dangerous condition, and at first to be mortally wounded; but after great care, and being in the general hospital a very long while, he recovered.

Lieutenant-Colonel Seaton, who carried to Lieutenant-Colonel Drought the instructions upon which the latter acted, was himself very severely wounded in this same affair, and incapacitated for the active duties of his profession for some time. As soon as Colonel Drought was carried off the field to hospital, Lieutenant-Colonel Jones, of the 60th Royal Rifles, the next on the roster of field officers, was ordered to proceed at once and supply his place, which he did accordingly; but on his arrival he found very little doing on our right, although a heavy artillery fire was maintained by the contending parties until four o'clock in the afternoon, about which hour all supports returned to camp, and the night was passed in perfect quiet.

The 24th of July was a striking contrast to the day which immediately preceded it. I think I may

safely say that not half a dozen gunshots were exchanged between ourselves and the mutineers. We lost another engineer officer, Lieutenant Jones, who died of the wounds which he had previously received in the discharge of duty, and his loss was much lamented. The weather, I remember, was very disagreeable; rain fell the best part of the day. Rumour moreover was very busy in camp. The subject of reinforcements was freely canvassed, and the most positive statements made respecting the help we might confidently look for, both from the Punjaub, and from places south of the encampment, of course as far down as the Presidency. But many of these statements were simple conjectures on the part of those who made them, and to rely on them was to lean on a broken reed.

The 26th of July was a Sunday, and the camp services were performed as usual. There was no fighting. The Neemuch Brigade was said to be marching into the city to reinforce the enemy, and this fact caused a general feeling to prevail in camp that the mutineers, according to their ordinary custom, would engage us during the next day.

Report said that intelligence had reached the camp, stating that General Havelock had gained a very decisive victory over the rebels somewhere in the

neighbourhood of Cawnpore; that he had taken twelve guns, besides several lakhs of rupees.

A confirmation of Major-General Wheeler's fate, with something approaching to detail, was also said to have arrived. Among other things reported was the destruction of all the women and children of H. M.'s 32nd Foot,—in fact, of every living European inhabitant in Cawnpore, at the time of the outbreak.

It was whispered—with something like the sanction of authority—that the Kumaoon Battalion, H. M.'s 52nd Light Infantry, and another wing of the 61st Foot, might be expected in camp at no very distant period; and it was a comfort to believe that Sir John Lawrence's resources, on which we had already drawn so largely, were not exhausted. This reinforcement was thought to be the last he could afford us, and such it proved: at any rate of Europeans in any large numbers, excepting those in immediate charge of the siege train.

The late heavy and continuous rains had sadly hampered the progress of the dâks. Letters of the 25th of July, from Meerut, reached camp, *viâ* Bhagput, on the morning of the 27th of that month. This was the day on which we disarmed and dismissed from camp a certain Irregular Cavalry corps, the

number of which has escaped my memory. Another convoy of ammunition and commissariat stores arrived. The few shots fired by the enemy on the 27th proved that the gunpowder of their own manufacture would not carry as far as that of the English. I regret to have to record the fact that 1st Lieutenant T. E. Dickens, of Artillery, who had been wounded severely in the head, and was trepanned on account thereof, after lingering for several days, expired.

At sunrise on the morning of the 28th of July, while engaged in reading the funeral service over Lieutenant T. E. Dickens, and just as I had come to the last collect, my voice suddenly faltered and failed me, and I felt for the moment that I must fall down. I struggled against the feeling and the impression, and prevailed; but for an hour or two afterwards I felt a deadly sickness, which I tried, and not without success, to remove by taking a small quantity of brandy. On speaking to a medical officer on the subject, he declared it to be his opinion that the burial ground and camp were both sinks of malaria and filth; a fact which sensitive olfactory nerves would never question. The evening gales especially wafted disease and death on their wings. I have laid on my charpoy some sleepless night—and

have heard others say the same—expecting to be sick every moment, so revolting were the smells in camp about this time.

It was rumoured that the accounts of the six European regiments of infantry, with detachments of the Royal and Madras Artillery, having been sent up in relief of the North-western Provinces, and of the arrival of the China expedition at Calcutta, were confirmed.

The proceedings of a general court-martial, which had been assembled in camp by order of General Wilson for the trial of a sergeant of one of the two Company's European regiments, were published on the evening of the 29th July, for the information of the force. The charge set forth that the said sergeant, of his malice aforethought, did feloniously and wilfully kill and murder one "Oree," a classic attached to the 2nd European Bengal Fusiliers. The court, after mature consideration of the evidence brought before them, acquitted the prisoner of the charge—an acquittal in which the General Officer seems to have fully concurred. This incident may be considered too ordinary a matter to excite general interest, but I regard the matter in a very different light. I look upon this court-martial as a very important affair—as additional evidence of the

jealousy of human life which was manifested by the military authorities, and that amid all the excitements of a campaign without parallel in the history of nations; and particularly considering the recent insults and injuries which had been heaped upon the English, without provocation or cause, by the hands of blood-stained and lawless Indians—a people of common race and of common religion with the deceased, whose death had formed the subject of inquiry.

Within the British camp, the meanest man's life, irrespective of colour or creed, was declared, on the face of the proceedings of this very court-martial, to be both sacred and dear—a trust to be defended by the ruling powers to the utmost, both against the national prejudices of our own people, however just in themselves, and the temporary outbursts of unbridled passion which now and again display themselves in all their odious colours under the best constitution and laws. The camp and the cantonment under such circumstances were to have but one ordinance. This was a principle clearly defined in General Wilson's remarks, written beneath the finding of the court. Moreover, he declared his determination to put down, with iron and resolute hand, all attempts on the part of any under his

command, to maltreat the native followers of the camp. The necessity for such a determination he found in the deaths of some unarmed camp followers on the 9th July; which—with a severity not altogether warranted, and that I cannot agree with, although I am ready to make allowances for it—he seemed inclined to ascribe to the recklessness of his own European soldiery. He said, and truly too, that the deaths of these men had *resulted* in the destruction of confidence in the minds of many of the native servants, to the great inconvenience of public and private interests; for some of them thought it prudent to decamp. There was policy, and there was justice, which is better far than policy, in most of General Wilson's remarks.

Quiet still prevailed. The 30th of July was no exception in this respect from the 29th of the same month. General Wilson continued his attention to the improvement of arrangements within camp, and the providing of speedy supports for the picquets in case of alarm. Fifty Europeans from the brigade furnishing the mosque picquet, and fifty men from the Sikh Local Infantry, were ordered, on sound of the bugle, to occupy the breastwork between the mosque and observatory; and fifty more of the Sikh corps, which supported the mosque, were to be

added to this additional support. The available men in camp of the 2nd brigade were to form, on nearing the assembly, in front of the camp of the 75th, to support the right flank, Subzi-Mundi picquet, or Hindoo Rao, as the case might require. The available men of the 3rd brigade in camp were to form, under similar circumstances, on the cemetery road, ready to repel any attack on the rear.

Major Coke's moveable column at the same time was directed to form near the bridge leading to the mosque, ready to repel any enemy that might break through our defences. The Guide cavalry and reserve guns in camp were to form on the road leading to the Flag Staff Tower. The Sappers were to be held ready to proceed to any point where they might be required. The camp was to be protected and patrolled by the cavalry, under the orders of Brigadier Grant.

All the above was to be exclusive of supports previously ordered, and a night picquet of fifty men from the 4th Sikh infantry was ordered to occupy the breastwork between the mosque and observatory, until further orders. By these arrangements it will be seen that every man knew his own post, and could not justly complain that he was left at a loss respecting what was to be done by him, in

any case of emergency and peril, however sudden and unexpected.

In addition to the introduction of a better military system in the force, the field force orders announced the attachment of the Rev. F. W. Ellis, M.A., chaplain of Umballa, to the camp. I looked forward anxiously for this gentleman's arrival, knowing that I should then be relieved by him of at least one half of my present duty.

About noon, on the 30th of July, the 26th Regiment of Bengal Light Infantry mutinied at Lahore. Fortunately they had been previously disarmed. The commanding officer, Major Spencer, succeeded for awhile in pacifying his men; but eventually he himself, with the quartermaster sergeant, the havildar major, pay havildar, and some others, lost their lives. The major seems to have been treacherously killed by blows dealt with a hatchet from behind him. One or two other officers met with narrow escapes, but received warning in time, and so succeeded in getting off unharmed. The mutineers escaped into a dense jungle; but prompt measures were taken by the authorities at Lahore for their capture.

The enemy came out in large force, on the 31st of July. They were distinctly seen emerging from

both the Cashmere and Ajmere gates. Our batteries began playing upon them in good style. Those who selected the Cashmere gate as a passage of egress moved quickly in the direction of Ludlow Castle and its immediate neighbourhood, and from a couple of light field pieces returned our artillery fire, directing it principally against the Mosque and centre batteries.

Meanwhile the city batteries were very active, firing shell from mortars and howitzers, many of which were said to have fallen short, and inflicted comparatively little harm on our brave fellows. The 24-pounders on the Moree Bastion kept up a very troublesome fire. The enemy were seen distinctly from the heights sheltering under cover of the houses about or near Ludlow Castle. Our centre battery made their lurking places so warm for them, that they speedily evacuated them.

A rule, however, seems to have prevailed in Delhi, that troops who went out to fight should not return within the walls of the city sooner than four o'clock in the afternoon. So the rebels were said to have contented themselves upon this occasion with sitting down behind rocks, and smoking their hookahs, taking now and then a sly and occasional shot at us, at a distance of 1,000 yards. This was

their practice on the left; but their brethren on the right adopted another policy, often coming within 100 yards of our batteries.

While this fight was raging, the mutineers from the Ajmere gate, consisting of cavalry and infantry, besides twelve guns, appeared to be taking the road to Rohtuck. To act as a check on the movements of the departing rebel force, we sent out a moveable column at half-past seven P. M., in the midst of a very heavy fall of rain, consisting of 200 men of H. M.'s 75th, under Captain Brookes, eight guns under Major Tombs, besides Coke's Rifles; the entire column being under command of Major Coke himself. This column went to Aleepore, but did not encounter the enemy by the way. The losses of our force on that day were nothing to speak of; perhaps they were never known to have been smaller. What injury we might have done to the enemy I cannot possibly say.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SIEGE OF DELHI.

THE 1st of August, 1857, was the anniversary of the great Mahomedan festival, designated by the Mahomedans in the vernacular language, "Bukhra Eed." This festival commemorates Abraham's sacrifice; not, as we believe, and Scripture tells us, of Isaac, the son of Promise, but of Ishmael, the child of the Bondwoman and the handmaid of Sarah, the lawful wife of the Patriarch. It is said, but how truly I cannot answer, that the King of Delhi upon this occasion sacrificed with his own hand a camel, in honour of the event of the supposed sacrifice of Ishmael aforesaid; whose descendants Mahomedans claim themselves to be.

This feast was the talk of the camp for several days before it took place, and innumerable were the rumours that flew from tent to tent concerning the nature and extent of the vengeance that the Mussulman was to wreak on the British upon the anniversary of that festival. The rebels

inaugurated the Bukhra Eed by firing a royal salute, which caused us to at once complete our arrangements for an attack; and the men only waited the sound of the assembly and alarm to sally forth to meet the foe. The day, however, passed off quietly, and we began to think that the children of the false prophet had given themselves up to revelry, and postponed the fight till some less auspicious occasion. Hour after hour passed away, without any of the signs of war appearing, and our moveable column was permitted to return unmolested to camp about an hour before noon, bringing with them a convoy consisting of the Kumaoon Battalion, and treasure to the amount of seven lakhs of rupees.

But towards sundown, evidences showed themselves that the Mahomedan festival would not pass without a struggle. About six P.M. all their troops moved to their appointed places, and the camp was rapidly emptied. The attack, as usual, was on our right flank, and at Hindoo Rao; it lasted, without a single moment's intermission, from the time of its commencement till noon next day, or even later. Such a musketry fire and cannonading I never remember in the whole course of my experience to have heard, either before or since. The

only thing which approximated to it was our attack on Kissen Gunge, and the enemy's defence of that position on the 14th of September, the day of the assault; but even on that occasion, where the musketry fire was equally severe as long as it lasted, yet in duration there can be no comparison drawn between the two. Though much worn with fatigue, the noise of the fire would not allow me, or any one else, to sleep long together. Every time my slumbers were broken, I invariably found my sirdar bearer sitting watchful and wakeful at the entrance of my tent. His fears were excited to the utmost, and he told me that he could not bring himself to believe otherwise than that the enemy would be very shortly into camp, slaying every soul they came near.

After all the firing and noise I was fully prepared at daybreak to hear nothing less than that the casualty roll had swollen to a frightful extent. But what was my surprise to learn that the very reverse was the known experience of ourselves, and supposed to be the experience also of the enemy. Up to eight o'clock on Sunday morning, the 2nd of August, only a single man of our own force had been wounded, and he not very seriously either.

This fact was the marvel of every one for a

moment; but on inquiry it was readily to be accounted for. It seems that our commanders, knowing the extreme danger of a night attack, determined to shelter the force beneath the breastworks; neither allowing them to spend ammunition unnecessarily, nor to expose themselves without cause as certain marks for the rebels. Of course whenever the enemy, emboldened by our policy, advanced, they were sure to be received with showers of grape from the guns, besides volleys of musketry; such a reception quickly cooled their courage, and caused them to retreat and seek the cover of their own breastworks.

In these sallies the mutineers occasionally met with great losses, but the aggregate of their casualties was much less than the continuous fire would have led one to suppose. Some time, however, during the forenoon it was deemed advisable to put a stop to this harassing kind of warfare. An advance was made with considerable success, and a few casualties then occurred. Amongst those who lost their lives was Lieutenant Eaton Joseph Travers, of the 32nd B. N. I., and second in command of the 1st Punjaub Infantry, commonly called Coke's corps. He was mortally wounded, and died soon after. Colour-Sergeant Williamson, of the 60th Royal Rifles, was

shot in the head, and never moved or spoke again. A young soldier named Cheevers, whom I prepared for confirmation in December, 1856, had his hand severed from his body by a round shot. A third man of the Rifles was also supposed to be smitten so severely that very little hope of his recovery was entertained. Besides these I heard of two artillerymen, and perchance there might have been a dozen others, killed and wounded; yet after all how comparatively small was the total, and how great the difference between our casualties and those of the enemy, if, as report confidently stated, they lost, during the night and the day, not less than 600 souls.

As the rains had fallen for some days in copious and continuous showers, the dâks between the camp and both Meerut and Umballa did not arrive for two days, and the country was said to be overflooded. A finer season, however, was never remembered, even by the oldest man in camp. Divine mercy was indeed to be seen in the appointment of that year's rains. The health of the camp was daily improving, and on the 3rd of August no cases of cholera had occurred within the past ninety-six hours.

The sad news of the death of Sir Henry Lawrence

reached camp on the above-named day. The loss of such a man at this crisis was universally lamented, as a *national* calamity. He was not only great, but good as he was great; a man who feared God, and eschewed evil, and wrought righteousness. He appears to have been wounded while engaged with the enemy. At first the wound was not considered dangerous; but previous service and exposure seem to have undermined his constitution, and most unexpectedly the case terminated fatally. Without question, and without instituting any odious comparison, Sir Henry was the brightest ornament of the illustrious house of Lawrence.

With this improvement in the health of the men the spirits of the camp were also improved. Accordingly a lull in the rains was eagerly seized upon as a fitting opportunity for giving expression to the hilarity which was occasioned by these causes and the return of sunshine. The Rifle lines were selected as a good site for quoits and cricket, and the sports of the day wound up with an impromptu pony race, which occasioned considerable merriment. These were the occurrences of the 4th of August, 1857, that absorbed the interest of both men and officers. At messes you heard of nothing but these sports, excepting the entrance of a mutinous shell within

the neighbourhood of the Artillery lines, and of its striking the mess tent of that regiment.

There was an attempt made on the 5th of August to destroy the bridge of boats across the river Jumna, in the direction of Meerut. The plan consisted in floating rafts of barrels of powder tacked to a particular kind of machinery. As soon as the apparatus had come in contact with the boats, it was to have exploded instantaneously. However the scheme proved a signal failure. Two of the rafts caught on a sand-bank and exploded; while the third was said to have been seen by a man of Delhi, who swam out on a mussuck—a leathern bottle of large dimensions, in which water-carriers carry water—and convoyed it to shore. A second attempt was contemplated much later in the day, and the colonel of the Rifles received orders to select twelve of his very best shots, and place them under an officer. These were to take up a position at the breastwork of Metcalfe's stable picquet, at five in the afternoon; but long before the time appointed, the services of the riflemen were dispensed with, on account of the Engineers reporting themselves unprepared.

About seven in the morning of the 6th day of August, the force was called to arms by the sound of the alarm bugle. The reinforcements proceeded

to take up their appointed places; but in something less than two hours the whole of the reserve returned to camp. Nevertheless the fire maintained by the enemy was both heavy and continuous; and although the engagement with them resulted in no serious damage to us, it was continued with more or less activity throughout the day. The enemy seem to have occupied the neighbourhood of the Subzi-Mundi in large numbers, from whence they kept up a harassing, but not very destructive, musketry fire against our picquets. On this occasion we lost Lieutenant Browne, of the 33rd Regiment N. I., and attached to the Kumaoon Battálion; a corps whose arrival amongst us was of a very recent date. On this day the enemy opened a new heavy gun battery at Kissen Gunge.

A very great explosion of powder occurred in the city on the 7th of August. It was the result, I believe, of accident, but it gave the enemy a shock. At first they seemed to have looked upon the circumstance as an act of treachery; inquiry, however, soon assured them of their mistake. The new battery of Kissen Gunge gave us considerable annoyance. It completely enfiladed our position, and we moved heavy guns to the right battery in hopes of subverting this last and most successful

effort of the enemy against us. If there were any success on our side it was very temporary, for this battery remained in the hands of the rebels until they themselves evacuated it after the fall of Delhi. The exchange of shots between both parties was unusually heavy.

I accompanied two friends to our picquets at Subzi-Mundi, in order to see a little of what was passing there. When approaching the place we could scarcely advance ten yards without being obliged either to bob our heads to avoid coming in contact with round shot, or to lie prostrate on the ground, to escape being wounded by shell: besides musketry shot came around us both thick and fast. I saw a rifleman behind a breastwork struck to the heart, after having himself shot a mutinous sepoy only a moment before. My after-thoughts respecting this needless exposure of ourselves made me ashamed of my conduct. We proceeded, as we thought, on a jaunt of pleasure, which might have put us not only to pain, but even cost us our lives, without affording us the gratification of being able to say, "We were in the path of duty."

Much was again said on the 8th of August on the subject of approaching reinforcements, and the certainty of our making the assault within a very

few days after their arrival. Unfortunately the number of these reinforcements had been greatly overrated. Some time previously to the present date it had been confidently affirmed that the troops on their way to camp were not less than 7,000, including both Europeans and native. With this addition to what we already possessed, the storming of Delhi would not have been impracticable. We all hoped the day of the city's doom was now, at last, near at hand. But as aid approached the camp, the figures representing the sum total of its force gradually dwindled down to some comparatively insignificant figure: we heard, to our sorrow, that 7,000, divided by two, was the extent of what we might actually expect.

The disappointment occasioned by this serious diminution of the Punjaub reinforcements gave rise to much discussion respecting General Havelock and his movements northward. It was even debated who, on that officer's advent, would have command—he, or the present incumbent, Brigadier-General Wilson. Very anxious to believe in hope, and yet equally anxious not to be the dupe of every loud and earnest talker, I ventured, upon the first fitting opportunity, to ask one likely to be better informed than myself, from his official

position, what he knew on the subject. He significantly said, with a smile, perhaps of commiseration, perhaps of scorn, "Nothing is really known of Havelock and his force in aid: don't believe it." So henceforth I resolutely determined to give my attention wholly to things present, and think as little as possible of things to come.

The enemy were supposed to be continuing their labours in order to increase the power and strength of their new battery on our right flank, and they tried, it was said, to divert our attention from this fact. But long before the 8th of August we had ceased to be novices in the arts of war. Accordingly our artillery tried their utmost to prevent the execution of the plan of the rebels, and they in return proved themselves equal to the giving as well as the receiving of annoyance. Their batteries were actively employed, and their practice excellent. A tumbril was on its way to Hindoo Rao's house, laden with ammunition, chiefly, if not entirely, consisting of shell. While on the ridge, and before it could reach its destination, a happy shot of theirs caused an explosion, in consequence of which we were minus 100 shells.

On this day Brigadier-General Nicholson reached camp in advance of his column.

The 9th of August was a Sunday. The Holy Communion was to have been administered on the 2nd instant, and a very general desire had been expressed to receive it. But the hard fighting of that morning, and the occupation of so many consequent thereon, reduced our congregation to such a small number—I think as few as three or four—that, with the consent of those present, I deferred the administration of the sacrament until the 9th.

These Communion Sundays were particularly solemn and deeply impressive occasions. Numbers, I doubt not, will long remember them, as they were occasionally observed by the minority within camp, while the majority outside were engaged in fierce struggle with the enemy.

This Sunday was a day of strife, not of rest. Cannonading and skirmishing prevailed at intervals; but no officers were wounded, and only a handful of men. Rumour said that two entire regiments of infantry, besides 300 cavalry and two guns, had left Delhi for Jhujjur.

The cavalry brigade, under Colonel Hope Grant, C.B., shifted their quarters and took up another site on the other side of the canal, to make room for Brigadier-General Nicholson's column, expected in within a few days. On account of these movements

the usual cavalry service on the parade-ground was not held.

The enemy continued their annoying and harassing mode of warfare during the 10th and 11th of this month, but without inflicting much real harm. Occasionally a man might be put *hors de combat;* but the wisdom of our military policy went, however, a great way to avert this. The men were, as far as possible, kept under cover and restrained from exposure; hence our casualties were very small.

Considerable inconvenience was felt at this time from some little manœuvring of the rebels, who brought out light field guns, and molested us at our advanced posts of Hindoo Rao and Metcalfe's picquet. The General admitted the grievance, and expressed himself desirous of remedying it, but he begrudged the loss which that remedy would entail. For a day or two he is said to have weighed matters well, and at length came to the conclusion that the guns must be taken at any reasonable cost. But his determination was confined to his own breast, or very nearly so; few besides himself knew anything about it. Its announcement was made at dawn of day on the 12th of August.

The most part were sleeping soundly in their

tents. I was one of the slumbering company, when a continuous and heavy fire of musketry awoke me. It appeared as if the sounds came from the left flank, and I thought the enemy had possibly made an attack on the picquet at Sir Theophilus Metcalfe's stables. But it was not so. A force, under Brigadier Showers, consisting of some of the 75th Foot, the 1st and 2nd European Bengal Fusiliers, Coke's Rifles, and the Guides, in addition to four guns of Horse Artillery, belonging to the 1st troop first brigade, had stolen upon the enemy. They seem only to have heard our approach when too late to profit by it. The surprise was complete: one man, I heard, was bayoneted in the act of lifting up the portfire. Beside this rebel, some twenty-five gunners were killed, and a large number of the regular infantry sepoys. Some of the mutineers appear to have fought resolutely; the major part, however, commenced retreating like men who value life. The guns taken were four in number, three being light field pieces, two 9-pounders, and one 6-pounder, and one 24-pounder howitzer. Fourteen horses in very bad condition were also brought into camp, as additional plunder.

The whole affair was over, and the captured guns lodged safely in the park by seven o'clock; shortly

after which hour we had time to sum up and reflect upon our own losses. These considerably exceeded the original conjectural computation of fifty, for they unhappily turned out to be not less than 117 killed and wounded, including officers and men.

Among the wounded were Brigadier Showers, Major Coke, Captain Greville and Lieutenant Owen, both of the 1st Europeans, and Lieutenant Lindsay, Horse Artillery, a very gallant young officer. Lieutenant D. F. Sherriff, of the 2nd Europeans, was smitten even to death. His bravery was very conspicuous on this occasion: though but a boy, he was foremost in leading on his men in a very resolute and daring manner. From the time he received his wound all consciousness forsook him, and he lingered in the hospital of his own regiment, where he had the very best care and the very best skill which Surgeon Edward Hare, a practitioner of deservedly great reputation, could bestow, until some time during the day of the 14th of August, when he expired.

On the evening of this day the enemy made an attempt to annoy our camp by a discharge of rockets; but an explosion took place, which stopped their practice. In the night they made another attack on

Metcalfe's picquet and our front, without effect, and without injury to a single man of our force.

During the 14th of August the enemy adhered to the tactics which had distinguished them of late, viz., the maintenance of comparatively harmless fire against various parts of our position. Recently they had declared a decided preference for night attacks, and at midnight the report of heavy musketry fire was heard in the direction of Metcalfe's picquet again; but as no alarm sounded, I presume the picquet considered themselves fully equal to hold their own, without seeking the assistance of others.

The long-looked for moveable column arrived on the 14th. It consisted of H.M.'s 52nd Light Infantry, only 600 strong, another wing of H.M.'s 61st Foot, numbering at most 400 English bayonets, Bourchier's battery, and 200 Mooltanee horse. Despite the smallness of this addition to our numbers, people boldly declared that we should have firm possession of Delhi by the 20th of August. I received letters from Meerut full of joy in anticipation of the event, and full of inquiry also, and was sorry to throw a doubt on pleasure so natural. Many of us had been separated from wives and children nearly three months. They were of course anxious to see us

return, but they knew that return was impossible until after the fall of the Moslem capital of Hindostan. We were just as anxious to return; but neither their anxieties nor ours suffered me to withhold a candid opinion on the subject. I was sure that the want of sufficient force, and the absence of the necessary preparations, would hinder Delhi from coming again into British possession until nearly the 20th of September. And such proved to be the case.

On the 15th of August there was an occasional exchange of fire between the enemy and ourselves, but nothing to cause alarm. For some considerable time the reports in camp were very generally believed that the rebels were growing short of percussion caps. It was even said that they had commenced trying their hands in the manufactory of this article, and it was predicted that this attempt of theirs would prove a signal failure. These reports were based, I believe, on information received by the Intelligence Department from the city. The fact is, a native in your service and pay will say anything he thinks will please you. This was a discovery we often made with reference to the news sent to us from the spies within the mutinous fortress. At no time during the operations was there

the slightest ground for saying that the enemy were likely to suffer inconvenience and harm from want in this particular: they always had enough and to spare. It was about this date in the history of the campaign that we saw that we had been grievously misled by our professed friends.

Some fresh evidences of treachery within camp were detected on Sunday, August the 16th. It appeared upon examination that the ordnance charges were found to have been tampered with, to such an extent that our artillery practice could not be depended upon: sometimes our guns carried too far, while at others the shot fell very short of the proper range. Moreover, the guns would sometimes flash as often as three or four times, and once I heard of a piece of artillery flashing as many as seven times before it would discharge. We were at a loss to account for this phenomenon; but at length the discovery was made. Some of the gun lascars had been sympathising with the rebels, and in consequence of this sympathy, they had been altering the charges so as to make our fire harmless; they had also filled the vent of the guns with powdered glass: by this last means, the enemy having the benefit of the signal flash, had ample time to escape; while, when rapid fire on our part was necessary, our

operations were hampered and delayed, and our plans often completely frustrated.

Two of the lascars were seized and brought to trial. Their guilt was fully established, and without further delay they were disposed of by the rope of the common hangman, in spite of the sacredness of the day. The more summary the justice, the more the impression is made on the native mind: it is your tedious processes in the civil courts, and liberty of appeal from one seat of legal administration to another, which the *mild* Hindoo and the blood-thirsty Mahomedan alike smile at in scorn.

The day passed off quietly, with these exceptions; and to those off duty, and who felt so disposed, ample opportunities were vouchsafed to pass the Sabbath in serious contemplation, and solemn and earnest prayer. My excellent colleague, the Rev. F. W. Ellis, who had joined only a few days previously, kindly relieved me of my morning sermon before the head-quarters camp. The special form of prayer, from the Venerable Archdeacon Pratt, directed to be employed during the continuance of the present troubles, was used for the first time on that day.

A party of the mutineers, about the 15th of August, were said to have gone, I think, to Soneeput, and we had immediately detached some Irregular Cavalry,

(if I mistake not, Hodson's Horse) to reconnoitre. A report prevailed in camp, on the 17th of August, that Captain Hodson, a very gallant and energetic officer, the son of the able, pious, and much-lamented Archdeacon of Stafford, and formerly fellow and tutor of Magdalen College, Cambridge, had had a successful encounter with these rebels, cutting up not less than twenty-five of their number.

We heard, moreover, in letters received from Meerut, that the Commissioner of that district, Fleetwood Williams, Esq., C. S., had received intelligence from Bijnour, that the Hindoos of the place had attacked and beaten the Nawab of Nujjeebabad, and memorialized for the return of the British civil authorities; for whom, and the Government generally, they made the loudest professions of love—professions in which, as I understood, they were believed to be thoroughly sincere.

The official division of ecclesiastical duty between the two chaplains in the camp was inaugurated on the 18th of August. Mr. Ellis was ordered to receive from me the Artillery, the Engineers, and the 1st and 3rd Brigades of Infantry. These two Infantry Brigades consisted of H. M.'s 75th Foot, and the 2nd European Bengal Fusiliers, and H. M.'s 8th and 61st Foot. Each of these brigades had

some native regiments, the ministerial duty attaching to which was a mere nothing. I was held to have charge of the staff of the army, and in addition thereto the Cavalry Brigade, in which were H. M.'s two regiments of Dragoon Guards (Carabineers), and the 9th Lancers; the 2nd or Light Infantry Brigade, made up of H. M.'s 1st Battalion 60th Royal Rifles, (considered, and justly so too, the pride of the army,) and H. M.'s 52nd Light Infantry, a most distinguished Peninsular corps. The moveable column, commanded by Brigadier-General Nicholson, to which the 1st European Bengal Fusiliers had been transferred, fell also to my share of duty.

Nothing could have been fairer than this allotment. It gave both chaplains complete satisfaction. But without complaining, I must say that Government was very sparing in the supply of ministers of religion for the camp. I advocate every regiment having its own chaplain, who should share the hardships and the good fortune of his own corps, in cantonment, in camp, and if necessary, also in the discharge of his own functions in the field. With the greatest need of economy in the public expenditure, no man's strength, mental or physical, will permit of his doing substantial justice to a larger pastoral sphere than a single brigade. I invite any to gainsay this who will.

No one can possibly do so, with conviction, in the presence of the most ordinary judges who can lay claim to any real acquaintance with a chaplain's duties.

We were much surprised at the only event worthy of record, which occurred on the 19th August, before the walls of Delhi. A Mrs. Collins, daughter of a Mrs. Leeson, late of this city, was conducted into camp by an Afghan, who had concealed and befriended her. It seems that she was living at Delhi when the outbreak took place. I do not pretend to give the details of the poor woman's trials and sufferings, because I never had the time or opportunity of listening to them from her own lips; but I remember to have heard her say that one child was destroyed outright in her presence, another was wounded by a sword-cut, and died in a few hours afterwards—I think in some garden, among the trees, away from herself, but watched over and nursed by some friendly native, whose heart was not so steeled as to be devoid of all compassion. The babe in her arms, and at her breast, was wounded, when the miscreants fired at herself, with murderous intent. The infant died. She was the only survivor among the small party; and but for this man, and a kind Providence smiling on his efforts to save her, she also would have been lost.

Numbers of her family, besides her own children, fell victims to the unrelenting fury of the mutiny, and most, if not all, perished in Delhi. I am not certain, but the impression made on my mind is very strong, that Mr. Collins, her husband, in consequence of his absence on duty, escaped. When Mrs. Collins was brought in by her protector, she was kindly received by Mrs. Tytler, the wife of a captain in the 38th Bengal Native Light Infantry, one of the corps at Delhi when the mutiny occurred. Captain Tytler was in charge of the military treasure chest, and his lady, like a heroine, when once allowed within camp, could not be persuaded, either by official eloquence, or the arguments of her own husband, to desert his side.

It was now the 20th August, 1857. The enemy established a battery on the other side of the river, and sent rockets and round shot at the picquet at Metcalfe's house. This battery commanded the site where Major Coke's men had encamped; little harm was however done by it. The orders of the Field Force declared that Brigadier-General Wilson had been made a Major-General for special service, and appointed, with the sanction of the Supreme Government, to command the Delhi Field Force: the special service being, I presume, his achieve-

ments at Hindun, on the 30th and 31st of May last.

Symptoms of returning cholera appeared in camp; but confined chiefly to troops recently arrived. The disease was of a very fatal type, and was aggravated by the heat of the weather, which was intolerable between the showers. A force of all arms went out during the night, or early in the morning, under Brigadier-General Nicholson, in the direction of Rohtuck—where Capt. Hodson still continued—but was obliged to return, without doing anything, on account of the impassable state of the roads, from the late heavy rains that had fallen.

The usual routine of firing "long balls" at each other, to use a camp expression, continued.

News reached camp on the 21st August that the 10th Light Cavalry had at last mutinied at Ferozepore. This regiment had really done good service. When the 45th and 57th Regiments, at the same station, fell from their allegiance, and tried to seize our magazine, the 10th remained loyal. They declared most solemnly, both then and subsequently, that they would never desert the British cause. They broke faith, it would seem, on the 19th of August, cruelly murdered Mr. Veterinary-Surgeon Vincent Nelson; and made a rush, happily however without

success, on Captain Woodcock's battery. The gunners were at dinner when the affair happened, and evidently the intention was to capture by surprise. One gunner was actually killed, and others wounded; several battery horses, and also horses belonging to officers, were carried off, and the mutineers escaped uninjured. The syce drivers refused, when bidden, to drive their teams: the gunners mounted and supplied their places; but the pursuit could not be maintained any distance: the country to be traversed being thoroughly impracticable for guns. We feared the effect this mutiny might produce in the Punjaub; the more so, as the longer our delay in the capture of Delhi, the more and the louder was proclaimed our own weakness and the enemy's strength. It was matter for great thankfulness that the land of the Five Rivers continued nevertheless in peace, and well affected towards the English rule.

The ravages of cholera daily increased; the mortal sickness falling mostly, but not exclusively, on H. M.'s 52nd Light Infantry and the 61st Foot.

The spies of the city gave information that the rebels designed an attack some time during the night of the 21st August. But we learnt that the plan was frustrated through the invincible disinclination of some mutinous corps to engage us.

From certain indications on the morning of the 22nd, many believed there would be a struggle between the loyal and disloyal armies during the day. A goodly company of horsemen, footmen, and artillery, was seen leaving the city gates; but the fire of our batteries caused them to retire, and we were spared the endurance of more arduous work.

The reports were somewhat harassing concerning General Havelock. It was said, and there were very good grounds for believing, that that officer had won a great victory on the 29th of July. But, nevertheless, it was whispered that he could not advance on Lucknow for want of sufficient force, and that the monster Nana Sahib, who, at one time, was said to be dead, was yet alive, and busily employed in raising a large army sufficient to oppose any strength we might bring against him, with some prospect of success. Poor Captain F. G. Willock, of the 6th Bengal Light Cavalry, and a son of the director, died on the 21st of August. He had lain for some time in "The General Hospital of the Field Force," sick, I believe, of typhoid fever, which eventually terminated fatally; to the great regret of his friends, who ministered to his wants with fraternal affection. His brother officers, Lieutenants Cuppage and Probyn, were apparently always

at his bedside, whenever duty allowed them to be so. The conduct of these two young men, in this and other respects, was most exemplary, and affords another striking proof of the unselfishness of genuine friendship.

The ordinary Sunday sermons were preached on the 23rd of August. The enemy maintained a *troublesome*, but by no means an *effective* fire, from the battery on the other side of the river Jumna. It was said in camp that the parallels and approaches to the walls of the city had commenced, in anticipation of the advent of the siege train. The fact is we had heard of Sir John Lawrence's visit to Jullundur, in order to inspect the auxiliary force of Maharajah Rumbeer Singh of Cashmere, which was on its way to Delhi; and now the assault was looked upon with certainty at no very distant period: every little thing done by the Engineer department was interpreted as direct preparation towards the final consummation.

The 24th of August was a day of tranquillity. Captain Hodson returned safe into camp, and our anxieties on account of him ceased. At one time his position was very critical. He had had a very severe fight with the rebels, at a distance of some twenty or thirty miles from camp, in the

direction of Rohtuk. He was victorious in the engagement; but the enemy's overwhelming numbers had succeeded in hemming him in. A messenger hastened into camp, soliciting, on behalf of the little gallant force of Guides and Irregulars,—the latter a corps of Hodson's own creation—immediate succour. It was given with the least possible delay. A column marched, with all expedition; but when half-way on the road, they received instructions to return: their services had been anticipated and supplied by the Jheend Rajah. Hodson had been extricated from his difficulty, and on arrival in camp was warmly congratulated upon his safety and his success. He seems to have slain some eighty of the mutineers, who were said, with the sanction of official authority, to be principally furlough men.

Either very late on the evening of the 23rd, or early in the morning of the 24th of August, the enemy left the city in force; and rumour alleged that their intention was, if possible, to intercept our siege train. Accordingly, before sunrise on the 25th of August, Brigadier Nicholson marched from camp with a moveable column, consisting of a squadron of Lancers, the gallant 9th, under Captain Sarel; the Guide Cavalry, under Captain Sandford;

H. M.'s 61st, under Colonel Rainey; the 1st European Bengal Fusiliers, under Major Jacob; the 2nd Punjaub Infantry and Coke's Rifles; together with the 1st and 2nd Troops of the 1st Brigade Horse Artillery, the Mooltanee Horse, and a party of Sappers and Miners, under Lieutenant Geneste, of the Engineer Corps.

The day was very wet, and the roads were well-nigh impassable; the country for miles round was nothing more than a marsh. The enterprising spirit of Nicholson was, however, equal to cope with any amount of obstacles. Neither fatigue, nor rain, nor swamps, nor enemy, nor all these in combination, could deter him in his onward progress. The force marched upon a village, nearly half way to Nujjuffghur. Here a halt was proclaimed, in order to collect information respecting the enemy's probable location and intended movements.

Shortly after, some rebel cavalry were discovered ahead. Information was obtained from the village to the effect that the enemy had crossed a bridge in the neighbourhood, and immediately the column resumed its march. Some ten or twelve miles more of road were traversed. It was a journey by water rather than by land: ponds had to be forded to the depth of several feet. At length a march

of eighteen miles or more had been fully accomplished, and the enemy's camp was at last in sight.

Nicholson's ardour could not resist the temptation of an *immediate* attack. Not but that he had consideration for his troops: he appreciated the hardships which they had already passed through, and knew from personal experience that they must be jaded; but to dream of rest, even for a single hour, was to give a cowardly enemy, in overwhelming numbers, estimated at 6,000 men, an opportunity of flight. Moreover, it was half-past five, and the sun would soon be down; every moment was therefore precious. The sooner a commencement of proceedings was made, the greater the prospect of doing what was to be done in a thoroughly complete manner, and not after the fashion of some, who love to accomplish only by halves. Besides, our advance column had met with a warm reception from the enemy, the rebels having opened upon them with fire of musketry and cannon; and the fire of their artillery and infantry was said to have been both brisk and severe.

However great may have been the disinclination on our side to fight there was no longer help for it. The infantry fell into line at the word of command, the artillery wheeled into position on either flank,

and bounding forward with a dash, commenced the conflict. A serai was the first object of attack; it was full of the enemy, who had guns placed there.

The brigadier knew the value of a few stirring words spoken from the heart to the heart; there is power in that kind of eloquence, whether the speaker can ordinarily arrest public attention in a set speech or not. I don't think that at this moment Nicholson felt any ambition, that, in connection with his memory, the fact should be recorded that among his other excellencies he excelled in oratory; but doubtless he did wish that if, in the designs of Providence, this was to be his last command, and these likewise his last words, they might carry conviction to the minds of his audience of the imperative necessity for the caution he wished to suggest, and at the same time inflame the hearts of his soldiery with ardour for victory, which no odds or valour on the part of the enemy, and nothing, in fact, short of death itself should quench. "Remember, men," said the commandant, "the experience which others have gained. Take for your example the 93rd, and other regiments in the Crimea, who spurned to waste ammunition while at a distance from the enemy. Reserve your fire for a close range, and victory must be yours."

H. M.'s 61st and the 1st Europeans heard to obey. The next words were "Line advance." The infantry moved as steadily and cheerfully as if on a parade. Soon the war-cry of the British soldier was heard—the manly cheer of Englishmen, which accompanied the rush towards the serai. In another moment the building, with its guns, was ours, and its sable defenders partly in our power. Now the sepoys tried the efficacy of flight: they made for the bridge, and there vainly endeavoured to maintain a stand. It was worse than useless. The precision of our artillery fire was the admiration of our own force, and the terror and destruction of the enemy.

Upon this a company of infantry was ordered, as a covering party, to hold the bridge until preparations had been completed for blowing it up; which was done both nobly and well, in spite of the galling cannonade directed against the bridge and its guardians from some guns which the rebels still possessed. Maximilian Geneste, as dauntless in the discharge of duty and as steady and cool under fire as any one present, made ready for the explosion. The enemy, I presume, seeing what was coming, would, if they could, have retaken the bridge. They made the attempt, but were disappointed and

defeated. The engineer arrangements were not completed till long after midnight; during all which time the troops were without refreshment. Soon after this the train was fired, and the bridge was destroyed: hardly so much as a vestige remaining.

Such was the victory gained by the little army under the brave Nicholson, on the 25th day of August, 1857. It was as brilliant as complete. The rebel camp, and camp equipage and treasure, and thirteen guns, were all captured and brought home by the victorious force. And this advantage was gained at a small cost; our losses including in all only seventy-one killed and wounded. Lieutenant Lumsden, of Coke's Rifles, without exception one of the very best soldiers in India, was killed on the field. Lieutenant Gabbett, of H. M.'s 61st Foot, was mortally wounded and eventually died. Ensign Elkington of the same regiment, after lingering for some days, met with a similar fate. But Dr. Ireland, notwithstanding the severity and nature of his wounds, recovered.

The 26th of August was barely ushered in, when we were told that some of the mutineers had escaped from Nujjuffghur back again to Delhi; where they represented their defeat to have arisen in consequence of the whole English army, or a near ap-

proach to it, turning out to the attack made yesterday against them. Naturally enough the authorities in the city said, "What more fitting opportunity to seize and destroy the British camp, now so empty and so bare?" An attack in force was accordingly made. It commenced about ten A.M.; but the enemy soon discovered their mistake. Our casualties were very few in this encounter, while the mutineers were severely punished; particularly their cavalry.

The moveable column returned on the evening of the 26th of August. A band played them into camp, and many a hearty cheer greeted their arrival. I met them on my way to the Cavalry Brigade and to Captain Anson's tent, where on Wednesday, about eight P.M., a meeting of Christian officers always took place, for the purpose of mutual edification and prayer. I valued these meetings very highly; but I should have liked them better if others beside myself had contributed their remarks, and occasionally also offered up prayer. These meetings owe their existence to a suggestion of Brigadier Hope Grant, C.B., who, with some two or three other Lancer officers, were among the most regular attendants. The passages of Scripture that were read, the remarks which were made, and also the prayers which were offered upon these occasions, had more or

less a distinct reference to the troubles of the country and the times.

A rumour prevailed in camp on the 27th of August, of the probability of Sir Colin Campbell's appointment to the chief command of the army in India.

The talk of camp during the 28th of August was the probable composition of the rebel force which had been defeated at Nujjuffghur by Brigadier Nicholson. The captured guns seem to have told tales. Necessarily much that was said on the subject was conjecture, but good reason exists for believing that the force was composed very largely of the Neemuch Brigade, with an admixture of other brigades, and a sprinkling of fanatics.

The reason for this belief was found in some of the ordnance which was taken. But however uncertain the assumed fact of the Neemuch Brigade being the mainstay of the defeated, under the command of General Bukht Khan, one thing is certain; the reports from the city and the tactics of the mutineers alike made open proclamation of it: the thing proclaimed was the *moral effect* of the victory of Nujjuffghur; the enemy was said to be greatly dispirited at the results of that action.

It was the brave Nicholson's first direct contri-

bution towards the consummation of England's hopes with reference to Delhi; and it was, indeed, a contribution which, had he been only spared to reap the harvest of honour which certainly awaited him, he might well have been thankful for during the remainder of his pilgrimage here below.

The trials of General Havelock, his want of reinforcements, and the consequent check upon his progress towards Lucknow, were subjects of interest during a passing and idle hour, and a cause of unfeigned regret. It was said he had beaten the enemy in four separate engagements, and taken, I am afraid to say how many guns besides; inflicting such signal retribution on the mutineers that made every man on England's side, throughout the length and breadth of Upper India, heartily rejoice. But the want of cavalry hampered him sorely.

The gallant Neill, commanding at Cawnpore, in his letter of the 12th of August, cheered us exceedingly with the intelligence that Lucknow was holding out both nobly and well. That little garrison at this period of our history might have been likened to the bush which Moses saw, which burned with fire, but nevertheless was not consumed.

Under the cover of the night which succeeded this day, there was an attack made on our working parties

near the picquets, with little or no advantage to those who made it. Our resistance caused the enemy to retreat somewhat faster than they advanced, and it was said that the punishment awarded by us was very nearly commensurate with the offence given by the mutineers.

During a saunter in the forenoon of the 29th of August, in order to see my colleague, who was laid aside by severe sickness and thoroughly incapacitated for work, I heard strange rumours about an *emeute* which was said to have taken place at Umballa. The facts subsequently obtained are soon told. Some 200 or more of the sepoys of the 5th and 60th Regiments N. I., for some sufficient cause, but what I never remember to have heard, were ordered into confinement. They seem to have entertained lively apprehensions of the fate awaiting them, and attempted to escape. A large number were killed on the spot; and even of those who escaped, many were retaken and killed. The station and inhabitants of Umballa suffered nothing in consequence of this affair.

In and before Delhi the firing was heavier on the 29th of August than usual. An hour or two before midnight the picquet at Hindoo Rao went out and took two of the enemy's advanced breastworks

in the neighbourhood of the Sammy House, and inclining in the direction of the city. They were taken at once, with a rush; and the loss attendant thereon was two men of the Royal Rifles killed, and one also wounded. The object proposed by the capture was thoroughly gained, in the security of the working party and the clearance of the brush-wood and trees growing over the place. The enemy after this left us unmolested for the remainder of the night, during which we employed ourselves in the formation of a trench from the advanced post on the right to a ravine. This gave us a natural parallel at once. The enemy saw their mistake next day; but it was too late to remedy it.

Letters from Meerut stated that more of the Rifles, besides Artillery, had left that station as reinforcements for camp. The authorities of Meerut had very properly protested against any further diminution of the garrison: it was small enough before in all conscience in case of an attack, and it was now smaller by at least 300 men.

Again an increase of cannonading distinguished the day of the 30th of August, and was occasioned, possibly, by the vexation of spirit felt by the mutineers at the frequent recurrence of their own grievous mistakes. But in proportion as the rebels

had cause for being disheartened and annoyed, we had equal reason to rejoice. True, that cholera was busily gathering a harvest of victims, selected chiefly from the two regiments to which I have before pointed as hotbeds of this disease; but the spirits of the camp, in anticipation of coming events, strengthened day by day. The happy countenances of officers and men, the games in camp, and the weekly practice of regimental bands, were among the best evidence of this fact.

There was an intention on the part of the British to send forth the gallant picquets at Hindoo Rao, to try their success in the execution of business something analogous to the previous night's work, had not intelligence reached us that the enemy had erected a breastwork, and had taken out guns: our caution disappointed their expectations.

The closing day of August, 1857, was as gloomy as any out of the thirty-one which constituted that month. It was very cloudy, with frequent falls of rain, at intervals. Report confidently affirmed that the King was desirous of treating with the English. The terms which he offered, or at least was said to have offered, were the continuance of his own pension, and service for the sepoys. And if there be the least grounds for believing this report, what a con-

science Shah Bahadoor Shah and his supreme council must have had. Nevertheless the offer was intended, I suppose, as a compliment to the excellent qualities of the heart known to be possessed by the English people; though if the parties making it had even a passing hope of its being entertained, it was anything but complimentary to our national good sense.

A young assistant-surgeon was lost to the force on the 31st of August. He died in the general hospital of fever. His name was Woodward, and the corps to which he was attached, the Engineers.

CHAPTER V.

THE SIEGE CONTINUED.

THE month of September set in with very great heat. Complaints were general in camp, arising partly from the oppressive state of the atmosphere; of which some idea may be formed when it is stated that the thermometer stood at nearly 100°.

It was reported that when the King and Council of Delhi received the answer of the British camp, that there *could* be no treating with mutineers and rebels, and that nothing but an unconditional surrender would be listened to, they expressed themselves determined to offer the most vigorous resistance, and fight to the very last. I simply give this as the talk of the camp, my means of information on such a subject being necessarily limited. But judging from the acts of the mutineers on the 1st of September, I thought this conclusion on the part of the enemy, not only possible, but more than probable; inasmuch as the fire from the hostile batteries,

directed against our own batteries and working parties in front of the Sammy House, was certainly nothing lessened, but every one considered it was rather increased. The noise and roar of cannon was greater and louder; or we imagined it to be so; this gave a sort of confirmation to the rumours afloat, and probably increased our faith in them. A single shot from the rebels, on the other side of the Jumna, killed two men of H. M.'s 61st Foot, besides wounding some eight others.

Reports reached camp of the mutiny at Peshawur of the 51st Regiment of Bengal Native Infantry. I heard that an attempt was made by this corps to seize the arms of one of the new Sikh regiments, while the latter was engaged in preparing and eating food. The attempt was successfully defeated; the mutineers were repulsed and broken, and it was confidently expected that destruction, as complete and overwhelming as had overtaken the 26th and 46th line regiments of the native army, awaited these traitors. Every one regarded it as a question of days only; and in this our expectation was not disappointed. The work of vengeance was effectually done in quicker time than we originally expected, to the credit of Brigadier-General Cotton, commanding at Peshawur.

Nothing of importance occurred in camp during the 2nd day of September. The heat continued to be insufferable, and the misery of life in tents under such circumstances, was very keenly felt and as bitterly lamented. The roads to Meerut, *viâ* Baghput, were pronounced unsafe; neither commissariat stores nor anything else could be sent that way with safety. The dâks were obliged to be despatched from Meerut to camp through Kurnaul, the letters taking fully three days to reach us.

The siege train was said to be within two days' march at most, and a party of cavalry was despatched about 11 o'clock, on the night of the 2nd, to act as an escort for conducting it in.

After the usual Wednesday evening meeting for prayer held in the European cavalry lines, an officer of H. M.'s 9th Lancers read me a letter, which he had received from a member of the Bengal Civil Service; it was written in Greek character, so that if it fell, in transit, into the hands of the rebels, the information contained in it might not increase their knowledge of the fears entertained by our people in the garrison of Agra. This letter said that fresh uneasiness had sprung up in Gwalior, and that the rebels there talked freely of an advance on Agra, after the Mohurrum; but that the hopes of Agra hung upon

the possibility of offensive operations having been commenced with success by the Delhi Field Force against the mutinous city. The news of such a contingency was expected to cool the ardour of the lawless men of Gwalior, and spare Agra from further invasion.

The 3rd of September was an eventless day before Delhi; though the working parties were harassed occasionally by the enemy while engaged in the execution of the tasks assigned them. I have a strong impression that H. M.'s 8th Foot commenced working on that day in the trenches, but I am not quite certain of this fact.

The temperature was nothing decreased; the thermometer ranging from 98° to 99° in the tents. This continuance of heat aggravated the attacks of cholera, and was favourable to the spread of disease generally. The victims to cholera were daily increasing, although the deaths, from this cause, were still principally confined to the 52nd and 61st Regiments of Foot; but other regiments had occasionally to mourn over losses incurred by the presence of this pestilence within the camp of the English army before Delhi.

Reports were rife that part of the Agra garrison had gone out nearly as far as Allyghur, and attacked

a large body of mutineers in that neighbourhood, computed rather by thousands than by hundreds. The enemy were believed to have lost, in one way or another, fully one fourth of their strength present, whereas *our* casualties amounted to only fourteen, including five killed and nine wounded. This engagement took place towards the last week of the month of August.

The appointment of General Outram as Chief Commissioner of Oude, with military command of the Dinapore and Cawnpore divisions; and that of the Hon. John Peter Grant, a member of the Supreme Council of India, to officiate as Lieutenant-Governor of the Central Provinces, comprising the Benares, Allahabad, and Saugor Divisions, were among the communications which reached us; not in the form of authentic fact, but simply as rumours, which were, however, confirmed shortly afterwards.

At length the long-looked for siege train, consisting of four 10-inch mortars, six 8-inch howitzers, six 24-pounders, and eight 18-pounders arrived in camp, with abundance of ordnance ammunition, under the escort of a detachment of H. M.'s 8th Foot, and the right wing of the Belooch Battalion, a Bombay irregular corps, under the command of Colonel Farquhar, besides the cavalry which went

out to meet it. The progress of this train had been sadly hampered by the prevailing inundation of the country through which it had to pass. Originally, it was fully expected to have reached us when the 52nd and a wing of the 61st entered the encampment; but this soon proved a false hope, and was quickly abandoned. As *immediate* reinforcement was however absolutely necessary, the 52nd and a wing of the 61st were hurried on; a sufficient number of Europeans being left behind to ensure the train against any attempts of the enemy to intercept it.

After the battle of Nujjuffghur, the prospects of a second attempt being made were very remote; and our minds were quite easy on this point. For the want of this train, the assault had, however, been necessarily delayed; and this delay had occasioned considerable dissatisfaction. But now we see plainly enough how wisely and graciously arrangements had been made for us, with which no impatience on our part was permitted to interfere. Had this assault taken place on the 4th of September, instead of ten days later, the rebel army driven out of Delhi would assuredly have hastened towards Lucknow, and overpowered that illustrious little garrison, fighting so nobly for existence, and enduring

so bravely, *before* the troops from below could possibly have relieved it; and if, on the other hand, the fall of Delhi had been delayed much longer than the 14th of September, the Punjaub would have risen.

The Chief Commissioner had already detected that a feeling of disaffection was beginning to show itself with unmistakeable symptoms. The people of the Five Rivers commenced indulging suspicions that we were really unequal to the occasion, merely because of the length of time we had taken to accomplish the work; and that, therefore, their interests would be best consulted by choosing the winning side. This is well known to be Eastern policy all over; and no wise Englishman could hope for an exception in the behalf of his own nation, when Asiatics had not been known to make such exceptions upon any previous occasion whatsoever. The knowledge of this fact made Sir John Lawrence the most importunate of men. I am told, that from this day forward, he lost no opportunity of impressing on General Wilson the danger of impromptitude in action, and the absolute necessity for immediately striking a decisive blow.

During the 4th of September, a great change took place in the temperature of the weather, the

benefit of which was recognised and felt throughout the succeeding day. This change was ascribed to a thunder-storm unaccompanied by rain.

Evidences of the greatest activity prevailing in camp were now to be seen on all sides: every one in his own department, seemed intent on hastening on the preparations which required to be executed before the force could proceed to the assault.

The arrival of the siege-train rendered further delay unnecessary. What now remained to be done was obvious enough; placing the guns just acquired into position, the erection of breaching batteries, and the maturing of plans for the direction and advance of the assaulting columns.

Notices were circulated in every quarter of the army, calling on the staff and each division and brigade to elect prize-agents, prior to the capture of the city. This was a measure which suggested itself to the mind of Major-General Wilson as imperatively necessary, in order to insure success to his future operations. The force at his command was small at best; the city to be stormed, strong in numbers, rich in resources, and occupying an area nothing short of seven miles in circumference. It was evident, therefore, to the most superficial

observer, and the man of least experience, that if a small force scattered over a large and wide-spread city in search of gain, the results could not be otherwise than disastrous: with the best fortune attending us, our progress must be retarded, and victory rendered questionable, if an actual repulse did not occur. This was the least evil that could befal us; but the probability was far greater that the main army, broken into small detachments looking to their own advantage instead of the interests of Government, would have been cut up in detail by the mutineers, within the buildings and streets of Delhi.

It was well known that the native troops, the Sikhs in particular, had two motives in coming to our aid; vengeance for wrongs, fancied or real, and the hope of plunder. They were mercenaries: nothing more and nothing less. If they hated the Poorbeahs, it was not from love of us that that feeling had been inspired. "Every one for himself, and God for us all," was their principle. They were willing to serve us, as long as they could serve themselves at the same time; and what more could you expect from a people of their *morale*. To prevent them wandering far and wide, when allured by the wealth of the city, it was necessary to give them a sub-

stantial inducement, and the prospect of prize furnished that inducement. General Wilson very wisely availed himself of it, nothing doubting but that a liberal Government would ratify his promises made to the native army, who had hitherto served the country (with the exceptions already recorded) with a devotion almost, if not quite, without parallel; and whose services, therefore, would not adequately be recognised, if that recognition were regulated strictly according to the niceties of legal distinctions and the definitions given by men learned in the law.

Nor do I affect to deny that a strong inducement was also necessary to keep together the Europeans. One of the sins of human nature is avarice. The trials of our own countrymen had been continuous and great, and their endurance exemplary; and an opportunity was now about to present itself, when a season of unheard of suffering might be succeeded by a period of enjoyment and a prospect of personal gain. It was no difficult task for the nominally Christian soldier, or even a better man than he, to persuade himself to believe that he was fully entitled, according to every natural law, to secure all he could obtain. And it is needless to say that there are very few soldiers in any army who would not have acted upon this belief.

No provision but the one made by General Wilson would have prevented this result. And, therefore, before promulgating his order on the subject of prize money, he wished to prove to those under his command that he was sincere in his engagement to give them lawfully what he knew they desired; and moreover what he knew no articles of war would prevent them from taking unlawfully, despite the risk of displeasure and punishment. The proof of this sincerity was given in the call made upon the army to choose men to look after its interests, while it was looking after the interests of the nation and fighting for the re-establishment of the supremacy of England over Hindostan. Let the army once consent to this proposal, and they were of course committed by that very act; while the best assurance was given to the General that all reasonable men would co-operate with him in putting down any attempts at lawlessness on the part of evil persons, and that a general determination had been arrived at to have one common object only—the destruction of the rebels, and the suppression of the rebellion by the fall of Delhi.

The force made selection of Captain Sir Edward F. Campbell, Bart., of the 60th Rifles, to represent the Queen's officers below the rank of major; Captain

Fagan, of the Artillery—after whose death Dr. Innes, of the Royal Rifles, succeeded in his room—to represent the General commanding and all field officers; and lastly, Captain Wriford, of the 1st European Bengal Fusiliers, to represent the Company's officers, below the rank of field officer.

While, however, the force was busy in making ready for the coming struggle, and appointing prize agents to take care of the booty which should fall to its share and might be found in the city, cholera and other diseases were thinning the ranks of the army day by day. The recent change in the weather, it was hoped, would effect wonders for the public health; but during the very day on which the change took place we lost, besides men, three officers, two from cholera and one from fever. They had all youth on their side, but neither medical skill nor constitutional vigour availed. One had been in hospital a little while, the others were cut down by the fell destroyer in the midst of health and life. The victims were Lieutenant Tyler, of H. M.'s 61st Foot, and Lieutenant Waudby, of the 36th Bengal N. I., and the fever case, which unhappily terminated fatally, was that of Lieutenant Somerville, of the Bengal Artillery.

The 6th of September was another Sunday before

Delhi. The usual services were performed, and in addition the Holy Sacrament was administered to the congregation assembling in the head-quarters camp. A further reinforcement reached us from Meerut, consisting of 200 Royal Rifles, and 100 Artillery recruits. This reinforcement unhappily lost one sergeant and one private on its march towards Delhi.

Perhaps the bombardment might be reckoned as commencing from this date; for on the evening of the 6th the first guns were placed in light field battery. The detail of guns in this battery was officially reported to be six 9-pounders and two 24-pounders. The site selected for them was the left front of the Sammy-house picquet, distant from the Mooree bastion nearly 950 yards. In addition to the command of this battery, which was conferred upon Captain F. F. Remmington, four heavy guns in the light batteries on the ridge, and two light field pieces at the Crow's-nest were placed under the direction of the same officer.

The object proposed in the erection and construction of this battery, with the guns just alluded to, seems to have been, not only the clearance of the space between Kissen Gunge and the Mooree bastion, but the securing also a sufficient defence for what

was commonly designated the right flank of our position. The necessity for the provision made by this arrangement of artillery was often fully established beyond question, in the success which repeatedly attended our operations when employed in repelling the frequent attacks of the enemy, which we experienced during the space of the few days intervening between this period and the day of the actual assault. These attacks were mainly directed against No. 1 siege battery, situated on our right.

I have already noticed, at page 226, the call which was addressed to the officers of the force to select, from their own body, persons qualified to act as prize agents upon the fall of Delhi. The army *generally* was supposed to be in ignorance of General Wilson's intentions respecting this subject, until Monday September the 7th; for not until then was his pledge officially given. It was communicated in a field force order, in which the General noticed, in the first instance, the fatigue and hardships to which both officers and men had been subjected ever since their encampment before Delhi, and acknowledged, with evident satisfaction, the patient endurance which had always been exhibited by those under his control. He confessed freely that he had had occasion to draw largely on the services

of every department of the army, and that these services had ever been cheerfully given. It was now necessary, as the time had come when the assault of Delhi was no longer impracticable, that he should increase the extent of his demands upon them. This was unavoidable; but it could only be for a limited space: at most it was a question of days.

But if they had to increase the amount of their labours, it was but preparatory to an increase of the sources of their own satisfaction, in taking complete vengeance on those miscreants who had been principals and accessories in the murder of helpless women and the massacre of innocent children. Every one must expect additional labour and exposure for some short time to come; but the Artillery, in particular, could hope for no cessation from toil until after victory had crowned our arms.

The General then appealed to the humanity of his troops, and implored them to maintain the honour of the British name and nation, by scrupulously abstaining from the sacrifice of women and children. To slaughter them would disgrace us in the eyes of civilized and Christian nations, and reduce us to a level with the barbarians whose atrocities we ourselves condemned.

Then followed certain instructions respecting the absolute necessity of the troops keeping together, when once in the city, and not straying in pursuit of plunder; an irregularity which was sternly prohibited. As an inducement to obedience, and likewise as a reward for good and valiant behaviour, the General assured his troops that whatever property might be captured, should be disposed of and divided for the benefit of all engaged in this warfare, fairly and according to established rule and precedent.

This order was published on the 7th September. Months passed away, and no notice was taken of it by the Supreme Government, in the shape of objection or complaint; until, as a wind-up for the old year, and something with which to commence the new one, the Governor-General in Council, under advice of the law officers, sees an objection to the army possessing prize money, and declares he will give batta instead. But how much? The force had been nearly six months in the field; and, accordingly, Lord Canning says, it shall receive six months' batta, in recognition of its arduous labours and patient endurance: of both which qualities his lordship affects a due appreciation, while giving this evidence of it.

As soon as the substitution of batta for prize-money was made known, a wag of a private soldier wrote up on the walls of the palace of Delhi, "Delhi taken and India reconquered *for thirty-six rupees and ten annas!*" Such was the bitter irony of the common soldier of England, expressed in the form of comment on the actions of his Governor-General—a comment no less just than pungent.

I omitted to mention in my summary of General Wilson's order, that that officer had enunciated the doctrine, that work in the trenches, during a siege, is as necessary and honourable as fighting in the ranks. This was intended as a hint for the infantry and cavalry, to the effect that their presence and help would be required very often in the construction of the siege batteries. The Engineers and Artillery needed aid, which could not be given without intrenching on the other arms of the service. For this extra labour—for which the mounted and the foot soldier did not bargain at the time of enlistment, but which, nevertheless, they cordially gave at the call of their commandant—General Wilson gave double pay. But, pay or no pay, the men would not have withheld their hand. Indeed, the self-sacrifice exhibited, on all occasions, during the military operations before Delhi, was noble and

exemplary. I never think of it without the highest admiration.

To give an adequate idea of the exertions made by the force to enable it to carry the city by storm, I extract the following from the Field Force order book.

"Advancing party of the following strength to be provided at 7 P.M. with the proper complement of officers, commissioned and non-commissioned:

1st Brigade of Infantry to furnish 200 men; 2nd Brigade of Infantry to furnish 100 Rifles; 3rd Brigade of Infantry to furnish 100 Sikhs; 4th Brigade to furnish 150 N. I.; Belooch Battalion to furnish 100, making a total of 650. The party to take one day's provisions.

"A working party composed as follows will parade in fatigue dress at 7 P.M. at the Engineer Park, where they will be provided with tools, and conducted by an engineer officer to the proper place.

"1st Brigade to furnish 160 Europeans; 2nd Brigade to furnish 220 Europeans; 3rd Brigade to furnish 200 Europeans; 4th Brigade to furnish 100 Europeans; 1st Brigade to furnish 70 Natives; 3rd Brigade to furnish 100 Sikhs.

"The 4th Infantry Brigade to furnish a working

party of 200 men, paraded in fatigue dress at Hindoo Rao's house at 10 P.M. and to await the arrival of an engineer officer from No. 1 Battery, to conduct them to their work.

"Working parties in fatigue dress from following brigade to be sent to Sudder Bazaar on the Telegraph Road. The above to assemble at half-past 1 A.M. One party of 50 men and one officer from 4th Brigade; one party of 200 men and four officers from 4th Brigade; one party of 100 men and two officers from Belooch Battalion."

These figures will give some idea of the demand made on the endurance of the army before Delhi, only a few days before the assault. Indeed, the troops at that period scarcely knew what rest meant: they toiled by day and by night. No one can have an adequate idea of the dangers attending both *working* and *covering* parties, except those who were present and actually engaged in the very duties devolving on either or both of these two divisions of men.

It was on the evening of the 7th of September, that the battery designated in official language, "No. 1 Siege Battery," was commenced. It was provided with ten pieces of ordnance, six of which were intended to silence the fire of the guns on the

Shah Bastion, destroy its defences, and shield the assaulting columns from a flanking fire during their advance.

The first division of this battery was composed of five 18-pounders, and one 8-inch howitzer. The range required of them was not beyond 700 yards. It was commanded by an officer whose devotion to his guns and dauntless courage were the constant theme of almost every one in camp. Nothing could exceed his coolness under fire, or the indifference which he manifested in exposing himself on every occasion; and yet, how careful he was to protect as much as possible his juniors and those under his command. Throughout the whole of the operations, and, in fact, ever since his presence in camp, Major Brind earned imperishable honour for himself; and, I am sure, it is not saying a syllable more in praise of him than his conduct deserves, when I affirm that, in a regiment so distinguished as the Bengal Artillery, whether we regard it with reference to its officers or its men, this officer to whom I am now alluding, is not a tittle behind any one in the corps.

The second division of the battery, which was situated on the left of the first, was limited to four 24-pounders. It was proposed, in the position of

these guns, to keep up a well sustained fire, which might deal not only destruction to the Cashmere Battery, but serve also as a means of diversion to the enemy; who otherwise would doubtless have harassed and partly destroyed our covering and working parties engaged in the erection of No. 2 Siege Battery. The fire of these 24-pounders was directed successively by Majors Turner and Kaye; the latter assumed command when the former was disabled by severe indisposition.

We were reinforced to-day, the 7th of September, by the 4th Punjaub Infantry. The Jheend Rajah's troops also came in from the district. Our prospects were growing brighter and brighter. The existence of any misgiving as to results was unknown in camp.

There was also a general hospital delivery on that that day. In anticipation of the coming fierce struggle, as many as possible of the sick were sent towards Umballa. The subject of the concluding record of the day demands a tear of generous sorrow. Another of the heroes of Nujjuffghur, and one who was wounded on that glorious occasion, passed away. This was Lieutenant Elkington, of H. M.'s 61st Regiment. His friends resided at Birmingham; the parish church of which town, as the first sphere

of my ministerial labours, the town itself, and the kindness which I experienced while resident there during the latter part of the year 1846 and the whole of the years 1847, 1848, I now and again call to remembrance. The memory of some dear friendships formed at the place (some of the friends connected with which are at this moment in the presence chamber of the Great King and Redeemer), and of others, cemented, and made stronger and more lasting, continues precious unto me. Neither distance, nor clime, nor time, nor all these in combination, can ever succeed in the obliteration of recollections so constantly and so fondly cherished.

At sunrise on the 8th of September my colleague, and the Roman Catholic priest and I, met at the burial ground. A little in advance of us, and of the resting-place of the dead, were seen Major-General Wilson and some of his staff, riding in the direction of our rear. It seems that a large reinforcement of native troops was expected, at the head of which one of their own chieftains had placed himself. Moreover, Richard Lawrence, the brother of Sir John and Sir Henry, was in company with them: he having brought them from the Punjaub. The General and his staff had gone out to meet these troops, and to receive and welcome their leaders.

Presently the sounds of native music, not by any means the sweetest in the world, broke upon our ears: it was (if I may so call it, without misnomer) the music of the band of the incoming reinforcement. In the distance, my friend and myself espied our own General, with their General, and Richard Lawrence, all riding side by side. What with the brightness of sunshine, the gay colours, the helmeted cavalry, the large numbers, and the prospects now at no great distance before us, the effect produced was exhilarating and spirit stirring.

I remember the inward joy which I experienced upon this occasion. The thankfulness of my heart knew no bounds. Now I thought of God, and what He had already done for us, and what He would probably do for us, not many days hence; and then again I thought of man, and the precious blood which he must shed in copious and living streams, ere God, by him, could avenge atrocity and wrong without parallel in the history of nations both ancient and modern.

The Jummoo Contingent, for that was the designation of the reinforcement which joined us, numbered 2,200 men, with four guns. The whole force encamped in a position on the right flank of the camp.

As the day wore on, towards three in the afternoon, we were surprised in camp by a loud explosion. Every one rushed out of his tent, to ascertain for himself what could be the cause of it; and inquiry soon enlightened us: it was the result of stupidity and accident among certain natives in the artillery park. The explosion caused the death of some four natives, and, I think, some bullocks besides; and the wonder is, that the disaster did not prove greater. One of the pieces of shell fell in the rifle lines close to Lieutenant and Adjutant Kelly's tent, and had not the piece embedded itself firmly in the ground, from the direction in which it travelled, which was in a straight line with the position occupied by that officer at the moment the event occurred, the accident would probably have cost him his life.

The activity of the Engineer department continued during the 8th of September; but the two divisions of No. 1 Siege Battery were not entirely completed on the morning of that day, and only two guns in each then opened fire. Nevertheless, every nerve was strained with exemplary diligence and zeal. During the succeeding twenty-four hours the whole ten guns were put into position, and the enemy are the best judges of the impression which the fire of these guns made upon them.

Major Brind's portion of the battery did admirable service up to the moment of assault. Nothing could surpass the conduct of this officer and his men. Not that I would venture to draw odious comparisons between them and others of the same arm of the service; I know full well that every member of the corps vied with his fellows, in a spirit of honest emulation. We were sadly short of artillery, in officers and men; and with *extraordinary* exertions, these noble men wished to compensate for the want of numbers. They had scarcely so much as any relief, from the commencement of the bombardment to the capture of the city. But this did not seem to trouble them: they worked all the more, no less resolutely or cordially.

To see them at their work, and, at one and the same time, to realise that they knew little or nothing of rest by day or by night; and moreover, that as flesh and blood, they had to contend against the sickliest portion of the whole year, and to labour in a climate nearly always exhausting to the European constitution and energy; it is impossible to arrive at any other conclusion than that their national spirit and *esprit de corps* must have endued them with supernatural strength.

No language can convey an adequate idea of the

energy and endurance of the commissioned and non-commissioned officers and gunners of the Bengal Artillery from this time forward. Some faint idea may be formed of their arduous efforts, when it is stated that the European cavalry and infantry—partly from sympathy with their fellow soldiers, and partly from love and zeal for the common weal—volunteered for service at the batteries; a duty which the best qualified judges say they fulfilled with honour to themselves, and to the entire satisfaction of the whole army.

But one word more respecting No. 1 Siege Battery. The left portion did not maintain an equally protracted fire with that of the right, as it ignited during the afternoon of the 10th of September; but only when its services were no longer wanted, and the guns which were in position there were absolutely required elsewhere, for other and more important purposes.

The force unfortunately lost two officers on the 7th of September, in the immediate neighbourhood of the batteries and trenches. They were both young men, and both said to be very promising soldiers. One of these two was Lieutenant Hildebrand, of the Bengal Artillery; the other was Lieutenant Charles Bromhead Bannerman, of the

1st, or Grenadier, Regiment of Bombay Native Infantry, and attached to the Belooch battalion. Lieutenant Bannerman was obeying the first call of duty since he had joined the Delhi Field Force, when he met with his death.

No. 2 Siege Battery occupied as its site that part of the immediate neighbourhood of Ludlow Castle, which looks towards the city walls and forms the rising ground just above the pretty English cemetery, very recently formed; the tombs of which, or rather the remnants of them, are the most ecclesiastical and appropriate I have ever seen in India.

Ludlow Castle was the Residency house; the dwelling-place, until the 11th of May last, of Simon Fraser, the open-hearted and open-handed Commissioner of the Delhi division. It is said that he was barbarously murdered by the ex-King of Delhi's Body Guard, within the palace; and at no very great distance from the spot where I am at this instant writing, on the 18th of January, in the year of grace, 1858. To this day are to be seen the marks of the sword-cuts on the wall, at the foot of the long stone staircase, whither the Commissioner and John Ross Hutchinson, C. S., appear to have fled for refuge: these marks of sword-cuts are said to be the standing evidences of the deadly blows

which were directed against the persons of these gentlemen. There also are to be seen the stains of their blood, which as yet remain unobliterated; to answer, I presume, the double purpose of perpetuating the recollection of the infamy of those murders, and to set forth to surviving countrymen the harrowing tale of the sufferings and death of their brethren.

Respecting the distance of No. 2 Battery from the besieged, the engineers and artillery agree in stating that it was 500 yards from the Cashmere Bastion. Like No. 1 Siege Battery, No. 2 was divided: there were the right and the left divisions. Each division was a separate command, and each had designs in a measure independent of the other; but both were expected to contribute towards the great result, now so near realization.

The right division was intended to dismount the guns on the Cashmere Bastion, destroy its masonry parapet on the left face for 200 yards, and demolish a small tower in the vicinity of the bastion. It was mounted with seven eight-inch howitzers, and two eighteen-pounders. Major Kaye was transferred to the command of it, from the left portion of No. 1 Battery, on its destruction by fire; and under his able direction great results ensued. The fire from

these guns was almost incessantly maintained during the 11th, 12th, and 13th of September; the night succeeding each of these days, being no exception to the days themselves.

Nor was the left portion of this battery, consisting only of the heaviest guns in the camp artillery park, to the number of nine 24-pounders, less effective than its near neighbour on the right. Five out of these nine 24-pounders, under the command of Major J. H. Campbell, in less than four hours from the time of opening fire, silenced every gun which was bearing on us at the Cashmere Bastion. Not that the remaining four were by any means idle: they gave a satisfactory account of how they destroyed the defences of the Cashmere bastion, and of the parapet of the curtain on the right flank of that fortification. Nothing in fact could exceed the success of the united operations of the two parts of this one battery.

But as in all earthly satisfactions, there is some admixture of alloy, despite our gladness at results in connection with No. 2 Siege Battery, we had occasion for regret also. Major J. H. Campbell was compelled to resign his command into the hands of Captain E. B. Johnson, in consequence of a severe wound received as early as the evening of the 11th

of September. But this change of command was unattended with disadvantage; for Captain Johnson, upon his succession to the command, not only maintained his reputation in the regiment, but increased it considerably, by his conduct on this occasion.

In connection with the commencement, completion, and achievements of No. 2 Battery, there is a fact for record which deserves especial notice. The site of this battery was within 500 yards distance from the walls of the city. The rebel force, if it had been wise, would have contested every inch of that ground, ere they suffered us to occupy it for such destructive purposes against themselves; and not only that ground, but the Khoodsia Bagh and the Custom House Compound also, where we respectively placed two batteries, still nearer to their city, and therefore the more likely to do them so much the more harm. Men of the world may smile and sneer at me for seeing God's hand in so many places, and in so many things; but neither the laughter of pity nor of scorn can move me from what I hold so sacred and so dear; nor can it make truth less truth, because men choose to cavil and deride.

The simplicity of the rebels in yielding, without

an effort, a locality so admirably adapted for the furtherance of our plans is demonstrative proof to me how often God "taketh the wise in their own craftiness," and how easily he can cause the counsel of the froward "to be carried headlong." It happeneth to them in very deed, that "they meet with darkness in the day time, and grope in the noonday as in the night." I see in the public papers the folly of the rebels in this particular is ascribed, by those best qualified to give an opinion on the subject, to the conviction prevailing among them that we should make the attack on the right; a conviction to which they seem to have been led from the double fact that most of our fighting hitherto had been in that direction, and that there also were our principal batteries.

But if they allowed us to occupy these places without opposition, when once we had secured them, they tried to annoy us while engaged in the siege works on those spots. A sharp fire of musketry, combined with shot and shell, was opened upon us; but very little real harm was inflicted. Our seizure of the ground about Ludlow Castle and the Khoodsia Bagh dates from the early morn of September the 8th.

The working parties since the 7th of September,

when their services were placed at the disposal of the Engineers, mustered fully 1,200 strong, exclusive of the proper complement of commissioned officers; and the figures, representing these last, were as formidable in proportion as those which tell the sum total of the men.

This force was broken up into small companies, some of which were given to one place, and some to another. The amount of labour executed by all of them, and the spirit which they manifested while engaged in their arduous and personally dangerous undertakings, had attracted the notice of the chief engineer, and by him been favourably reported for the information of the General. The General remarked thereon in terms of admiration and pleasure in the orders of the day. All, without exception, had acquitted themselves well, but if there was any pre-eminence among the men, said the Commander of the Forces, it must be given to the working parties of H. M.'s 61st and 75th; and among the officers engaged in their supervision, the thanks of the General were more particularly due to Lieutenant Le Pelley, of H. M.'s 75th Foot.

Nor were the working parties alone active. Such guns as were already in position, and the batteries

which were already strengthened and armed, diligently engaged themselves in maintaining a very heavy and constant fire; under the influence of which the Cashmere and Moree Bastions, at this early period of the siege, were showing evidences of the power which heavy ordnance possess against stone walls, to reduce them and involve them in complete destruction.

On the 10th of September the batteries in advance of Ludlow Castle, the same which I have spoken of so recently under the joint name of No. 2 Siege Battery, were completed and armed. They continued, however, unmasked, until the morning of the 11th.

The mortar battery at the Khoodsia Bagh, which was called Siege Battery No. 4, was also reported ready for commencing operations. It was armed with four ten-inch and six eight-inch mortars, the object of which was to shell the whole ground between the Water and the Cashmere Bastions, and its vicinity. It was said to have been armed some time during the night of the 9th, or the early morning of the 10th; but for certain reasons which never transpired in my hearing, its fire was restrained until a later date.

This mortar battery was placed under the com-

mand of Major Tombs, whose career throughout the whole of the military proceedings, previous to and during the storming of Delhi, was one unbroken succession of skill and gallantry. He was present at both actions of the Hindun, where he took a most prominent and honourable part, and in every engagement since Hindun, nothing that he attempted had ever failed. At Nujjuffghur, where the lynx eye of Nicholson rested upon him, his artillery practice gained him the warmest applause. General Barnard, before his death, spoke of him in terms of the highest commendation; and General Wilson, I heard, reposed in him the greatest confidence. In gallantry he yields to no soldier who holds a commission in any army. His personal appearance is strikingly handsome, his bearing unostentatiously martial, and his attractive and conciliating manners secure for him hosts of warm friends and admirers in all directions, and with whatsoever class of society he happens to mingle. In short, he is, without exception, the most fortunate and the most popular of men in the force.

I regret to have to record the fact that Lieutenant Eaton, of H. M.'s 60th Royal Rifles, was wounded on the 10th of September; and it was believed, mortally. Lieutenant Eaton was present at one of the advanced

batteries; his tour of duty was over, as he had been relieved; but still he would linger at the spot. The enemy were keeping up a heavy fire of artillery and musketry at the time; which they continued to do the whole of the day: and the results were somewhat disastrous to the covering and working parties, whose employments inevitably exposed them to its heat. We lost in killed and wounded, during the twenty-four hours, no less than fifty; and among the wounded was the gallant young Eaton, whose head was fractured, and the brain laid open. His recovery was a marvel of divine goodness, and agreeably disappointed the expectations of his medical advisers.

By the morning of the 11th of September we had ready no less than three of the regular siege batteries: these were exclusive of the first guns placed in a light battery, on the evening of the 6th of September, to the left front of the Sammy House picquet, and the heavy guns in the light batteries on the ridge, and the two light guns at the Crow's-nest, all under Captain Remmington.

Of these three regular siege batteries, a part of one of them, the left portion of No. 1, was destroyed on the 10th by fire. I mention these facts, even at the risk of being charged with repetition, simply to show

what amount of ordnance we were actually able to bring to bear against the enemy, on the very morning of the anniversary of the first capture of Delhi.

There had been a great deal of talk previously, respecting an effort being made to repossess ourselves of the city on this self-same date. But this was a result as little to be desired as it was really unimportant to secure. Moreover, it was impossible of attainment; considering how long the siege train had been detained, by unavoidable circumstances, in its travels downwards from the Punjaub.

But if our advancing columns could not as yet storm and take the ramparts of Delhi, our breaching batteries, with salvo after salvo, astonished the besieged with their tremendous roar, and beat down piecemeal those stone walls in whose strength and impregnability the greatest reliance had been wont to be placed by the rebel host. Nine 24-pounders inaugurated the proceedings of the 11th; and the fire, once commenced, was unceasingly maintained with mortars, guns, and howitzers, from the period of its commencement until the assault.

In addition to this amount of artillery already engaged in successful practice against our enemies,

another siege battery was in course of erection. Many hands were employed upon it, and its completion was fully expected within twenty-four hours at most.

This battery was called No. 3, and was the nearest of any to Delhi, measuring a distance of less than eighty yards from the Water Bastion. It mounted six 18-pounders, and stood a little to the rear of a ruin found in the Custom House compound. The command of it was entrusted to Major E. W. S. Scott, concerning whom, as a most efficient and intrepid Artilleryman, no second opinion, at any time during recent operations, that I ever heard of, divided the army before Delhi; and the position assigned to Major Scott in the arrangements of the siege, shows most convincingly what was his reputation among the officers of his own arm of the service, where he is best known and most appreciated.

Attached to this battery, and under the direction of Captain Blunt, were twelve 5½-inch mortars, intended to shell the interior of the Water and Cashmere Bastions and the ground to the left of the church, while the 18-pounders under Major Scott were employed in annihilating the defences of the former named of these two bastions. No part of this battery opened fire during the 11th.

Whether the enemy now saw our plans with any clearness I cannot say. One would think the effect of the play of our batteries, as the 11th wore on, must have revealed some portion of the secret. Judging from the sorties, and the occasional demonstrations of cavalry made by them, and the heavy musketry and other firing which was directed against the trenches, we concluded that they foresaw at least the nearness of the fatal day.

Some time during the day a body of their horse crossed the canal, and drove in a picquet of our Irregular Cavalry; with what definite object, except annoyance, it would be difficult to determine. This was a movement in the rear; but the Guides, supported by some mounted Punjaubees, were hurried on to the rescue. An engagement took place in which the enemy were worsted and fled; our men pursued and overtook many of them; twenty-five of the mutineers were killed, including a native officer. We lost in killed and wounded twelve men and fifteen horses; not including Lieut. Watson, who was wounded.

I have now accounted for every siege battery of which we could boast in the maintenance of the siege of Delhi, having given the dates when they were first traced, and the days and the nights on

which they were completed and armed, and related everything connected with them, with conscientious fidelity. Thus I have carried the narrative of the siege of Delhi down to the morning of Saturday, September 12th, when all the artillery which the British could bring to bear against the mutinous city was actually bearing upon its walls and bastions in terrific concert, dealing out destruction and death in every direction under the range of their fire, and pouring forth simultaneously, and with a constancy unceasing and a fury unbroken, shot and shell, from no less than fifty guns and mortars.

The din and the roar of cannon had been hitherto deafening, but from Saturday until Monday morning, the morning when we stormed and took the ramparts of Delhi, roll after roll of ordnance thunder, in a succession almost momentary, fell with electric effect upon the ear. Nothing can be grander, nothing more fearfully imposing, than the circumstances attendant on a bombardment. And yet, terrible and grand as unquestionably they are, among them none is more so than the sight of living shell traversing the air, with more than the brilliancy of many falling meteors simultaneously, and in brightness rivalling at times the tremendous glare occasioned by continuous flashes of lightning during a stormy

night. This sight will detain you, in spite of weariness and want of sleep, and hold you for the hour together, gazing in wonderment and admiration, not unmixed with awe.

A council of war was summoned, and met for the despatch of business, at the Major-General's tent at 11 o'clock in the forenoon of the 12th of September. The members present at it were some of the staff, and all the regimental commanding officers. The plans of the siege were laid before them, and each one was told what would be expected of him—what he was to do, where he was to go, and how he was to act in case of unexpected emergency and danger, whenever the assault should be determined on.

Of course every one present was anxious to know the day and the hour when the deadly strife should commence; though it is not very likely that any one ventured to put the question to the President of the Council. He knew what was probably the thought uppermost in every mind of the assembly over which he sat presiding; for one of the privileged number told me that the General said: "Gentlemen, I do not myself know the day nor the hour of the assault; and if I did, I freely confess I would not tell you, for fear, in some happy moment, or at some

social board, the secret might casually and unwittingly escape." Thus he dismissed them, and the meeting ended.

Some little time after the departure of the members of the Council of War to their respective camps, I chanced to drop into the tent of a friend, and found myself in the midst of a knot of men seated and absorbed in conversation. The subject of conversation was the meeting which had been assembled at eleven o'clock A.M., and all that was said at it which might be told without a breach of confidence, was canvassed freely. The thoughts, first of one and then of another, were given. Every man present, except myself, was to take part in the assault; many of them were maimed, and had wives and children. Great, therefore, were the claims of affection upon these. Perhaps, it may be asked, with the prospects before them, what were the words of those men, and what the impression which their manner made upon you?

These were questions concerning which I myself felt curiosity and concern, as I sat in that tent more as a hearer than a speaker, and rather as an observer than as one desirous of attracting attention towards myself. These men seemed to realise fully the solemnity of the coming struggle, which might now

engage them at any hour. Yet were they not downhearted or melancholy; still less were they light and trifling. A lively sense of the country's expectation of them to do their duty, and a determination on their part to do it without favour or partiality to themselves, were the most conspicuous features of the conversation and the company. There was here the absence of all vaunting, and in the place of it was the sobriety of reason, and the inflexibility of Anglo-Saxon purpose and courage. And from what I both saw and heard in that tent, taken in connection with the conviction, which spontaneously sprang up in my own mind, that only the reality of their sentiments had been expressed by the speakers, I went away impressed with an increase of respect for human nature. I saw that, with all its usual selfishness, it could be thoroughly unselfish, and was so on the present occasion.

Not long after I had quitted this sphere of observation, the painful intelligence reached me that Captain Fagan was no more. Personally I knew but little of him: I had spoken to him but once in my life; but I was won by his pleasing manners, so affable was he, and so very kind. But the slight degree of my acquaintance with him was more than compensated for, in a certain measure,

by what I heard of his military character, and the esteem which, in consequence, I conceived for him.

No name in camp was ever connected more intimately and more frequently with heroism and valour than that of Robert Charles Henry Baines Fagan, and no name was more worthy of the honour paid to it. At the very instant that death snatched him rudely from the midst of his admiring brethren in arms, his praises were being rehearsed, in no doubtful or measured language, by the tongue of another spirit, of kindred tastes and sympathies with himself. Only a second before, the eye of Capt. Sir Edward Campbell, Bart., of the Royal Rifles, had been attracted by the valour which Captain Fagan was then displaying, the fearlessness with which he was exposing himself, and the extraordinary coolness which he was exhibiting, under a most galling and destructive fire. Sir Edward Campbell had turned aside from this noble display of self-sacrifice, in order to give expression to his boundless admiration of such a man, under such circumstances. Hardly had he said the words in the hearing of Major E. W. S. Scott, "How noble a sight to see Fagan——" when the noise occasioned by a fall interrupted them both —the one from hearing, and the other from speak-

ing. They simultaneously looked for the cause of the sound. Alas! Fagan himself had fallen senseless to the earth. He was not dead, but dying fast. Of all the losses inflicted on the Bengal Artillery Regiment, the result of the mutiny and the accidents of war, none will be more feelingly deplored (excepting, perchance, that of Sir Henry Lawrence,) than the loss of Captain Fagan.

Such was one of the most melancholy events which befel on us on Saturday, September 12th. Nevertheless, it produced no effect on the operations of that day, or of the succeeding night. The breaching batteries continued their work as busily and as noisily as before, unscrupulously trespassing on the rest of the Sabbath; during the whole of which a respite from fire, even of a moment, was literally unknown. The camp knew no such happy sound as the church-going bell; but our usual services, notwithstanding the want of it, were held, and many more attended them than might have been supposed: of course many a familiar face was missing, and its absence from the solemn assemblies of camp accounted for by its presence in the trenches.

In addition to the ordinary prayers, and the delivery of sermons, I was requested by the officers

of one of the most gallant corps composing part of the force, to administer to them, and as many of their brigade as would attend, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Of course I could not but comply, and never was compliance with request more cordial, or accompanied with intenser pleasure. It was a deeply solemn and impressive occasion. We assembled for the purpose in a tent, and there each of us, absorbed in the depth of his own thoughts,—and I trust looking up, at the same time, with the eye of simple faith, and in a spirit of true repentance, towards Him who said, "Do this in remembrance of Me,"—partook of the Holy Eucharist. It is one of the Sundays of camp, which, methinks, I never can forget; not simply or only, though principally, because of this devout act of commemoration of the Redeemer's dying love; but also because a presentiment universally prevailed throughout the force, and which more than ordinarily solemnized the mind, that the time was very near at hand when the word of command would be "Advance columns to the attack." Such were the impressions of the day of the 13th September.

Presently night stole on, under the cover of which the young Engineers, four in number, Lieutenants Medley, Lang, Home, and Greathed, proceeded to

examine the breaches made at the Cashmere and Water Bastions. The reports were satisfactory. The breaches were respectively pronounced practicable. Accordingly the assault was determined upon, and ordered to be made very early next morning.

In accordance with this determination, and in obedience to their orders, given over night, the clocks had not very long told three on Monday morning, the 14th of September, when the assaulting columns, five in number, fell in, preparatory to their advance.

The *first* column was commanded by Brigadier-General Nicholson, and consisted of 300 hundred men of H. M.'s 75th Regiment, under Colonel Herbert, 250 of the 1st European Bengal Fusiliers, under Major Jacob, and 450 of the 2nd Punjaub Infantry, under Captain Green; the total strength of which will be found to amount to 1,000 bayonets.

The duty assigned to the first column, as laid down in the plans of attack, was twofold: part of the column had to carry the breach, near the Cashmere Bastion, by storm, and part had to effect an entrance into the city, by escalading the left face of that bastion.

The *second* column was given to Brigadier Jones, C.B., of H. M.'s 61st Foot. It consisted of H. M.'s

8th Regiment, to the number of 250 men, under Colonel Greathed, besides 250 of the 2nd European Bengal Fusiliers, under Captain Boyd, and 350 men of the 4th Sikhs, under Captain O. E. Rothney, of the 45th Regiment B. N. I. This column was directed to storm the breach in the Water Bastion.

The *third* column, the command of which devolved on Colonel George Campbell of H. M.'s 52nd Light Infantry, consisted of 200 of that very distinguished and favourite corps, under Major Vigors, 250 of the Kumaon Battalion, under Captain Ramsay, and 500 of the 1st Punjaub Infantry (Coke's Corps, as it is commonly called,) under a younger brother of Brigadier-General Nicholson, a lieutenant in the 31st Regiment of Bengal Native Infantry.

This column received orders to enter through the Cashmere Gate, after it should be blown open for them by those heroic officers, Salkeld, Home, and Tandy, of the corps of Engineers; whose names are immortal, notwithstanding that they have been removed by death from the lists of the brave army of India, to the universal and unfeigned regret of their brethren in arms.

The *fourth* column, consisted of 860 men, taken from the picquets, European and native, which could be spared from Hindoo Rao, in addition to Guides,

Gorkhas, and a detachment of Dogras. It was designed to attack and take Kissen Gunge, and enter the city subsequently to the capture of the place aforesaid, through the Lahore Gate; forming a junction, and co-operating with the columns already within the walls.

This column was led by Major Charles Reid, commanding the Sirmoor Battalion, than whom a better, braver, or abler soldier never held a commission or commanded a corps in any military service in the world. No words can express the admiration awarded, by universal consent, to this officer. He seemed riveted to the Hindoo Rao's house, except when called from it by the most imperative duty. There he ate and drank, and there too he made his camp, in a nook of that memorable dwelling; no corner of which was free, at any time, from the risk, or beyond the range, of the enemy's fire. Verily, it is impossible, that what Major Reid did can ever fade from the recollection of men present, or even be overlooked with that cold unconcern, which too often characterises those at a distance from the sphere of action. He has nobly earned for himself a harvest of unfading honour.

The *fifth* column, which was designated the

"Reserve," was made up of 250 men of H. M.'s 61st Foot, under Lieut. Colonel Deacon; 450 men of the 4th Punjaub Infantry, under Captain Wilde; 300 men of the Belooch Battalion, under Lieut.-Colonel Farquhar, of the 6th Bombay Native Infantry; and 300 of the Jheend auxiliaries, under Lieut.-Colonel Dunsford, of the 59th Bengal Native Infantry.

In addition to these troops, there was one company of that corps, concerning which the public judgment agrees in placing it relatively as A 1 among all the European corps, whether Queen's or Company's, who had the good fortune to see service on this memorable occasion. This single company helped to swell the numerical strength of the "Reserve," while other companies of the same regiment were engaged in the arduous duty of covering the advance of the assaulting columns; others, also, were employed in the neighbourhood of Kissen Gunge, under Major Charles Reid, with the fourth column.

And now, after this long array of detail in the matter of columns and their respective strength, it is necessary to dwell upon a subject concerning which misconception has never been more flagrant and apparent.

The strength of Delhi itself, extending over an area of seven miles of circumference, with its embattled walls, its gates, its moats, its bastions, and its towers, for a long time was never properly realized. And the evidence of this want of realization does not consist only in the opinions publicly expressed, and those of the many, or of those principally at a distance from the place; but the most demonstrative proof of the fact is to be found in the known plans of a General and his engineer present at the scene of action; and who, notwithstanding, were seriously deliberating about, and, on two distinct occasions, within three weeks, were all but actually proceeding to make an attempt to recapture this large city by a *coup de main*, with the smallest possible army, and without siege train.

But taking for granted that the strength of Delhi did not consist in its actual defences, nothing is more clear to those who have made inspection for themselves, that the prettiest village of Hindustan is a fortification susceptible of a serious defence. Let European forces invest one of these places, and nothing short of a regular bombardment, or the environment of the village with a complete network of troops, will enable an enemy without to possess himself of the place. And if there be truth

in this statement, with respect to the more insignificant position, how much more forcible must it be in its application to fortresses and cities of the size of Delhi, and possessing resources consisting of every appliance necessary in warfare: not excepting weapons of every kind, with ammunition, and a host of men fully capable of defending the city against a besieging force.

But lest it should be thought that my profession disentitles me to venture an opinion on the subject of the defences of Delhi, I extract the following account of Delhi and its defences from the official report of Colonel Baird Smith—the highest authority on siege operations present with the camp, and who himself projected the plan of attack, which first met with the General's approval and afterwards was crowned with success.

"The eastern face of the city rests on the Jumna, and during the season of the year when our operations were carried on, the stream may be described as washing the base of the walls. All access to a besieger on the river front is, therefore, impracticable. The defences here consist of an irregular wall, with occasional bastions and towers, and about one half of the length of the river face is occupied by the palace of the King of

Delhi and its outwork—the old Mogul fort of Selimghur.

"The river may be described as the chord of an arc, formed by the remaining defences of the place. These consist of a succession of bastion fronts, the connecting curtain being very long, and the outworks limited to one crown work at the Ajmeer Gate and Martello Tower, mounting a single gun at such points as require some additional flanking fire to that given by the bastions themselves. The bastions are small, mounting generally three guns in each face, two in each flank, and one in embrasure at the salient. They are provided with masonry parapets about 12 feet in thickness, and a relief of about 16 feet above the plane of site. The curtain consists of a simple masonry wall or rampart 16 feet in height, 11 feet thick at top, and 14 or 15 feet at bottom. This main wall carries a parapet loop-hole for musketry 8 feet in height and 3 feet in thickness. The whole of the land front is covered by a berm of a variable width, ranging from 16 to 30 feet, and having a scarp wall 8 feet high; exterior to this is a dry ditch of about 25 feet in height, and from 16 to 20 feet in depth. The counter-scarp is simply an earthen slope easy to descend. The glacis is a very short one, extending

only 50 or 60 yards from the counter-scarp; using general terms, it covers from the besiegers' view from one-half to one-third of the height of the walls of the place.

"These details will, I trust, be sufficient to give a general conception of the nature of the defences of Delhi. They are, in a word, modernized forms of the ancient works that existed when the city fell before Lord Lake's army in 1803. They extend about seven miles in circumference, and include an area of about three square miles."

Such was the city, with its defences and munitions, the repossession of which had been long and earnestly, but vainly, coveted by the British. And now nothing need detain me from telling the story in its undivided integrity, both of the manner in which, and the means whereby this happy result was eventually brought to pass.

The force paraded at half-past three on the morning of the 14th of September; the three columns destined to operate against the city, together with the Rifles, and the reserve, moved out of camp to the neighbourhood of Ludlow Castle. There the whole of the troops halted, and were told off to their respective destinations; their presence being dexterously concealed from the sight of the

enemy, until the moment for action had fully arrived.

At length, when everything was ready, the signal for commencement of operations was given. The Royal Rifles inaugurated the proceedings of the day by a loud and hearty English cheer, simultaneously with which they advanced steadily to the fore front, crossing a bridge and extending themselves as skirmishers in a line of divisions; two divisions going to the right and two to the left. Thus extended, they covered in magnificent style the heads of each of the advancing columns.

The siege guns up to this moment had been maintaining a deafening and destructive fire, which the enemy were unable to answer with even a single piece of ordnance. The Moree, Cashmere, and Water Bastions had long been still as death; whereas our batteries had been growing louder and louder, more and more angry than before. Unexpectedly a lull ensued: the raging storm of British artillery was suddenly hushed in silence. In another moment the heads of the columns under Brigadier Nicholson and Jones were distinguishable, peering out, as it were, from their snug hiding-places in the neighbourhood of the Khoodsia Bagh.

No sooner were these columns seen by those within the city, than a determined effort was made from the walls to drive back the advancing force. But a British purpose, once formed, is not so easily to be turned. Musketry fire *may*, and doubtless *will* make its impression; and a musket in the hand, whether of *this* man or of *that*, who knows how to use it, and has been long practised in the art, proves equally destructive. So we found to our sorrow on the morning of the storm. Numbers had already fallen by the enemy's musketry, and numbers also were continuing to fall, the nearer each of the columns approached to the respective breaches which had been given them to carry. But with dauntless courage, they nevertheless kept advancing.

Presently the ditch was gained. Our first real impediment occurred there. It had something to do with the scaling ladders, and their adjustment, so as to enable the stormers to ascend the scarp. This delay, whether avoidable or unavoidable, I cannot say, involved us in serious losses; but no amount of discouragement, and nothing in the shape of impediment, could cool the ardour of the troops.

No sooner was the descent into the ditch effected,

than the breaches were respectively carried, with a noble display of valour on the part of all present; every man vieing with his neighbour in a spirit of noble emulation. Carried away entirely with the excitement of the occasion, the Rifles, whose duty it was to cover, and who discharged that duty to the admiration of every beholder, could not withstand the temptation which now met them.

Forgetting that, being light infantry, they were as such essentially skirmishers, they were among the very foremost to mount the walls of the city. Theirs were the first caps waved in token of victory; and theirs among the first human voices proudly raised to proclaim what we had gained and the enemy had lost.

And here a little incident deserves notice; and the more so, as it affects the reputation of a very young and inexperienced but, notwithstanding, very valuable officer, since dead—Ensign Everard Aloysans Lisle Phillips, formerly of the 11th Regiment of Native Infantry. In co-operation with some rifles placed under his command, he most gallantly carried the Water Bastion, and turned the guns which he found therein, with all possible speed and dexterity, against the retreating rebels.

While these events engaged the two columns

under Brigadiers Nicholson and Jones, the third column, under Colonel George Campbell, of H. M.'s 52nd Light Infantry, was far from being idle. The work assigned to it was critical in the last degree; and it did what it had to do admirably. Enjoying the advantage of cover from the Rifles, the Engineers advanced, at the double, towards the Cashmere Gate. That deep darkness of night, which immediately precedes the ushering in of the breaking day, had already given place to the dawn, and the sun was just illumining the sky. No longer, therefore, could night throw her friendly concealment around any of the party, whether of the engineers who had to destroy the Cashmere Gate, or of the gallant column, who had to enter the city through it.

No matter for that, the valiant Home—whose praises, whether we regard him as an officer or a man, can never be exaggerated in the telling—led the way. He was quickly followed by Sergeants John Smith and Carmichael, and Havildar Madhoo, all heavily laden with the powder bags. The heroic Salkeld, with Corporal Burgess and some others, allowed not Home and his companions to distance them. Dangers surrounded the whole of them on every side; but no harm befel the party until after they had fairly reached the broken drawbridge,

which lay between them and the gate. It was awkward crossing, in consequence of the destruction committed by the enemy at that spot; but even the crossing was made without a single casualty having to be recorded.

The enemy were all this while keeping up a very galling musketry fire from within, and in the act of depositing the powder at the gateway, Sergeant Carmichael fell a sacrifice, and Madhoo was also wounded. Soon, however, the necessary preparations were completed, and the train made ready to receive the match, when just as Salkeld was attempting the explosion, he was unhappily wounded. Greater success attended Corporal Burgess's effort to supply Lieut. Salkeld's unavoidable lack of service. He fired the train; but his daring eventually lost him his life.

The gate now opened with a tremendous crash; and with quick and undaunted step the 52nd Light Infantry led the way, supported and followed nobly by the 2nd Europeans, the Kumaon Battalion, and Coke's Rifles; all of whom entered the city simultaneously with the other two columns.

Nothing can surpass the numerous acts of personal gallantry displayed on this occasion. Almost every man seemed a host in himself. But con-

spicuously and pre-eminently brave, was poor Tandy, who was killed on the spot; and beside him, two of humbler rank than he, but who proved themselves to belong, as of right undisputed, to the nobility of valour. Bugler Hawthorn, of H. M.'s 52nd Light Infantry, fearlessly exposed himself to a complete hailstorm of musketry fire, and like the good Samaritan in the Gospel, bound up the wounds of Salkeld, who had fallen among the thieves of the mutiny, and had him removed, under his own eye; not to the comforts of an inn, but at any rate to some place of corresponding sympathy and safety.

Nor is there a whit to choose, in the matter of intrepidity when placed in a position of imminent danger, between Bugler Hawthorn of H. M.'s 52nd, and Sergeant Smith of the Engineers; who, anticipating the failure of Corporal Burgess in firing the train, stepped manfully forward, with almost the certainty of death before him, to do that which he had seen others attempt to do with all the terrible consequences which I have already recorded. Nevertheless, Sergeant Smith lives, and, with Bugler Hawthorn, has been strongly recommended by General Wilson to Her Majesty's most gracious consideration for the decoration of the Victoria Cross.

Both richly deserve this distinguished honour, and long may they live to enjoy it.

The three assaulting columns, with the reserve, had now gained a firm footing within the confines of the city, which lie on its northern face. There, I am told, they re-formed, in obedience to the orders of Brigadier-General Nicholson, who led and directed the entire operations of the actual assault against the ramparts of mutinous Delhi. Once established within the place, the columns of Nicholson and Jones took a direction round the walls, towards the right of the Cashmere Gate.

Both columns encountered very severe opposition in their progress, and likewise sustained many losses, over which they subsequently mourned in bitterness of spirit; but they met with no check approaching to a *repulse*. Their advance might not have been as rapid or as long as the sanguine expectations of some might have led them to anticipate; but if their movements were somewhat slow, they seem to have been equally sure.

Barrier after barrier, thrown up by the enemy, yielded before their indomitable resolution. They first seized a tower and a battery, situated along the line of space intervening between the Cashmere and Moree gates. Presently they gained the Moree

Bastion itself, with the Cabul Gate also. They then made several determined attempts to wrest from the enemy's possession the Burn Bastion, and the Lahore Gate. But no amount of courage, or of strategy, will *always* compensate for overwhelming numbers; especially when backed by the desperation of men who fight with halters round their necks.

If any man could have succeeded in these attempts, that man was, doubtless, Brigadier-General Nicholson. But the enemy had so concentrated themselves in this neighbourhood, that though the design was worthy of the immortal Nicholson and his brave men, the weakness of his forces obliged him to fall back upon, and be content with, the maintenance of his former position at the Cashmere Gate.

Would to God that I could stop at this part of the history, with nothing of importance greater to record than that every preparation was speedily made to turn the captured batteries, of the enemy's own construction, with deadly effect, against themselves! But the victory of the day was converted into a just occasion of lamentation and mourning. There had fallen, mortally wounded, in the strife, the greatest of men amongst us; with whom neither Reid, nor Chamberlain, nor Wilson, would, for one single instant, compare. This was the universal

opinion, almost as universally expressed. The *cause* of that loss will be long remembered, and as deeply regretted. It was in the vain attempt to carry the Lahore Gate, that Nicholson, the pride of the whole army of India, was smitten, while actively engaged in encouraging his men to make yet one effort more to drive the enemy from his stronghold there.

The third column, under Colonel George Campbell, of H. M.'s 52nd Light Infantry, after reforming at the main guard of the Cashmere Gate, first provided a small party to expel some of the enemy remaining within the Water Bastion. This seems to have been done very effectually, and at the point of the bayonet. Next they proceeded to clear the compound of the Cutcherry, which was adjoining, with the houses in the immediate neighbourhood, besides the station church of St. James, and the "Delhi Gazette" compound. Thus the column kept steadily advancing, nothing apparently, as yet, being able to arrest its progress onwards.

The line of advance which had been laid down for this column in the plan of assault, was closely followed. This led them through the Bazaar, in the neighbourhood of the Cashmere Gate. A gun which was placed in position there so as to sweep

the street, was gallantly taken by a party who followed Lieutenant Bradshaw; a very young soldier, whose valour on this occasion cost him his life. The column now took the direction of the Begum's Bagh, through which it secured a tolerably unmolested passage; but, on reaching the gate of that Bagh, or garden, which opens directly on the Chandee Chouk, it was found to be closed. Presently it was opened, by a friendly native chuprassie. Through it the column passed, under fire from the tops of the houses, to the Jumma Musjid, the great place of Mahomedan worship; the side arches of which were found to be bricked up, and the gate also closed.

A difficulty now arose; there were neither powder bags nor guns to force it open. The enemy were also lining the houses, and maintaining a very heavy musketry fire. In spite of these untoward circumstances the column held its own, momentarily expecting aid to arrive. But it came not. Our failure at the Lahore Gate prevented this; and thus, without help for it, the column was obliged to fall back on the Begum's gardens, and join the reserve.

Numerous were the acts of personal valour displayed by many an officer, and many a man also, as the column continued to wend its way to the

Jumma Musjid, from the neighbourhood of the Cashmere Gate. They are very many: too many for me to specify all of them within the limits of this work. I must, therefore, be content to notice only one here and there, and all in a passing and superficial manner.

Among the most conspicuous of those for valour stands Sir Theophilus Metcalfe, the most deservedly popular of all the civilians with the force; and who gained his popularity with the soldiery, by a manly, straightforward, uniform line of conduct, which inspired the army with lasting respect for him and his conduct. Untrained to the profession of arms, this political officer proved himself to be a soldier indeed; fearless in the discharge of the most dangerous duty, and unmoved either by the presence or the fire of a numerous enemy; to which he was constantly exposed when acting as a pioneer, and gallantly leading Colonel Campbell's column through the city of Delhi.

That I may not be considered to show preference for the educated and the great over those less fortunate in position in life, let me introduce humbler men, but equally brave with Sir Theophilus Metcalfe. I allude in the first instance to Corporal Henry Smith, of H. M.'s 52nd Light Infantry, who

carried away a wounded comrade under a heavy fire of grape and musketry in the Chandee Chouk; and to Sergeant-Major Streets, who was severely wounded, and Corporal William Taylor, both of the 52nd Foot, whose conduct was equally worthy of the highest admiration.

The facts in connection with No. 4 column yet remain to be told. They are simply these. The column was divided into two divisions; one part formed the main body of the column, consisting of H. M.'s 60th Royal Rifles, 50 men; 86 men of H. M.'s 61st, 160 of the 1st European Bengal Fusiliers, 200 of the Sirmoor Battalion, 200 of the Guides' corps, 70 of the 1st Punjaub Infantry, and 65 of the Kumaon Battalion, making a total of 831; the other part, called the *support*, consisted of the Jummoo troops, numbering 1,200 infantry and 200 cavalry, besides four guns.

These all paraded at half-past four on the morning of the day of the storm, on the Grand Trunk Road, opposite the Subzi-Mundi picquet. Every arrangement requiring Major Reid's supervision, and dependent on his foresight, was ready before the clock struck five. The only thing wanting was the three Artillery guns. They never made their appearance for fully half an hour subsequently to the

last period specified; and when they did appear, the officer in charge reported to Major Reid that he had only the proper complement of gunners to serve *one* gun.

The day had more than dawned: it had advanced a little; and therefore none of our operations, so far at least as light was concerned, could possibly be hidden from the enemy's watchful eye. The signal for Major Reid to commence proceedings was the loud crash which was expected to ensue on the explosion at the Cashmere Gate. The Major, in breathless silence, was awaiting this sound. The Horse Artillery had not, in spite of the various delays, been equipped with the wanting gunners. Instead of the noise looked for in the neighbourhood of the Cashmere Gate, the reports of musketry shot struck on the ears of Major Reid. They seemed to come from the direction of his right. It was the Jummoo Contingent, which had engaged the enemy; their act was premature, but there was now no help for it. Accordingly Major Reid hurried, with sufficient force, to the rescue, selecting the pucka road towards Kissen Gunge, as his way of advance.

Immediately a skirmishing party, consisting of the 60th Rifles, was thrown out, under Captain D. D. Muter, on the right of that road; a "feeling party"

having preceded the entire column. The enemy had manned a breastwork which they had across the road, and another running parallel with the road. Both of these had been strengthened during the night. The enemy watched our advance, neither saying or doing anything until we were within fifty yards; they then saluted us most warmly with a well-directed volley. Being charged by the Rifles and Gorkhas, they evacuated their strong breastwork, and stood awhile in apparent perplexity, as to whether they should retire on the second breastwork or attack the Jummoo Contingent.

Up to this time not a gun could be brought to bear against them, for want of gunners; otherwise, at this juncture, the enemy might have been mown down, like wheat beneath the reaper's sickle. Not only were we losing opportunity after opportunity, but the enemy were reinforcing their position at Kissen Gunge. And still more disastrous than all, just as Reid was about to make a feint on the rebel front and a real attack on their flank and rear, he was severely wounded in the head, and obliged to resign his command into the hands of Captain Richard Lawrence; who had been previously in the secret of Major Reid's plan of attack.

This plan, I think, richly deserves record. The

position of the enemy at Kissen Gunge was formidable indeed, and the strength of the breastworks at the end of the road, already alluded to, was very great. No one was more alive to this fact than Major Reid himself. With anxious eye, during many a long and weary day just before the attack, he had watched the rebels, and seen them sparing neither cost nor pains to give additional strength to that which was before very strong. He thought it was probable also that they might bring to their assistance, as soon as we advanced, light field pieces; which might play (anything but innocently or pleasantly) along and down the road by which our advance had to be made.

After having taken the breastwork across the road and close to the canal, which we have already seen was carried by the Rifles and Gorkhas, it was the intention of the Major to have made a rush with half the column, to the angle of a serai in the immediate neighbourhood, and with the other half (whose first great duty would have been to get rid of some of the enemy who had lined certain garden walls which were in the vicinity) to march parallel to the first division of the column.

By this movement the breastworks at the end of the road would have been taken in *front* and in *rear*. The second or right division of the column would

then necessarily have their right shoulders forward; and then the two divisions of the one column would have entered Kissen Gunge, simultaneously, at the breach made in the rear of the heavy batteries of the enemy.

After securing Kissen Gunge, Major Reid proposed turning the heavy guns, four in number (which, by the occupation of Kissen Gunge, he must have captured), besides two eight and a half-inch mortars, which were also placed there, against the enemy in a place called Trevelyan Gunge. And if in addition to these six pieces of ordnance wrested from the foe, he could have combined with them the fire of those light pieces originally intended for him (and the want of them sadly hampered his operations from the very first) as well the fire of the four guns of the Jummoo Contingent which were at the Eedghur, the concentration of so much artillery upon Trevelyan Gunge would probably have led to its evacuation. And in the event of such a desirable contingency, leaving only some of the Jummoo troops within the serai, Major Reid would have proceeded with the remainder of his force along the dry bed of the canal, and so have entered the city by the Cabul Gate, which General Nicholson had promised to open for him.

Such was Major Reid's plan, which naturally enough depended much on circumstances for success. But there is little room for doubt that, under his own immediate control, and with the Divine blessing, it was tolerably sure of answering every expectation. So sanguine indeed was Major Reid of this issue, that I have heard him say, with the enemy's heavy guns where they were, on the morning of the 14th September, if he had identically the same work to accomplish again, he would risk its success on no other plan.

But as Providence would have it, another had succeeded to the command at the eleventh hour, and Kissen Gunge remained in the hands of the mutineers. The Rifles and Gorkhas in possession of the breastwork (which was taken gallantly at the charge, in which Captain McBarnett and Lieutenant Murray fell) continuing unsupported, were unable to maintain their position.

Nevertheless, Kissen Gunge was the scene of many an individual act of daring. The valour of Lieutenant Shebbeare, of the 60th Bengal Native Infantry, was very conspicuous throughout the operations of the day; and not less so was the conduct of Sergeant Dunleary, of the 1st Fusiliers, whose gallantry unfortunately cost him his life. Yet

all was to no purpose. Our troops, more particularly the Contingent, became completely disorganized. There was no rallying them. The Cashmere levies lost their four guns; themselves flying in utter dismay. And eventually the column fell back on its original position; not, perhaps—despite its want of success — without having done some substantial service, in diverting the attention of the enemy from the main point of attack. But the losses incurred were something very severe.

I should be committing a great injustice if I willingly omitted mention of the good services of the cavalry brigade on the morning of the 14th September, under the command of Brigadier Hope Grant, C.B., of H. M.'s 9th Lancers. The name of this officer is familiar to every resident of India, in which country he has seen considerable and very arduous service; and where, too, his name has long been associated with Christian virtue and British military valour. He is not merely a *real* soldier, but what is far better and more noble still,—a faithful servant of Jesus Christ: while he recognises fully the solemn responsibilities which his Christian principles impose on him, and openly yet modestly avows them in the face of the world, he is foremost in his own particular profession in

those qualifications which are considered, by the best and most competent judges, to be essential to the constitution of the military character.

Untiring energy, great personal self-sacrifice, at all times, and under all circumstances, and a thorough unmindfulness of danger whenever duty calls, distinguished his career from the commencement to the close of operations, during this arduous warfare. No one was more constantly to be seen in all weather, as well in camp as at the outposts and picquets of cavalry; and likewise when actively engaged with the enemy in the field, exercising a direct and vigilant supervision over the brigade which had been assigned to his command. And yet, in spite of this accumulation of necessary occupations, he never appeared to neglect the duties of religion, public or private. His place in the solemn assemblies of camp on a Sunday, was seldom or never vacant. He was always to be seen at the weekly meetings in his own lines, for social prayer. Judging from his conversation, his thoughts were frequently soaring heavenwards. The sick in his hospital could bear testimony to the frequency of his visits there, and to the sympathy and kindness which they experienced from him, as he went from bed to bed, inquiring tenderly after their welfare, and addressing now

to one patient and now to another, a word of cheer and promise in their sad moments of trial. He always struck me as being a pattern officer; and I acknowledge with great cordiality and good feeling, my own obligations to him, for all the co-operation and assistance which he invariably gave me in the discharge of my duties. No officer excelled him in this respect.

Moreover, my intercourse with the men of his regiment I look back upon with much pleasure; and, excepting the Rifles, I know no regiment with which I would sooner work, or from which I should expect such a harvest of ministerial success as H. M.'s 9th Lancers. I never lectured or offered prayer in the wards of their hospital, without observing the most marked attention; and I seldom left the hospital during the four months or more of my connection with it, without many a repeated and warmly expressed "thank you, sir," from many of the men. I have reason to know, from the voluntary confessions of the men themselves, that much of this pleasing state of things arises from the religious care bestowed on them and their families in the barracks and hospitals of the regiment, by Colonel Grant and his indefatigable, exemplary, and truly Christian lady.

But now for a word respecting the service of the Cavalry Brigade, which was neither small nor unimportant. According to instructions previously received, the brigade, consisting of an advanced party of 200 men of H. M.'s 9th Lancers, and a reserve composed of detachments from the Guides Corps, the 1st, 2nd, 5th Punjaub Cavalry, and Hodson's Horse, making in all 610 sabres, exclusive of guns from the 1st and 2nd troops of 1st Brigade of Horse Artillery, took up a position near the site of No. 1 Siege Battery.

The day had not then dawned; but there this force continued stationary, until further orders transported them to another place, which was directly opposite the walls of the city. Once on the move, they kept advancing till they reached the Moree Bastion, and at length arrived at the Cabul Gate, which was within easy range of the enemy's artillery from the Lahore Gate, and of their musketry fire from the houses and gardens of Kissen Gunge.

The concentration of this double fire was making impression on the Brigade; and our guns, under the able direction of Major Tombs, had to play sharply on the enemy on our right flank. The practice of our artillery was very effective upon this occasion,

and the enemy themselves acknowledged this, by retiring to less warm quarters, and suffering us to spike two of their guns. We, too, it seems, were seeking a less exposed position; which the foe no sooner discovered, than they took fresh heart, and made a sally from the gardens which they occupied, and seemed as if they had an inclination to bear down upon us in the direction of the Cashmere Gate.

This movement we could ill afford to suffer them to make, and cost what it would to prevent, we had no choice but to incur the expenditure. At this critical moment a small party of Infantry Guides came up in support, and without a thought of the comparative superiority of the enemy over themselves in point of numbers, made direct for the gardens where the enemy were lodged, and took possession of a house there; in this they were completely surrounded, and but for the timely succour of Colonel Farquhar with his Beloochees, the distinguished bravery of the Guides would never have saved them. Presently the fight grew less fierce, and Colonel Grant's brigade was enabled to avail themselves of a less exposed situation.

Meanwhile every witness is most unanimous in

the bestowal of unqualified praise on the conduct of the officers and men of H. M.'s 9th Lancers. For nearly three hours they were little better, than a target for the enemy; and as long as it was necessary for the welfare of the public service that they should continue so, they never seemed to have desired better fortune for themselves. Their comrades were falling thick and fast around them, and their horses, from wounds, were frequently yielding beneath them. Nevertheless, if marks they must be for the enemy, their conduct plainly proved that marks they would be; not only without murmur or complaint, but with stout hearts and willing minds.

Scarcely less exemplary was the conduct of the Native Cavalry; nor could it well be expected to be otherwise, when the Native Cavalry could boast of such officers to lead them as Hodson, Sandford, Probyn, Watson, and Younghusband. Nor must I, in my specification of names, forget the presence and the services of Drysdale, French, Sarel, and Jones, all of the 9th Lancers; or of Captain Rosser, of the 6th Carabineers, who was supposed at the time to have been mortally wounded; or of Hall of the 4th Irregular Cavalry; or of Bourchier and his battery, which the Brigadier himself acknowledged to have

enabled the brigade to hold its position. All these men deserved well of their country. Though they were without the walls, and took no share in the direct storming operations, they played a part no less arduous, important, and noble; nor less dangerous.

It must not be supposed that I was an eye-witness of the operations described above. I would have given not a little if my duties had excused me from attention to matters more important; but they did not. The doctors with the chaplains, from sunrise to sunset, passed their hours within the walls of the field hospital, distant from the walls of the city about half a mile. The house in which the hospital was held was painted with ochre. It stood on the *town* side (not the *cantonment* side) of the Racket-court, nearly opposite to the Assembly-rooms, and a little above the estate of Sir Theophilus Metcalfe.

Such a scene as that hospital presented all day long I never witnessed in all my life before. By this time, as may be supposed, I had grown tolerably familiar with sights which, on first acquaintance, harrow the feelings and chill the blood. But all that I had seen antecedently to this, had failed to steel my heart or deaden the sensibilities of my nature. Soon after the assault commenced, the dhoolies,

freighted with European and native wounded and dead, kept hastening along the various avenues from the city towards the hospital. No sooner were one set of dhoolies emptied of their contents and discharged for fresh patients, than the same sad duty had to be repeated again and again, moment after moment and hour after hour, in long succession.

Many a purdah have I lifted, to see who was within some particular dhoolie to which it was attached, and as many a sorrowful and pain-giving sight have I been constrained to witness, in consequence of such curiosity; not by any means either impertinent or intrusive, but altogether necessary and equally kind. Now, for instance, I chanced to light upon a dhoolie in which lay extended the stalwart frame of some brave Anglo-Saxon motionless in death. The vital spark had seemingly escaped without observation of mortal eye, while the patient had been hastened on in search of medical succour and skill. Now again I introduced myself to another heir of sorrow, breathing, indeed, but whose injuries were evidently mortal—a low pulse, a quick heaving of the chest, and a deep unearthly moan, with eyes half open and unnaturally uplifted, proclaiming that death had irrevocably claimed him

for his own. Others there unquestionably were of whom better hopes could be reasonably conceived; whose wounds were fresh with the blood of life, and whose pains in many cases were hard to bear.

A small building, the walls of which were of mud and the roof tiled, stood in one corner of the compound: it served as a *dead* house; and there the mortal remains of many a hero, disfigured with ugly but honourable wounds, found shelter awhile, until arrangements could be made to commit them to their mother earth. All this is descriptive of that which was *without* the walls, and in the immediate neighbourhood, of the hospital. Now let us take a glance at that which may be seen *within*.

Every apartment is crowded with charpoys (common native bedsteads), and every charpoy is occupied; some have been not only twice, but a score of times, even before the sun had reached the meridian. Indeed the wounded were so many, that a little straw strewn on the ground served many a brave English and native soldier for a bed. We could not give them more.

In the verandahs around the house, here and there, were to be seen tables of wood roughly put together, and lying prostrate thereon, with head slightly raised,

now a wounded officer, and now a common soldier. Around them were assembled surgeons and apothecaries, all busily engaged in operating. Almost every kind of amputation was performed: legs and arms, and even fingers, bloodless and shrivelled, no longer members of their respective bodies, laid carelessly on the ground, were common sights of horror.

It was within this building I, for the first time, spoke to the greater and the lesser Nicholson brothers; and it was here I renewed an old acquaintance with the gallant Salkeld, whom some few years ago I met at Meerut.

It was here also I read, seated beside Sergeant Richard McKeowin, of H. M.'s 52nd Light Infantry. And never was my heart more stirred within me than when I watched the last moments of this humble disciple of the once crucified but now exalted Redeemer. I had known the good man since 1855, when first his regiment came to Meerut: he was then a corporal in the regiment. His countenance was manly and handsome, and when lighted up with that sweet smile which was peculiarly his own, a more heavenly face I never saw. You could almost tell thereby, that the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, kept this man's heart and mind

in the knowledge and love of God, and of His Son Jesus Christ our Lord. McKeowin was a churchman, possessing great largeness of heart. I love Church of England piety, when it is real. There is nothing like it for humility, docility, and love: at least I never met with the like.

It appears he had been wounded in the advance through the city, when his regiment was making for the Jumma Musjid, but the exact spot in the town where he fell I cannot say. I knew nothing about it till Mr. Apothecary Tibbits, himself a most excellent and superior man, of his own regiment, came to me and said, "You know Sergeant McKeowin, sir?" I replied affirmatively. "He is just brought to hospital," said Mr. Tibbits, "mortally wounded, and is calling for you."

I hurried to the dhoolie, and sure enough there he was, with a countenance peaceful, but somewhat sad. He extended his hand to me; I took it and pressed it gently, and asked, "Sergeant, what ails you?" He answered slowly and faintly, "I shall soon be with my dear Saviour." When I said in reply, "We can ill afford to spare you, sergeant: I hope our prospect of losing you is not so sure as you anticipate," all he answered was, "My pain, sir, is intolerable. I desire to bear it in meek resig-

nation to my heavenly Father's will. I hope I shall not murmur and complain." I said no more for the present, but got him out of the dhoolie, and laid him on some straw on the ground. What would I not then have given to have been privileged to offer him the best bed in my possession. But I could not.

I sat beside this dying saint and distinguished soldier, and read verse by verse of the 23rd Psalm, stopping awhile to listen to his passing comments. The teacher in his turn was now literally willing to be taught. I never heard words which sank deeper, or made more impression on myself. When the psalm was ended, and the patient had done speaking, I ventured to say, "Sergeant, shall I pray?" This question I repeated more than once, as he seemed suddenly to be dull of hearing, and his eyes had been some time closed. At length I gained something approaching to an answer, but it amounted only to "Sir?" Then I first detected his failing consciousness. During the interval of another minute Sergeant McKeowin, to use his own dying words, "was with his dear Saviour." Some time after this I laid him in the grave; which, for the love and respect that I bore him, I have marked with a plain stone, and an equally simple inscription. It

was but little to do; but I could do no more: had he been living, and were it possible for him to recognise the act and intention of a friend, I am sure, from my intimate knowledge of his character, he would have magnified this mole-hill into a mountain of kindness.

One word more respecting the field hospital. The ecclesiastical staff present during this day was sadly deficient in numbers: in fact, this was really the case from the beginning of military operations; the necessary consequence of which was, that while, perhaps, every brave dying man had some consolation and exhortation addressed to him, in his moments of suffering, the majority could not receive anything like the attention which the urgency of their cases imperatively demanded. But for this the chaplains of the force were not to blame in the least; they strove very hard to supply the deficiency occasioned by the want of numbers. One of them, the Rev. F. W. Ellis, worked this day from sunrise till he was overtaken by fever, which he had contracted early in the commencement of his camp life, and which had been brought on by overwork and constant exposure to miasmatic influence. On account of this fever, he was urged by medical advisers, again and again, to leave camp; but he would not:

his labours were instant in season and out of season.

From the commencement of his illness, until the close of his career before Delhi, he never gave himself time to rally or regain strength. How could he? He was responsible, when sharing the hardships of the army, for an amount of clerical duty which, previously to the mutiny, had been divided among no less than five chaplains. The whole of this, in an accumulated form, was heaped without consideration, possibly without help, upon one man. The result has been that after two months' service with the Delhi Field Force, that man has been driven home in search of health. The Roman Catholic chaplain who joined, with equally laudable intentions, and about the same time as Mr. Ellis, whose name has escaped my recollection, left camp also, disabled by sickness.

Faint and weary with the toil of the previous day, I was glad to retire when night had fully come, and thus banish awhile the painful impressions which had been made during the last twelve hours. About midnight, my slumbers, which were profound and promised also to be long, were suddenly broken by my sirdar bearer, who came up to my bed-side and said, "Sir, Colonel Thompson, the Commissary-

General, has sent you a letter, which is immediate; some fifteen or twenty coolies, daily labourers, await your instructions." The darkness abroad was very dense. The note I found to contain a request, which I complied with, to repair at once to the burial-ground, and select one large spot as a last resting-place for those, who, while bravely engaged in the actual operations of the storm, had been overtaken with the deep and unbroken sleep of death.

To make this selection was very difficult, inasmuch as the graveyard was, at this date, thickly studded with graves. Fortunately, there was one spot, as broad as it was long, yet left unoccupied, near the entrance of the camp cemetery. I availed myself of it with melancholy satisfaction, because I felt there was no longer the existence of a stern necessity (which I had feared on my way thither) of separating friend from friend in death, who in life had been animated with a common hope, and had proposed to themselves a common object; in the prosecution of which some had been compelled to lay down their arms before others, and all at various periods during our encampment before Delhi.

Early on the morning of Tuesday, the 15th of September, soon after the clocks had told four, I

proceeded again to the burial-ground, where I found all the fallen brave awaiting me; and there, also, I must have been detained two full hours and more, employed in the mournful work of supervising the burial. My thoughts, all this while, may be easier imagined than described. Among the multitude and sadness of my musings I could not but realise my own personal obligations, and the national debt of gratitude due to these departed men, for all their self-sacrifice and noble devotion in the cause of England's martyred innocents. Now again I thought of war's cruel severance of ties, and of the hearts at a distance, which must be presently broken thereby. And now also I found difficulty in silencing my inclination to intrude into places and things unseen, and in restraining the vain attempt to solve a question, with direct application to the dead lying before me, asking "Where are they?" Such were some of my mental occupations, as long as my presence was required within the cemetery. But seeing that our losses from wounds were necessarily severer than those from death, it was indeed a relief to me, as soon as I well could, to exchange the graveyard, first for my tent-house, and afterwards for the wards of the several hospitals of my own charge.

As the day wore on, I instituted inquiries respecting our progress within the walls, and found we were just where we were the previous day; holding the line from the Delhi College to the Cabul Gate: the magazine, which was close to the college, was still in the possession of the enemy. The heavy guns and mortars had been brought in sometime during the 14th, or early on the morning of the 15th, and a battery erected within the college compound, with the design of breaching the magazine; the walls of which, towards evening, exhibited symptoms of destruction.

Mortars also were placed in position, so as to shell the Palace. But all that day we added nothing to our possessions: the enemy were still occupants of Kissen Gunge. Our camp remained almost as defenceless as on the day of the storm; for not a single infantry soldier could be spared from the city to protect it. But the hands of its original defenders, consisting chiefly of the convalescent patients of hospitals, were strengthened by the return of some of the cavalry and light field-pieces of the Horse Artillery.

Under the circumstances, our position was still very critical. The camp might have been threatened or invaded at any moment from the rear, by the enemy

in Kissen Gunge working round in that direction. Within the city the most vigorous resistance was continuing, without any prospect of early abatement. Moreover, the rebels had thrown a tempting bait in the way of our men, to induce them to indulge in the national sin of drunkenness: they made the most liberal display of beer and wines, which the soldiery, European and native, might drink to satiety, simply for the trouble of putting forth the hand and taking it.

The bait unhappily took, and our operations were considerably hampered thereby; though the infatuation of the foe was so great, that he availed himself only *partially* of the advantage which presented itself to him, when the English army was drowned in pleasure. With all my love for the army, I must confess, the conduct of professed Christians on this occasion was one of the most humiliating facts connected with the siege. How the enemy must have gloried at that moment in our shame!

All these things created anxiety in the Major-General's mind. He even doubted his ability to succeed, with his present amount of military strength, and talked of withdrawing from the walls of Delhi to the camp again, until he should be reinforced. He was, however, most providentially overruled, by

the advice of men whose responsibilities and cares being less than his own, their hopes also of eventual success, notwithstanding untoward experiences to the contrary, were stronger.

The wisdom of the advice which was given to Major-General Wilson in his moments of perplexity, and his own good sense in acting upon it, were facts which soon became more and more apparent. The army was quickly restored to a sense of duty: the chief shepherd, in joint co-operation with his subordinate shepherds, found little difficulty in restraining the further wandering of his stray sheep. It was the strength of temptation, in an unguarded moment, which had misled them so seriously. And the recurrence of similar evils was effectually prevented by the destruction of all the wine and beer found in the merchants' godowns of the city of Delhi.

This was a sweeping measure, rendered imperatively necessary by the circumstances of place, people, and times. That beer and wine might have been more precious than aught else in the world beside, so far as the sick were concerned, cannot be denied; but nevertheless, the greatest credit is due to General Wilson for such unsparing expenditure of what, putting the infirmities of the sick altogether

out of the question, would have proved a source of considerable wealth, and tended materially to swell the amount of prize to be distributed to the army.

I am afraid to say, so extravagant were the figures named, what numeration would adequately represent the value, in Company's rupees or pounds sterling, of the liquor doomed to destruction: the figures would have been unquestionably very formidable. But wealth was rightly regarded, in this case, as nothing in comparison to victory; and the enrichment of the whole and the comfort of the sick of this particular army, a subject not to be named in the same day and hour, with the honour and weal of England in Hindustan.

But if any proof is required of the wisdom which distinguished the advice of those who surrounded and had influence with General Wilson, it may be readily found in the progress which attended the operations of the British within Delhi on the 16th of September. The magazine, with 232 guns, was stormed and taken by the 61st Foot, the 4th Punjaub Rifles, and the Belooch Battalion; our loss in this matter being trifling.

I had forgotten to mention that a single gun of the enemy's had given Colonel John Jones, of the

Royal Rifles, to whom the command of the advance posts had been entrusted by General Wilson, not a little trouble during the previous day. He had lost some men in an attempt to take this gun, within twenty-four hours after storming the ramparts of the city. On the 16th, however, he managed to place small mortars on the top of the house occupied by his own regiment, by means of which he threw shell at this troublesome piece of ordnance. The measure partially succeeded; and the gun had to retire. The Rifles were thus enabled to advance for a time to the top of the street in which is situated the house of the Skinner family—descendants of Colonel James Skinner, the great Commandant of Irregular Cavalry in days bygone. Subsequently, however, it was deemed advisable to fall back for that night on the old quarters of the corps.

Moreover, the enemy themselves deserted the suburb of Kissen Gunge. This was an important event, which, coupled with the capture of the magazine, and both occurring on the same date, was very encouraging to officers and men. Kissen Gunge was no sooner evacuated by the mutineers, than we invested it with a detachment of troops from Hindoo Rao's house, when

we discovered that five guns had been left behind by the rebels.

Further advances were made during the 17th of September, by the troops placed under the able and judicious command of Colonel John Jones, of H. M.'s 60th Royal Rifles; to whom the greatest obligations are due for his management of operations within walls since the 15th.

The mischievous gun to which I have already alluded as causing so much annoyance, met with a repulse so complete that we assumed a position considerably in advance of what we held before. The Delhi Bank-house, looking on the Chandee Chouk, a perfect ruin standing in a large garden full of trees, and therefore full of cover for men with small arms, fell into our hands, and we held it from that day. One or two other houses were also taken, but on account of being commanded by certain hostile guns from the opposite side of the street, our tenure of them had to be relinquished for a time.

We succeeded in getting mortars into the Bank-house, by means of which we kept up a bombardment directed against the Palace. During the operations of the day we incurred the loss of that brave and energetic officer, who had taken the Water Bastion. I refer to Ensign Phillips, formerly of the 11th

Bengal Native Infantry, who was transferred by the Horse Guards (at the joint request of Colonel Jones and himself, and with the hearty goodwill of the whole regiment,) to the 1st Battalion of the 60th Rifles, from the day after the death of Ensign Napier.

During the afternoon he was busily engaged in front of the enemy's guns, superintending the erection of breastworks, and while thus employed, he was marked out and slain by the rebels. His death was almost instantaneous, and elicited many an unfeigned expression of deep sorrow from his brother officers and the soldiers of the regiment. I was present at his burial, which took place at sunset of the same day as his death; Father Bertrand, the Roman Catholic priest, for the first and the last time since the commencement of operations, officiating at a commissioned officer's funeral; this being only the second Roman Catholic officer lost to the force.

The 18th of September found us rejoicing over the double fact that an uninterrupted communication now existed between our right and left divisions, and that our rear was free from annoyance by the enemy and the ground absolutely our own. Moreover, the mortars were unceasingly throwing shell into the palace, and at a comparatively close range.

But unbroken success was not by any means, the distinctive feature of the day. The Lahore Gate and Burun Bastion were more than a match for our strength. Our first repulse in that quarter dates from the 14th; our second took place on the 18th, and was attended with some painful losses. The 75th Foot, one of the most unfortunate regiments, so far as the deaths and wounds of officers are concerned, lost in this attempt Lieutenant Briscoe, the very last officer killed in Delhi.

The mention of Lieutenant Briscoe's death, reminds me that I have omitted the names of no less than six gallant officers, one of whom was killed, and the remaining five died subsequently of wounds received at the storming of Delhi. Lieutenant FitzGerald, of H. M.'s 75th, fell nobly while engaged in the act of carrying the breach of the Cashmere Bastion; Major Jacob, of the 1st European Bengal Fusiliers—an officer whose name and whose deeds will live long in the memory of his distinguished corps, and poor young Davidson of the 26th Bengal Native Infantry, both died on the 14th September; Lieutenant Webb, of H.M.'s 8th Foot, and Lieutenant Homfray of the 17th Bengal Native Infantry, died on the 15th and 16th of September respectively; Lieutenant Pogson, also of H.M.'s 8th, died on the

17th September, and Lieutenant Speke of the 65th Bengal Native Infantry, on the 18th.

With these omissions now supplied, I know not a single officer whose death, since my connection with the army, I have not regularly noted in these pages, and in proper order of dates; with the single additional exception of Captain J. W. Delamain, of 56th Bengal Native Infantry, who fell at Badlee Ka Serai on the 8th of June: he was twice buried, once on the spot where he fell, whence his body was exhumed by a relative, six weeks afterwards, and brought into camp, and recommitted to the earth at midnight by me, in the presence and at the request of the relative in question. Dr. J. H. Ker Innes and Captain Sir Edward Campbell, Bart., were present on the occasion.

The night which preceded Saturday, September 19th, was accompanied by a heavy fall of rain. A furious storm agitated the elements: there was strife among them, as well as contention, sharp and implacable, between the sons of men. The effect of the change in the weather, the direct consequence of the stormy wind and tempest, was hailed with great thankfulness and joy. The temperature was lowered by many degrees, and the signs of approaching cold weather, towards which we were

all looking with such anxious anticipation, now became unmistakeable.

Every day brought with it more and more opening prospects. Nevertheless the mutineers still claimed with us shares in imperial Delhi; a subject about which we were continuing to dispute with them somewhat unceremoniously. Providence seemingly was inclining towards us in the decision between the contending parties.

We took possession of two houses known as Major Abbott's and Khan Mahomed's, on the right side of the road, just below the palace. These we held in spite of the enemy, and they gave us complete command of the guns at the palace gate. Colonel Jones, of the Rifles, now threw up breastworks across the road, and his operations were very nearly brought to a successful and glorious determination. Two guns and four mortars were still keeping up a continuous fire against the palace, and our Minié rifles were busily employed by marksmen whose experience and skill in the use of them kept increasing day by day.

The riflemen were to be seen very cosily perched on the tops of houses, which their own valour had wrested from the mutineers; and from their exalted position every now and then you heard a report one

moment, and the next you saw the effect of the shot on the person of some rebel.

But the operations were not *exclusively*, though mainly, confined to the men of Colonel Jones's advanced posts. The troops to the right of this force, and in the direction of the Cabul Gate, sallied forth from thence and surprised and captured the "Burun Bastion." This was a very important acquisition. We now only wanted, on this side of the town, the Lahore Gate, and on the opposite side, the palace and Selim Ghur, and all would be ours. The enemy were evidently fast retreating; and the possession of the Lahore Gate and its neighbouring bastions enabled them to cover their retreat.

Is it not true how closely the sorrows and the joys of life are blended together? This is an experience early gained by every inheritor of frail humanity. The successes of the day made many a heart bound with joy; but there were, notwithstanding, some (and these some brethren, according to the flesh,) who were present with the force, and whose faces unmistakeably betokened unmitigated grief. Cholera was yet clinging to the camp. Soon after early morn it selected for a victim one of the ruddiest and most robust of men. Even a long Indian residence had not managed to steal from him those

rosy tints, the sight of which in any profusion naturally carry back the thoughts to those sea-girt shores, which Britons, during their expatriation to this land of continuous sunshine, know by the name of "home."

The agent to the Hon. the Lieutenant-Governor of the North-Western Provinces most unexpectedly sickened of this intractable disease, and before midnight Hervey Harris Greathed, of the Bengal Civil Service, a remarkably healthy man, ceased to breathe. The event took us all by surprise, and occasioned very much sorrow. The force sustained in him a very severe loss. Indoctrinated with the principles of the school of his own particular class in the public service he had strong sympathies with the army. Without being a man of shining talents, he possessed strong good sense, and considerable tact; and his name and his memory yet live in the army, and will continue to do so.

The loss of Mr. Greathed, on the 19th of September, was not the only one sustained by us during that day. A very gallant and most promising young officer, Gambier by name, adjutant of the 38th Bengal Light Infantry which mutinied at Delhi, preceded the agent of the Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces only by a very few hours,

into the world of spirits. He died of his wounds, and was among the very last of those buried in the Cantonment burial-ground. Mr. Greathed was the first who found a resting-place in Ludlow Castle graveyard; which, with its undulating grounds, its hillocks, and small valleys lying just beneath, its ecclesiastical headstones and foot-stones (the designs of many of which are among those most approved of by the Cambridge Camden Society, in whose welfare the late chaplain of Delhi took the liveliest interest,) is, without exception, the prettiest of cemeteries which it has ever been my good fortune to see in India. A church or chapel, like those you meet with in England, the weeping willow, the cypress, or the yew, are the only things which it wants to give it the completeness and perfection of some of those country churchyards, amid the monumental stones of which I loved to wander in boyhood, reading the inscriptions as I went along. The recollections of those days, so susceptible of holy impressions, invariably bring with them something of pleasure, and also something of pain; perhaps more of the latter than of the former.

The 20th of September was the last of the Sundays in camp. I had promised the Artillery a service in the College of Delhi, and was as good as

my word. Before, however, I could discharge this duty, I learnt that the Lahore Gate had at length fallen into the hands of the army. A camp skirting the "Delhi Gate," as it is called by the way of distinction, had also been discovered by our cavalry to have been abandoned by the rebels. Lieut. Hodson was not long in securing possession of it; ridding himself first of some of the enemy's deserted hospital patients. The flight of the occupants of this camp had been evidently very precipitate; for they had not even given themselves time to relieve it of a great deal which, we call, in language of war, booty.

The next thing we heard of was the possession of the Mahomedan temple dedicated in honour of the false prophet, the place of worship of those who believe and trust in him for salvation. The Jumma Musjid, which resisted an assault on the memorable 14th of September, and from which we had to retire, now fell an easy prey before our victorious arms. Colonel Jones, with his party, had taken the last of the houses which occupied a site directly facing the Imperial Palace.

This capture was followed, first by that of the enemy's guns guarding the road leading to the royal dwelling-place; and very soon after, recon-

noitring through a small opening of the gate of the Palace, and sending for reinforcements, the Engineers, by the help of their powder bags, made an opening. A rush immediately succeeded, but there was no opposition offered. The Palace was well nigh deserted: the few men found within were indiscriminately slain; and from the durbar throne of the renowned, treacherous, and blood-stained house of Timour, Colonel Jones (his good services fully entitling him to assume that honourable position) was the first to propose and drink Her Most Gracious Majesty's health; after which, rounds of cheers in rapid succession, both loud and long, rent the air.

When Colonel Jones wrote to Major-General Wilson, announcing the capture of the Palace in his own matter-of-fact style, in these few and simple words, "Blown open the gate and got possession of the Palace," the General replied in terms most complimentary to the Commandant of the Royal Rifles, and in recognition of this important and valuable service appointed him forthwith "Commandant of the Palace:" an office which, while it involved much responsibility and not a little labour, proved in the end only honorary.

Just before the creation of this appointment,

and immediately upon getting a firm footing in the city, and establishing his own quarters there, the General, to the great satisfaction of every body, distinguished the Rifles and the Sirmoor Battalion by giving to each of these regiments the exclusive right and privilege of finding his own body guard. This he did because of their pre-eminent gallantry throughout the operations, and in honourable recognition of their distinguished and most valuable services.

An uninterrupted course of success and glory, unsullied by a single spot, had attended the Rifles, from the moment it left Meerut to its return to quarters in its old and favourite cantonment; an event which only occurred as late as the 1st of February, 1858. It marched out on the morning of that day, before the sun had risen; and as the men passed out of the Palace, the little Gorkhas of the Sirmoor Battalion (with whom they had been brigaded under the distinguished Major Reid, supported by the presence of his European and native commissioned officers,) lined either side of the way, presented arms, and cheered till they grew hoarse. This was a spontaneous tribute of respect on the part of a single and a native regiment. But as the Rifles advanced to the gateway leading out of the Palace,

H. M.'s 61st and the 2nd Bengal Fusiliers (the only European remnants in Delhi of the Delhi field force, excepting the Artillery,) met them with fresh manifestations of parting pleasure, and vied with each other in trying which should do them most honour; now the band of this regiment, and now the band of that, playing them out of the city, even beyond the Bridge of Boats across the river Jumna.

At length the 21st of September dawned upon us. A royal salute at sunrise proclaimed that Delhi was once more a dependency of the British Crown. The head-quarters of General Wilson were established in the Dewan Khas of the Palace. During the day Captain Hodson went out, accompanied by a native, who knew the royal family, and took the person of his Imperial Majesty, Shah Bahadoor Shah, somewhere near the Khootub, and brought him in a prisoner to the Palace.

On the following day Captain Hodson again went forth in search of the royal family, and his mission was attended with success. The two sons, Mirza Moghul, Commander-in-Chief of the rebel army, Mirza Kheyo Sultan, with the grandson, the son of the Mirza Moghul, by name Mirza Aboo Bukker, were all taken on the 22nd. They suffered death

by the hand of Captain Hodson himself, on the spot near which they had been taken. All three had been known to be deeply implicated in the mutiny and bloodshed of the English. And at the Kotwalla, where our men, women, and children had been ignominiously and cruelly slain, the bodies of the Shahzadas, or Princes, lay exposed, as spectacles of righteous indignation and scorn.

The slight hopes of recovery which the doctors gave, after a very careful examination of the wound of Brigadier-General Nicholson, completely failed us. On the morning of the 23rd of September this great and valiant man expired, in the 35th year of his age, to the inexpressible regret of the whole force. I remember well the day of his death, and the impression which it made. In him we all felt we had lost a tower of strength. None that ever saw him, and that but once in life, could question appearances, which in him were not deceptive but real; or deny that those appearances irresistibly conveyed to the mind a conviction, which nothing afterwards could disturb, viz., "This man was made for command." It was evident enough that, by the constitution of nature, as well as from the adventitious circumstance of his having assumed, with no common devotion, the profession of arms, Nicholson was

essentially a soldier, and a soldier not unworthy of comparison with the greatest military captains of bygone days. Some say also he was a diplomatist of the first class. Very likely; but without determining this point, manifestly he was *the* man, above and beyond every other man in the ranks of the army north of Cawnpore: certainly, his superior could not be found in the army. However much those senior to him may envy his greatness—for envy is a weakness common to us all—or complain of his exaltation over them by what may seem the exercise of a despotic authority, it was impossible for any one to say with truth that Nicholson's was not genuine greatness. With him greatness did not consist in a name merely gained—as many names are—by doing little or next to nothing. No; the sterling qualities of a soldier were the qualities of Nicholson: the more his difficulties multiplied, the brighter his gifts and his graces shone.

Soon after sunrise of the morning of the 24th of September, the painful duty of consigning the mortal remains of this great soldier to the tomb devolved upon me. It was a solemn service, and perhaps, the simplicity which characterised the arrangements of the funeral, added considerably to the solemnity of the occasion; particularly when you

realised and contrasted with this simplicity the acknowledged greatness of the deceased.

The funeral cortege was comparatively small; very few beside personal friends composed the mournful train. Most prominent, and most distinguished of all those who best loved and best valued Nicholson, was Chamberlain. He had soothed the dying moments of the departed hero, and having ministered to his comforts while living, now that he was dead and concealed from his sight, he stood as long as he well could beside the coffin as chief mourner. The corpse was brought from the General's own tent, on a gun-carriage; whether covered with a pall or otherwise I cannot say. But no roar of cannon announced the departure of the procession from camp; no volleys of musketry disturbed the silence which prevailed at his grave; no martial music was heard. Thus, without pomp or show, we buried him. He was the second of those commanders who, since the capture of Delhi, was laid beneath the sods of Ludlow Castle graveyard. And over his remains, subsequently to this date, sincere friendship has erected a durable memorial, consisting of a large slab of marble, taken from the King's Garden attached to the imperial palace. Few and simple are the words inscribed thereon, but all-sufficient, never-

theless, to perpetuate the indissoluble connection of Nicholson with Delhi.

While, however, we were mournfully engaged in the funeral solemnities of Nicholson, preparations were making to despatch a column, under Lieutenant-Colonel Greathed, in pursuit of the rebels. The column left on the 24th of September, and consisted of 1st Troop 1st Brigade H. A., 2nd Troop 3rd Brigade H. A., 17th Light Field Battery; the 9th Lancers, 1st, 2nd, and 5th Punjaub Cavalry, 200 of Hodson's Horse, two Companies of Punjaub Sappers and Miners, H. M.'s 8th and 75th Regiments, and the 2nd and 4th Punjaub Infantry. But, seeing I was left behind, I must leave to some other person more competent than myself to record the history of this column.

Besides Nicholson, we also buried on that day a young officer named Cairnes, of the 1st European Bengal Fusiliers, who died of cholera.

The camp showed, on the 25th of September, evidences of steady and gradual diminution. Now one corps and now another was to be seen striking their tents, and removing them to positions proximate to, and even within, Delhi. The cavalry were the last to desert the old post.

On sanitary grounds alone a removal was neces-

sary. The putrefying carcases of dead camels and bullocks were lying on every side of us, and there had been no means of removing them to a distance since the army had entered the city. A continuance of this evil a few days longer, and the consequences on the health of the troops might have been very serious.

The 26th day of September was a Saturday, and I was busily engaged all day long in my tent, preparing for Sunday. A day or two previously I had received a note from General Wilson, suggesting that our successes should be celebrated on Sunday, September 27th, in a public manner, by a general thanksgiving. This suggestion gave me great pleasure, and says much for the piety of General Wilson; than whom, from all I have ever heard, no man saw more clearly the hand of God in the means that enabled him and his force to defeat the insurgents, and possess himself of the stronghold of the mutiny.

My colleague arranged with me some slight alterations, necessary in the ordinary morning service; which, as simple ministers without episcopal functions, we did not wish to alter more than was essential. The venerable bishop could not be consulted, or we should have done so without fail.

The alterations we agreed to were the following:—Sentences before exhortation, Daniel ix. 9, 10; Lamentations, iii. 22.

Instead of the psalms for the day we took the psalm, or hymn of praise and thanksgiving after victory; to be found quite towards the end of the forms of prayers to be used at sea.

Instead of the usual lessons for the day, and as the troops had to stand, we selected for the 1st lesson, Isaiah xii., and for the 2nd, Luke xvii., from verse 11 to 19 inclusive; and for the collect for the day we substituted the last collect in the forms of prayer to be used at sea.

Immediately before the General Thanksgiving, we read the particular "Thanksgiving for peace and deliverance from our enemies." In the General Thanksgiving we inserted, in the proper place there denoted, the following words, "Particularly to us who desire now to offer up our praises and thanksgivings for thy late mercies vouchsafed unto us, in our wonderful preservation, as well from the exposure to weather during the recent season of the year, as for the regulation of that season in such extraordinary manner as to favour thy servants composing the army, which stood for so many months before the walls of Delhi; likewise, for restraining

the further spread of disease within the camp; also, for every triumph upon every occasion, and in every engagement against the mutineers since we took the field; but especially for the signal success which, in the gracious arrangements of Divine Providence, attended the latest operations of the army, and eventually led to our occupation of the fort and city of Delhi, the stronghold of the mutiny." In every other respect the Rubrics and Calendars were religiously observed.

Accordingly, as early as 7 in the morning of Sunday the 27th, the troops which could be spared and were off duty, assembled within the "Dewan Khas," the council chamber of the ex-King; in obedience to Field Force Orders given over night. The building was tolerably crowded. Almost every corps had some one present to represent it; even those corps who had left Delhi as part of the moveable column; of those remaining within the city there were very many.

Perhaps, it would hardly be possible to conceive anything more impressive than this assembly—a small but victorious force, assembled within the Imperial Palace of the ancient Moslem capital of Hindustan, lining the four sides of that marble hall wherein the King and his advisers had not long

before been convened, plotting and determining evil against the British cause. And now that the councils of evil men had been brought to naught, and every foul purpose of theirs completely frustrated, the triumphant army—the means which God had been pleased to employ in order to bring about these gracious ends—stood devoutly in the Divine presence, (for where is not God?) ascribing unto Him praise, and saying glory and honour, power and dominion are thine. Never before did I realise so fully and so vividly, the character of some of those assemblies of Israel occasionally spoken of in the Old Testament: as, for instance, when Israel commemorated the nation's deliverance out of Egypt, and their safe passage through the Red Sea.

My excellent colleague, the Rev. F. W. Ellis, who had endeared himself to me by many an act of kindness since our first acquaintance and connection together in camp, read morning prayer, and I preached from those striking and instructive words, written in the 12th verse of the 116th Psalm—"What shall I render unto the Lord, for all the benefits which he has done unto me?" We should have liked to have celebrated the Holy Communion when the sermon had ended, but the recent harass of the troops denied us this privilege.

On the evening of the following day, Monday the 28th of September, with permission of General Wilson, I started for Meerut, on a week's leave, to see my wife and children, after an absence of four as critical months as any ever passed by the English in India.

And now my story is ended; though my connection with the "Delhi Field Force," as a field force, did not cease until the 15th January, 1858, when, by a resolution of the Commander-in-Chief, it changed its name, and assumed the humbler style and designation of a garrison. Of this garrison I continue as yet chaplain, unable to return to my station and congregation at Meerut, because I continue unrelieved.

My continuance in Delhi, however, has not been without its advantages. I have been able to pick up much by the way, which, if absent from the present scene, I should otherwise have probably lost. Thus have I gained many an opinion, expressed incidentally—but, for all that, not necessarily without thought or experience in the speaker, to give it a certain weight; and such opinions I have ventured to embody in my work.

I remember well the publication of the Government despatches concerning the defence made by the

garrison of Lucknow, during a protracted and harassing siege of nearly three months' duration. Neither can I forget the effect produced on the public mind in India, after a perusal of the simple narrative of facts given by Brigadier Inglis, in a style most touching, and yet withal free from anything like a spirit of ostentation and display. Throughout the whole of this officer's despatch, —which, without question, is the very best written paper among all the records of the Indian Government concerning the recent operations of troops in that country—a vein of quiet and sound piety of the old English school pervades, which gives the story an unspeakable charm in the estimation of the Christian reader, whether a civilian or a military man. Not a soul can doubt the justice of the Governor-General's remarks, in Order No. 1543 of 1857, when, alluding to this despatch, and the account which it contains of the defence of Lucknow, he says:—

"There does not stand recorded in the annals of war an achievement more truly heroic than the defence of the Residency at Lucknow, described in the narrative which follows.

"That defence has not only called forth all the energy and daring which belong to Englishmen in

the hour of active conflict, but it has exhibited continuously, and in the highest degree, that noble and sustained courage, which against enormous odds and fearful disadvantages, against hope deferred, and through unceasing toil and wear of body and mind, still holds on day after day, and triumphs.

"The heavy guns of the assailants, posted, almost in security, within fifty yards of the entrenchments—so near indeed that the solicitations, and threats, and taunts, which the rebels addressed to the native defenders of the garrison were easily heard by those true-hearted men; the fire of the enemy's musketry, so searching that it penetrated the innermost retreat of the women and children, and of the wounded; their desperate attempts, repeatedly made, to force an entry after blowing in the defences; the perpetual mining of the works; the weary night-watching for the expected signal of relief; and the steady waste of precious lives until the number of English gunners was reduced below that of the guns to be worked; all these constitute features in history which the fellow-countrymen of the heroes of Lucknow will read with swelling hearts, and which will endure for ever as a lesson to those who shall hope, by treachery, numbers, or boldness in their treason, to overcome the indomitable spirit of Englishmen."

Verily, and indeed, nothing can be more strictly and literally true. But without the remotest intention of detracting in any measure from the merits of Brigadier Inglis, and his illustrious little garrison—for every member of whom, from the highest to the lowest, respect and admiration are within the breast of every Englishman—I must yet be permitted to say, that for want of a man equally competent with Brigadier Inglis to describe the achievements of the Delhi Field Force, its endurance and heroism, and the direct influence of both these qualities on the recovery of British supremacy in India, are matters not properly appreciated, only because they are very imperfectly known.

Nor do I flatter myself that I have been able to supply this defect, or to do such justice to the claims and cause of the besieging army as to ensure for it that high place in the affections and admiration of the British nation which it has so richly earned. But if others, urged by my humbler example, can be induced to perform this task with more completeness and felicity than I can ever hope to attain unto, I shall not be sorry for having made the attempt. I am keenly alive to the difficulties surrounding the task which I have undertaken, and the extreme delicacy required in its discharge; nor

am I altogether ignorant of the ease with which unworthy motives may be attributed to men without cause. But a good conscience nerves a man for any work, however difficult and open to misconception; and the consciousness of an honest intention to speak the truth sustains my confidence on this occasion.

With this conviction, and without further apology —the honour and interests of the army, with which I stand connected, being my only motive—let me commence by pointing out the striking analogy existing between the circumstances attendant on the defence of Hindoo Rao and that of the Residency at Lucknow. The latter of these two events has already found an historian; I need not, therefore, trouble my readers with any wearisome repetition.

Hindoo Rao, as I have repeatedly said before, was the key of our position. Let the enemy turn that point, and our existence as an army proposing the capture of the imperial city was irrecoverably lost; for we had no way of escape, as some suppose, any more than had the beleaguered inhabitants of the garrison of Lucknow. *Where* or *how* were we to fly? A retrograde movement on our part, or any adversity befalling us, and all India would have risen; our own native troops and camp fol-

lowers would have been the first to raise their swords in the work of our destruction.

From the 8th of June until the 20th of September we had no choice but to make the best of our position before Delhi, or die in the act of retreating from it. Hindoo Rao, therefore, was everything to us. If we had lost that place, it is not too much to say that India would have been lost. No one before Delhi failed to realise this stubborn fact; and none believed it more than the insurgents themselves. Every movement and plan of theirs proved the strength of their faith in this opinion. It was this knowledge likewise which gave such undying energy and resolution of purpose to every act of our resistance in this neighbourhood. Taking *now* a retrospective glance at events and circumstances, *with us* the wonder is not so much that we continued to hold Hindoo Rao, as that we did not lose it upon every occasion of an attack made by the enemy.

Let us pause and reflect awhile upon the difficulties of the defence. The concentrated and correct fire of no less than all the heavy guns placed on the Mooree, Burun, Cashmere and Water Bastions, and of the guns at the Kissen Gunge Battery—which last enfiladed our entire front—was directed against us, often with little or no intermission by day or by

night. Not a corner in, immediately around, or about the vicinity of the place, whether far or near, knew what it was to be free from the presence of round shot and shell, during any period of the siege; and our exposure to the fire of musketry from sunrise to sunset, and now and again also throughout long, and drear, and dark nights, our never-failing casualties convincingly proclaim.

About all these important matters, however, the Delhi despatches are singularly reticent. The enemy were by no means content with knocking the walls and verandahs of Hindoo Rao about the ears of its defenders with their heavy guns in battery; they likewise moved about with light field pieces; never venturing forth to an attack without moveable artillery accompanying them; which now supported, and now, in return, received support from infantry. So far as the question of numbers is concerned, they were always as ten, and not unfrequently, as fifty to one of the British.

Next, take an accurate score of the *number* of attacks made against this one small position of Hindoo Rao; saying nothing about attacks on other points. These attacks commenced systematically and regularly, from the 8th of June, the day of our encampment. On the day after this event, a fine

large, substantially built verandah around the dwelling of Hindoo Rao, was knocked down by the fire of the Mooree Bastion with its 24-pounders. On the 10th of June another engagement followed, the enemy coming out in great force, with guns and cavalry. So near did they advance that the rebels could be distinctly heard addressing the Sirmoor Battalion, and saying, "Come on, Gorkhas, we won't fire on you, we expect you to join us." The Gorkhas joined them with a vengeance; first exclaiming, "We are coming," and then firing a well-directed volley into the mutineers, which laid forty of them dead on the field. This fight lasted till nearly eight o'clock in the evening.

On the 12th, another, though very partial attack on Hindoo Rao was made; and during the engagement some eighty or ninety men of the treacherous 9th Irregular Cavalry found means of escaping over to the enemy. On the 13th, new blood having been recently infused into the garrison of Delhi by the accession of numbers—among which were the 60th N. I. from Rhotuk, a regiment which always fought with a desperation worthier of a better cause—another determined attack was made: upon this occasion the enemy came up with great daring, as near as 50 paces of us, before we permitted our

grape and musketry to open upon them. This attack did not terminate till half-past 7 P.M.; and, during its progress, the fire of the Mooree, Burun, and Cashmere Bastions was something fearful, exciting wonder in every one's mind, that any exposed to it could possibly escape unharmed.

On the 15th, the enemy came out in great force, amounting to some 5,000 infantry and cavalry, besides two 9-pounders, Their assurance was wonderful; they came within 100 paces of our troops, and deliberately planted their green Mahomedan standard on the brow of the hill. The enemy would not stand a charge; nevertheless they inflicted loss upon us, and returned with their guns within the walls of their city. On the 17th, the order of things was reversed; we attacked them in Kissen Gunge. Their artillery practice may be judged, when it is stated that a single 24-pound round shot came bounding into the portico of Hindoo Rao, killing an officer and eight men on the spot, and mortally wounding four others.

The 23rd of June, who can forget it? It was the day the prophets had predicted when the destinies of India were to be ruled by a Moslem king of the house of Timour. The attack was made by break of day. It was first directed against the right rear

of Hindoo Rao. The enemy had the advantage of numbers, and of the very best cover; the neighbourhood being studded with houses, and covered with jungle. Six times were the enemy driven out of the Subzi-Mundi, and as many times did they return, in spite of us, because of the overwhelming force which they could command. The fight continued up to sunset, when the enemy were driven back.

On the 27th of June, the strife was renewed with greater violence than before, the recollection of the want of success of the 23rd apparently goading on the rebels: the rain fell heavily for two full hours whilst the fight was proceeding. The 28th and 29th were days of rest, but the month of June wound up with a fight; its last day being signalised by an attack, less fierce and enduring than the two immediately preceding, but formidable nevertheless, and directed, as usual, against Hindoo Rao.

So I might carry on seriatim the enumeration of the enemy's struggles to regain Hindoo Rao, continued throughout July and August; in which last month, so determinately were they bent on their object, that from the 6th to the 9th, both days inclusive, our men were under arms by day and by night. But I need not thus weary my readers,

seeing that a simple reference to the preceding pages will confirm the correctness of the sum total of such attacks: they were twenty-six in all. Nor was the *number* of attacks alone remarkable: the fighting was fierce, and pertinaciously continued. True, the enemy seldom stood our charges in the open, but from within houses, and behind walls and trees, they fought as desperately as the most valiant of men. And to use the words of Brigadier Inglis himself, "If further proof be wanting of the desperate nature of the struggle," we can point to "roofless and ruined houses, to open breaches, to shattered and disabled guns," and other evidences of the havoc of war.

Yet, after all, the most convincing proof is doubtless the loss sustained by the defenders of the main picquet before Delhi. In this work of defence *mainly* the Rifles lost 401 men, including both killed and wounded, out of a strength of 700, and the "Sirmoor Battalion" 327 killed and wounded, out of 490 of all ranks; so that actually, out of a total strength of 1,190, these two regiments lost between them 728: not reckoning the very heavy losses sustained by the reserves and supports, called up upon every occasion of such attacks. Contrast these figures with those of Lucknow, which by the

Government returns, are shown to be, between the 30th of June and 26th of September, including killed and wounded, 533 out of 1,618 occupants of that garrison; and however strenuous their efforts for existence, ours were doubtless yet more energetic than theirs.

Ere I take my leave of Hindoo Rao and its distinguished defenders, and touch on other and more general subjects, let me pay a parting tribute of respect to the services of the Sirmoor Battalion. Upon every occasion, and wherever opportunity has presented itself, I have never forgotten to say a *kind* word, and a *true* word, for the Rifles; and sure am I that the gallant officers and men of this most distinguished of all her most gracious Majesty's regiments, *in* or *out* of India, would not thank me if I omitted to devote a space in this work as a distinct and direct record of the services of that regiment, with which, from first to last, they have been most intimately connected in military operations; and of which regiment, from Major Reid downwards, I have heard them express themselves in terms of boundless admiration. The Sirmoor Battalion was the first regiment in India, whether European or Native, which left quarters for the field. It marched out of Deyrah on the 14th of May, only four hours

after receipt of orders to do so. The men could not be provided with carriage for tents, and most cheerfully, although hill men, and accustomed as much as Europeans to a cool climate, they left their tents behind them. They bade adieu to their homes and families, to which they are most enthusiastically devoted (many of them never more to return), and during several of the first nights of the march, contented themselves with the ground for their bed, and the heavens above them for their only covering. From the Dhoon they made straight ahead for the disturbed district of Boolundshuhur, and without hesitation or complaint, implicitly obeying the orders which they had previously received from their commanding officer, though they themselves were Hindus by religion—destroyed with their own fusils certain Brahmins of the highest caste, who had been clearly convicted of rebellion against the British Government. The Sirmoor Battalion did this, at a time when religious excitement was shaking the continent of Hindustan to its deepest foundations.

Nothing was easier at this time than for them to have followed the pernicious and prevailing example of the Bengal army. The lives of their European officers were completely at their mercy. They not

only spared, but protected them to the utmost of their power, when no other protection was at hand. I believe, indeed, no amount of praise would be spent extravagantly upon the gallant Gorkhas of the Sirmoor Battalion, who determinately cast in their lot with their English masters, willing to share with them whatever Heaven might please to determine—fortune or misfortune. Of native regiments they were the first to fire a shot against the rebel hosts. And with what efficiency and valour they fought our battles, when once they pulled a trigger or fixed a bayonet, or appealed to their kookries, none know better than the officers and men of the Delhi Field Force. Their blood has flowed in copious streams, and that blood was shed for us.

A General Order (No. 1544 of 1857) provides, among other things, that every native commissioned and non-commissioned officer and soldier who has formed part of the garrison of Lucknow shall receive the order of merit, with the increase of pay attached thereto, and shall count three years of additional service. This is only an adequate recognition and reward for the fidelity of a comparatively few soldiers, belonging respectively to 13th, 48th, and 71st Bengal Native Infantry. Therefore I say that justice demands that, at least, a similar act of

favour and distinction should be extended to every man of the Sirmoor Battalion; concerning no one of whom the lowest and faintest whispers of suspicion of any kind have ever been heard.

But it is not merely in the arduous nature or amount of the work required for the defence of our main picquet at Hindoo Rao, or in the fidelity of native troops, in which points of resemblance can fairly be traced, as existing between the circumstances of the Lucknow garrison and the "Delhi Field Force." There is scarcely a fact related by Brigadier Inglis of persons, things, or places, under his immediate observation and control, which does not find its direct counterpart in the history of events occurring before Delhi. Whether we regard the unflinching maintenance of every post along a line of defences with which the extent of the Lucknow defences cannot compare; or the comparative smallness of the force for the discharge of the duty, difficult and dangerous in the extreme, assigned to it; or the frightful ravages of disease; or the continuous work of the troops, by day and by night, without the enjoyment of reliefs worthy the name; or the constant liability of one of our hospitals (that of the Sirmoor Battalion) to the rude intrusion of round-shot, shell, and musket-balls, or

the security of none of them, against the risks of such accidents of war—especially during the earlier days of encampment, when it was by no means extraordinary for sleeping and wounded men to be disturbed in their slumbers by the explosion of a shell within a few yards of them, and in consequence of the suddenness of the shock, and the violence and intractability of the hemorrhage which ensued, to die shortly afterwards; or the alacrity with which men of every branch of the public service waived distinctions, all working in common, and all ready to do anything and everything—yea, actually doing, with a good heart, many things not properly belonging to their own office; even women, as long as they remained with the force, proving no exception to this general rule, but devoting themselves, in spite of their own sorrows, in the most noble and self-sacrificing manner, to the care of the sick and wounded, and dying of the camp; or the numberless number of individual actions of daily occurrence, and distinguished for the greatest bravery, many of which I have already related, and more than ten times as many remain yet to be told. I say, when all these things are duly regarded, the virtue, the valour, the endurance of the "Delhi Field Force," will approximate in degree

and kind to those qualities so conspicuous in the experience and history of the illustrious garrison of Lucknow.

But if, in addition to these considerations, we take into account the relative amount of hard fighting at both places, the character of the enemy, the nature and extent of his attacks, the interests, larger or smaller, which depended upon success, and the consequences, more or less important, that must have followed in the event of defeat, then Lucknow cannot approach Delhi by a very long way.

APPENDICES.

RETURN OF KILLED, WOUNDED, AND MISSING OF THE DELHI neighbourhood of Delhi, on the 30th, May 1857,

CORPS.	Effective strength of all ranks on the 11th of September, 1857.	KILLED.									
		Officers.		Non-com. offrs.		Drummers, &c.		Rank and File.		Total	Horses.
		European.	Native.	European.	Natives.	European.	Native.	European.	Native.		
Staff	...	4	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	4	8
Artillery, including drivers, gun Lascars, and newly raised Sikh Art.	1350	4	1	4	1	...	...	39	25	74	55
Engineers, and Sappers and Miners, including 5 companies newly raised Punjaub Sappers	722	3	2	3	3	...	...	1	31	43	...
H.M.'s 6th Drag. Gds. (4 Troops)	123	1	...	5	...	...	...	13	...	19	16
H. M.'s 9th Lancers	391	1	...	1	...	...	...	25	...	27	39
Detachment 4th Irreg. Cav., (disarmed and dismounted)	78	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Detachment 1st Punjaub Cav.	147	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	1	1	1
Detachment 2nd Punjaub Cav.	114	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	1
Detachment 5th Punjaub Cav.	107	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	1
Hodson's Irreg. Horse	462	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	2
H. M.'s 8th Regt.	322	3	...	5	...	...	...	19	...	27	...
H. M.'s 52nd Light Inf.	302	1	...	1	...	...	...	17	...	19	...
H. M.'s 60th Rifles	390	4	...	2	...	1	...	106	...	113	...
H. M.'s 61st Regt.	402	2	...	2	...	...	...	28	...	32	...
H. M.'s 75th Regt.	459	5	...	4	...	1	...	74	...	84	...
1st Eur. Bengal Fus.	427	3	...	10	...	2	...	83	...	98	...
2nd Eur. Benal Fus.	370	4	...	7	...	1	...	71	...	83	...
Sirmoor Battalion	212	1	...	...	3	...	...	...	82	86	...
Kumaoon Battalion	312	1	...	...	2	...	...	...	18	21	...
Guide Corps (302 Inf., 283 Cav.)	585	2	5	...	13	...	2	...	50	72	16
4th Sikh Inf. (including recruits)	414	1	2	...	3	...	...	...	40	46	...
1st Punjaub Inf. (including recruits)	664	3	3	...	5	...	...	...	66	77	...
2nd Punjaub Inf. (including recruits)	650	1	1	...	3	...	...	...	38	43	...
4th Punjaub Inf. (including recruits)	541	1	...	...	1	...	...	...	8	10	...
Wing Belooch Batt.	322	1	...	...	...	...	...	...	7	8	...
Pioneers (unarmed and undisciplined	No ret.	...	...	1	1	...	...	...	23	25	...
Grand Total	9,866	46	14	45	35	5	2	476	389	1,012	139

Palace of Delhi, 23rd Sept., 1857.

FIELD FORCE from the commencement of the operations in the up to the capture of the city, on the 20th Sept.

Wounded.									Missing.					Total of killed, wounded, and missing.	
Officers.		Non-commissioned officers.		Drummers, &c.		Rank and File.			N. co. of.	Rank and File.					
European.	Native.	European.	Native.	European.	Native.	European.	Native.	Total.	Horses.	European.	European.	Native.	Total.	Horses.	Officers and men.	Horses.
9	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	9	2	...	...	...	...	...	13	10
23	1	13	2	4	...	199	47	289	62	...	...	2	2	4	365	121
19	1	6	10	...	...	...	50	86	...	...	...	9	9	...	138	—
2	...	3	...	...	...	6	...	11	11	...	...	...	...	...	30	27
2	...	3	...	...	...	61	...	66	46	...	...	...	...	36	93	121
...	...	...	1	...	...	...	2	3	3	...	...	...	...	...	3	3
1	...	...	...	...	...	...	5	6	12	...	...	...	...	3	7	16
...	...	...	...	...	...	...	3	3	2	...	...	...	...	...	3	3
...	1	...	...	...	...	...	3	4	4	...	...	...	...	...	4	5
1	5	...	...	...	...	...	5	11	11	...	...	...	...	1	11	14
7	...	9	...	...	...	120	...	136	...	...	...	...	...	...	163	—
4	...	8	...	...	...	65	...	77	...	...	5	...	3	...	101	—
10	...	17	...	...	...	249	...	276	...	...	...	...	...	...	389	—
7	...	7	...	...	...	105	...	119	...	1	4	...	5	...	156	—
14	...	7	...	...	...	177	...	198	...	...	3	...	3	...	285	—
11	...	23	...	1	...	186	...	221	...	...	...	...	...	...	319	—
6	...	11	...	...	...	145	...	162	...	...	...	...	...	...	245	—
6	8	...	8	...	1	...	210	233	...	...	...	...	...	...	319	—
2	3	...	3	...	...	...	30	38	...	...	...	5	5	...	64	—
6	10	...	43	...	4	...	168	231	33	...	...	...	...	9	303	58
3	7	...	8	...	...	...	98	116	...	...	...	...	...	...	162	—
5	5	...	7	...	...	...	134	151	...	...	...	...	...	...	228	—
2	4	...	7	...	...	...	96	109	...	...	...	...	...	...	152	—
...	2	...	5	...	...	...	54	61	...	...	...	...	...	...	71	—
...	1	...	5	...	...	...	43	49	...	...	...	1	1	...	58	—
...	1	1	...	...	...	...	128	130	...	...	...	...	...	...	155	—
140	49	108	99	5	5	1,313	1,076	2,795	186	1	12	17	30	53	3,837	378

APPENDIX No. II.

ABSTRACT.

	Officers.	Native Officers.	Non-commissioned officers.	Drummers.	Rank and file.	Total.
Killed . . .	46	14	80	7	865	1,012
Wounded . .	140	49	207	10	2,389	2,795
Missing . . .	0	0	1	0	29	30
Total .	186	63	288	17	3,283	3,837

	Europeans.	Natives.	Horses.
Killed . . .	572	440	139
Wounded . . .	1,566	1,229	186
Missing . . .	13	17	53
Total . .	2,151	1,686	378

MEMORANDUM. — Those officers who died of wounds during the siege are included as killed, but those returned as killed of other ranks, were all killed at the time, there being no documents available to show what number of wounded soldiers died in consequence of their injuries.

2,163 Officers and men were killed, wounded, and missing, prior to 8th of September, on which date the batteries, for the reduction of the place, were opened.

327 Officers and men were killed, wounded, and missing from the 8th of September, until morning of assault.

1,170 Officers and men were killed, wounded, and missing in assault of the 14th of September.

177 Officers and men were killed, wounded, and missing from the 15th of September until the final capture of the city, on the 20th idem.

3,837

N.B.—Since this return was compiled it has been ascertained that a mistake took place in the return furnished by the 8th Foot, of casualties at the assault, seventeen more men having been killed than were actually entered. Owing to the numerous casualties in corps during the siege, it is probable that some were omitted to be returned, and that the loss in several regiments exceeds that above shown.

APPENDIX III.

RETURN of SICK and WOUNDED of all ranks of the Delhi Field Force, 11th of September, 1857.

Artillery Europeans	131
Artillery Natives	126
Engineer Brigade	214
6th Dragoon Guards	45
H. M.'s 9th Lancers	51
Detachment 1st Punjaub Cavalry	4
Detachment 2nd Punjaub Cavalry	4
Detachment 5th Punjaub Cavalry	10
Detachment 4th Irregular Cavalry	16
Hodson's Horse	32
H. M.'s 8th Regiment (part of)	124
H. M.'s 52nd Light Infantry	332
H. M.'s 60th Rifles (part of)	121
H. M.'s 61st Regiment	256
H. M.'s 75th Regiment	160
1st European Bengal Fusiliers	183
2nd European Bengal Fusiliers	262
Sirmoor Battalion	232
Kumaon Battalion	165
Guide Corps	209
4th Sikh Infantry	121
1st Punjaub Infantry	136
2nd Punjaub Infantry	76
4th Punjaub Infantry	50
Wing Belooch Battalion	14
Total	3,074

APPENDIX IV.

LIST of OFFICERS, killed, died of wounds, or wounded at and near Delhi, from the 30th of May, 1857, to the final capture of the place on the 20th of September, 1857.

Andrews, F., Captain H. M.'s 60th Rifles.
Bannerman, C. B., Lieutenant Belooch Battalion.
Battye, Q., Lieutenant, Commandant of Cavalry Guide Corps.
Browne, J. H., Lieutenant 33rd N. I., attached to Kumaon Battalion.

Briscoe, E. V., Lieutenant H. M.'s 75th Regiment.
Bradshaw, J. H., Lieutenant H. M.'s 52nd Light Infantry.
Chester, C., Colonel, Adjutant-General of the Army.
Crozier, W., Lieutenant H. M.'s 75th Regiment.
Davidson, J. T., Ensign 26th N. I., attached to 2nd Punjaub Infantry.
Dickins, T. E., Lieutenant Artillery.
Delamain, J. W., Captain 56th N. I.
Elkington, S. B., Ensign H. M.'s 61st Regiment.
Fitz Gerald, J. R. S., Lieutenant H. M.'s 75th Regiment.
Fagan, R. C. H. B., Captain Artillery.
Greensill, T., Captain 24th Foot, Assistant Field Engineer.
Gabbett, T., Lieutenant H. M.'s 61st Regiment.
Gambier, C. H. F., 2nd Lieutenant 38th Light Infantry, attached to 2nd Fusiliers.
Hildebrand, E. H., Lieutenant Artillery.
Humphrys, M. A., Lieutenant 20th Regiment N. I., attached to H. M.'s 60th Rifles.
Harrison, A., Lieutenant H. M.'s 75th Regiment.
Homfray, R. P., Lieutenant 4th Punjaub Infantry.
Jones, E., 2nd Lieutenant Engineers.
Jacob, G. O., Major 1st European Fusiliers.
Jackson, S. H., Lieutenant 2nd European Fusiliers.
Knox, E. W. J., Captain H. M.'s 75th Regiment.
Law, W. G., Captain 10th Regiment N. I., attached to 1st Punjaub Infantry.
Lumsden, W. H., Lieutenant, Adjutant 1st Punjaub Infantry.
Moore, S., Assistant-Surgeon 6th Dragoon Guards.
Mountsteven W. H., Lieutenant H. M.'s 8th King's.
McBarnet, G. G., Captain 55th N. I., attached to 1st Fusiliers.
Murray, A. W., Lieutenant 42nd N. I. I., attached to Guide Corps.
Nicholson, J., Brigadier-General, commanding 4th Infantry Brigade.
Napier, W. H., Ensign H. M.'s 60th Rifles.
Perkins, H. G., Lieutenant Artillery.
Pogson, W. W., Lieutenant H. M.'s 8th King's.
Phillips, E. A. L., Ens. 11th N. I., attached to H. M.'s 60th Rifles.
Ross, S., Lieutenant 9th N. I.
Russell, C. W., Captain 54th N. I., Orderly Officer.
Speke, E., Lieutenant 65th N. I., attached to 1st European Fusiliers.
Sherriff, D. F., 2nd Lieutenant 2nd European Fusiliers.
Tandy, F. L., 2nd Lieutenant Engineers.
Travers, E. J., Lieutenant 1st Punjaub Infantry.
Webb, W. R., Lieutenant H. M.'s 8th King's.
Walter, O. C., Ensign 45th N. I., attached to 2nd Fusiliers.
Wheatley, C., Lieutenant 54th N. I., attached to Sirmoor Battalion.
Yule, R. A., Lieutenant-Colonel 9th Lancers.
Yorke, J., Lieutenant 3rd N. I., attached to 4th Sikh Infantry.

WOUNDED.

Anderson, C., Ensign (Local) Punjaub Sappers, slightly.
Anson, A. H. A., the Hon. Captain H. M.'s 84th, attached to 9th Lancers, slightly.
Atkinson, W., Lieutenant 52nd Light Infantry, slightly.
Andros, E. B., Ensign H. M.'s 61st Light Infantry, slightly.
Armstrong, E., Lieutenant H. M.'s 75th Light Infantry, slightly.
Becher, A. M., Colonel, Quarter-Master-General of the Army, severely.
Burnside, H. E. H., Captain, Brigade-Major 3rd Infantry Brigade, slightly.
Bishop, H. P., Lieutenant Artillery, slightly.
Baillie, G., Lieutenant Artillery, slightly.
Bunny, A., Lieutenant Artillery, slightly.
Budd, S., Lieutenant, Riding-Master, severely.
Brownlow, H. A., Lieutenant Engineers, dangerously.
Baynes, R. L., Brevet-Major H. M.'s 8th, dangerously.
Beere, D., Brevet-Captain H. M.'s 8th, severely.
Bayley, J. A., Captain H. M.'s 52nd, severely.
Barter, R., Lieutenant and Adjutant H. M.'s 75th, severely.
Brown, E., Captain 1st Fusiliers, dangerously.
Blair, C. R., Lieutenant 2nd Fusiliers, dangerously.
Boisragon, H. F. M., Captain, 2nd in command Kumaon Battalion, severely.
Bond, E. E. B., Lieutenant 57th N. I., attached to Guide Corps, severely.
Brooke, J. C., Lieutenant-Colonel H. M.'s 8th, severely.
Chamberlain, N. B., Brigadier-General, Adjutant-General of the the Army, severely.
Campbell, J. H., Major Artillery, severely.
Chichester, H., 2nd Lieutenant Artillery, severely.
Chesney, G. T., Lieutenant Engineers, severely.
Carnegie, H. A. L., 2nd Lieutenant Engineers, slightly.
Champain, J. U., 2nd Lieutenant Engineers, slightly.
Cuppage, B., Lieutenant 6th Light Cavalry, attached to H. M.'s 9th Lancers, slightly.
Campbell, G., Colonel H. M.'s 52nd, slightly.
Curtis, P. J., Lieutenant H. M.'s 60th Rifles, severely.
Chancellor, A., Captain H. M.'s 75th, slightly.
Chambers, D. F., Paymaster 75th, slightly.
Caulfeild, J. P., Captain 3rd N. I., attached to 1st European Fusiliers, slightly.
Chester, H. D. E. W., Lieutenant 36th N. I., attached to Sirmoor Battalion, slightly.
Coke, J., Major 1st Punjaub Infantry, severely.
Chalmers, O. J., Ens. 3rd N. I., attached to Guide Corps, slightly.
Drought, R., Lieutenant-Colonel 60th N. I., attached to 2nd Infantry Brigade, severely.

Davidson, A. H., 2nd Lieutenant Artillery, severely.
Daniell, E. G., Captain H. M.'s 8th, severely.
Dundas, J. D., Lieutenant 60th Rifles, slightly.
Deedes, H. G., Lieutenant 60th Rifles, slightly.
Deacon, W. E. D., Captain H. M.'s 61st, severely.
Dunbar, T. C., Captain H. M.'s 7[illegible]h, slightly.
Dawson, R., Captain H. M.'s 75th, dangerously.
Dayrell, Ensign 58th N. I., attached to H. M.'s 75th Regiment, severely.
Daniell, J. W., Lieutenant 1st Fusiliers, severely.
Daly, H., Captain commanding Guide Corps, severely.
De Bourbel, A. A., Lieutenant 6th Dragoon Guards, severely.
Earle, E. L., Lieutenant Artillery, slightly.
Elliot, M., Lieutenant Artillery, severely.
Eaton, H. P., Lieutenant 60th Rifles, dangerously.
Ellis, N., 2nd Lieutenant 1st Fusiliers, slightly.
Elderton, A., Lieutenant 2nd Fusiliers, severely.
Eckford, A. H., Lieutenant 69th N. I., attached to Sirmoor Battalion, slightly.
Fraser, E., 2nd Lieutenant Artillery, slightly.
Freer, R., Captain H. M.'s 27th, attached to H. M.'s 75th, slightly.
Faithfull, G. C. N., Lieutenant H. M.'s 75th, slightly.
Frankland, Lieutenant 2nd Punjaub Infantry, severely.
Garbett, H., Brigadier C. B. Artillery, slightly.
Gillespie, A., Lieutenant Artillery, slightly.
Greathed W. W. H., Lieutenant Engineers, severely.
Geneste, M. G., Lieutenant Engineers, slightly.
Gustavinski, L., Ensign (Local) Punjaub Sappers, severely.
Gough, H. H., Lieutenant 3rd Light Cavalry, attached to Hodson's Horse, slightly.
Griffiths, C. J., Lieutenant H. M.'s 61st, severely.
Greville, S., Captain 1st Fusiliers, severely.
Graydon, W. Captain 16th Grenadiers, severely.
Green, G. W. G., Captain 2nd Punjaub Infantry, slightly.
Hunter, C., Lieutenant Artillery, slightly.
Hills, J., 2nd Lieutenant Artillery, severely.
Hovenden, J. St. J., Lieutenant Engineers, severely.
Heathcote, A. S., Ensign 60th Rifles, slightly.
Hutton, T. B., Lieutenant H. M.'s 61st, slightly.
Herbert, C., Lieutenant-Colonel H. M.'s 75th, slightly.
Hay, J. C., Captain 60th N. I., dangerously.
Harris, J. T., 2nd Fusiliers, attached to 1st Fusiliers, severely.
Hare, R. T., 2nd Lieutenant Artillery, slightly.
Hawes, C. W., Lieutenant, Adjutant Guide Corps, slightly.
Innes, F. C., Lieutenant 60th N. I., slightly.
Innes, J. H. K., Surgeon 60th Rifles, slightly.
Ireland, W. W., Assistant-Surgeon, dangerously.
Jones, C., Captain 60th Rifles, severely.

Jenkins, F. H., Lieutenant 57th N. I., attached to 4th Sikh Infantry, severely.
Kennion, T. E., Captain Artillery, severely.
Kemp, D., Captain 5th N. I., attached to 2nd Fusiliers, severely.
Kennedy, T. G., Lieutenant Guide Corps, severely.
Light, A., Captain Artillery, severely.
Lindsay, A. H., Lieutenant Artillery, slightly.
Lithgow, S. A., Assistant-Surgeon H. M.'s 75th, slightly.
Lambert, E. A. C., Lieutenant 1st Fusiliers, slightly.
Lockhart, D. B., Lieutenant 7th N. I., attached to Sirmoor Battalion, severely.
Mackenzie, M., Brevet-Lieutenant-Colonel Artillery, severely.
Money, E. K., Captain Artillery, severely.
Maunsell, F. R., Lieutenant Engineers, very severely.
Medley, J. G., Lieutenant Engineers, very severely.
Murray, P., 2nd Lieutenant Engineers, slightly.
Metge, W. F., Lieutenant H. M.'s 8th, slightly.
Moore, T. M., Lieutenant H. M.'s 61st, slightly.
Nicholson, C. J., Lieutenant 31st N. I., Acting Commandant 1st Punjaub Infantry, severely.
Owen, A. G., Lieutenant 1st Fusiliers, severely.
Perkins, Æ., Lieutenant Engineers, slightly.
Pemberton, R. C. B., 2nd Lieutenant Engineers, slightly.
Pattoun, W. H. W., Lieutenant H. M.'s 61st, severely.
Pym, C. M., Lieutenant H. M.'s 75th, slightly.
Packe, C. F., Lieutenant 4th N. I., attached to 4th Sikh Infantry, severely.
Pullan, A. Lieutenant 36th N. I., severely.
Pollock, H. T., Lieutenant 35th Light Infantry, attached to 1st Punjaub Infantry, very severely.
Prior, C., Ensign (Local) Light Infantry, slightly.
Roberts, F. S., Lieutenant, Officiating Deputy-Assistant, Quarter-Master-General, slightly.
Rosser, C. P., Captain H. M.'s 6th Dragoon Guards, dangerously.
Rivers, C. R., Lieutenant H. M.'s 75th, slightly.
Reid, C., Major Sirmoor Battalion, severely.
Showers, St. G. D., Brigadier 1st Infantry Brigade, severely.
Seaton, T., Lieutenant-Colonel C. B. 60th N. I., attached to 1st Infantry Brigade, severely.
Smith, R. B., Colonel Engineers, slightly.
Salkeld, P., Lieutenant Engineers, dangerously.
Sandilands, E. N., Captain H. M.'s 8th, slightly.
Shelley, T. M., Lieutenant 11th N. I., attached to 1st Punjaub Infantry, slightly.
Shebbeare, R. H., Lieutenant 60th N. I., attached to Guide Corps, slightly.
Simpson, T., Ensign H. M.'s 52nd, slightly.
Tombs, H., Brevet-Major Artillery, slightly.
Thompson, P., 2nd Lieutenant Artillery, severely.
Turle, W. G., Ensign 60th Rifles, severely.

Tulloch, A., Lieutenant 20th N. I., attached to Sirmoor Battalion, severely.
Temple, A. B., Lieutenant 49th N. I., attached to Kumaon Battalion, slightly.
Walker, J. T., Lieutenant Bombay Engineers, severely.
Walker, E., Lieutenant Engineers, slightly.
Warrand, W. E., Lieutenant Engineers, dangerously.
Watson, Lieutenant 1st Punjaub Cavalry, slightly.
Walker, G. F., Lieutenant H. M.'s 8th, severely.
Williams, H. F., Captain 60th Rifles, severely.
Waters, G. C. H., Captain 60th Rifles, severely.
Wadeson, R., Ensign H. M.'s 75th, severely.
Welchman, J., Colonel 1st Fusiliers, dangerously.
Wemyss, H. M., Lieutenant 1st Fusiliers, severely.
Woodcock, E. H., Lieutenant 55th N. I., attached to 1st Fusiliers, severely.
Walker, T. N., Lieutenant 60th N. I., attached to 2nd Fusiliers, slightly.
Young, J., Captain Artillery, slightly.
Young, A. C., Lieutenant H. M.'s 61st, severely

Palace of Delhi, Sept. 23, 1857.

APPENDIX V.

Letter from Major Reid referred to at page 285.

MY DEAR ROTTON,

Your note of yesterday reached me this morning, and I hasten to send you a reply. I am sorry I cannot send you one of my pamphlets, as they have not yet reached me, but you shall have a copy as soon as they arrive, which I hope will be in a day or two.

With regard to Kissen Gunge, I can only say, that were I ordered to attack the place to-morrow, supposing the enemy's heavy guns to be in the same place they were in on the 14th September last, my plan of attack would be just what it was then. You have been over the position and know the localities, and great strength of the place, and

will, therefore, understand me when I say, that by hugging the garden wall on the left of the road before you come to the canal bridge, and then the loop-holed serai wall, as also the garden wall which runs parallel to it, places one, comparatively speaking, out of harm's way; the heavy guns in the two batteries could not play, nor could the loopholes of the serai be brought to bear, so long, mind you, as the column hugged the walls above alluded to, "four deep," as I had my troops on the 14th September. The first breastwork across the road, close to the canal bridge, was taken as you will see by my report, by twenty-five of the Rifles and my own regiment; but whilst making arrangements for the attack on Kissen Gunge itself, and the breastwork at the end of the road, I fell wounded in the head, and was thus unable, to my great disappointment, to carry out my intentions, which were as follows:—the breastworks at the end of the road I knew were very strong, as I had seen the enemy at work at them for days, and I thought it more than probable they would have light guns ready to play upon me as I advanced up the road. I therefore intended, after taking the breastwork at the Canal bridge, to have made a rush with half of my column to the angle of the serai, whilst the remaining half of my column (after getting rid of the enemy who had manned the garden wall, and which would have been enfiladed) marched parallel to the left column, and thus the breastwork at the end of the road would have been taken in front and rear. The right column would then have brought their right shoulders forward, and the columns would have entered Kissen Gunge together, at the breach made in rear of the heavy batteries. I must here mention that some officers imagined that I had had the wall of the serai breached in front of the left battery, and intended to enter there; that would have been madness indeed. The wall, 't is true, had been pretty well breached in front of the left battery, but bad

shots made at the battery had done it?" The wall behind the batteries was breached by my order (and right well it was done by Thompson of the Artillery) but certainly not in front! Had I attempted an entrance immediately in front of the left battery, we should have been cut to pieces with grape from their two 24-pounders. No, that was quite impossible; the breaches in rear of the batteries, as also the gate (which I could have blown in) through which I entered on the 17th June, was my intended route into Kissen Gunge, whilst a feint attack was made in front. My object in sending 400 infantry, 200 cavalry, and four guns, to the Eedghar was to place Kissen Gunge between two fires, as also to watch the enemy, and prevent our right flank being turned.

After getting possession of Kissen Gunge, I should have turned the four heavy captured guns, as also the two 8½-inch mortars which they had there, in Kissen Gunge. The fire from these guns (as also from the guns which I ought to have had with me), and the fire which would have been kept up by the four guns from the Eedghar, would have made Trevelyan Gunge too hot for the enemy, and I calculated on their retreating into the city. Certain it is, I should not have attempted to have turned them out of Trevelyan Gunge and Pahreepore with my infantry. My column was not strong enough for that, and I should have lost half my men before I entered the city. Had the enemy left Trevelyan Gunge, which I think they would have done when they found themselves under the fire of artillery from Kissen Gunge and the Eedghar, I should have left 400 of the Jummoo Contingent in the serai, whilst I proceeded with the rest of the column along the dry bed of the canal, and have entered the city at the Cabool Gate, which General Nicholson would have opened for me from the inside.

This was my intended attack on Kissen Gunge; a

good deal would of course have depended on circumstances, but certain it is, I should not have entered the city so long as the enemy were in force on my right.

Some say, "Why not have gone more to the right, and have given Kissen Gunge a wider berth." Had I done so, the enemy would have got in between my left flank, and the Subzie Mundie, and have got in our rear, which our spies told us they intended to do. Others, again, say, "Why not have taken the same route you took on the 17th June, when you succeeded in taking the place." To which I reply, for the same reason I have given above —my flank would have been turned.

You are at liberty to publish the whole of the above, verbatim.

We shall be only too happy to admit you as an honorary member of our mess.

Yours, very sincerely,

THOS. REID.

Palace of Delhi, February 3rd, 1858.

THE END.

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